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From drawing by E. A. ABNEY.—[See poem "HARVEST-HOME."]

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXVII.

SEPTEMBER, 1888.

No. CCCCLX.



BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

First Paper.

IT was not without misgiving that we contemplated our journey into Scotland. We knew very little about the country. We had heard of Highlands and Lowlands, of Melrose and Stirling, but

for our lives we could not have pointed them out on the map. The rest of our knowledge was made up of confused impressions of Hearts of Midlothian and Painters' Camps in the Highlands, Macbeths and Kidnappers, Skye terriers and Shetland shawls, blasted heaths and hills of mist, Rob Roys and Covenanters; and, added to these, positive convictions of an unbroken Scotch silence, and of endless breakfasts of oatmeal, dinners of haggis, and suppers of whiskey. Hot whiskey punch is a good thing in its way, and at times, but not as a steady diet. Oatmeal we think an abomination. And as for haggis—well, we only knew it as it was once described to us by a poet: the stomach of some animal filled with all sorts of unpleasant things and then sewed up. The prospect was not inviting.

It will be easily understood that we could not plan a route out of our ignorance and prejudice. It remained to choose a guide, and our choice, I hardly know why, fell upon Dr. Johnson. Every one must remember—I say this, though we did not know it until we looked into the matter—that Dr. Johnson met Boswell in Edinburgh, and in his company journeyed up the east coast as far as Inverness, then across the Highlands to the west, and so to the Hebrides, coming back by way of Inverary, Loch Lomond, and Glasgow. We, however, reversed the order of their journey, going to the Western Islands first, and coming home along the east coast. It looked a long journey on the map, and seemed a weary one in the pages of Boswell and Johnson; but, as if this were not bad enough, we made up our minds, for the sake of novelty, to walk.

Of our preparations for the journey I will say nothing. We carried less than Stanley, and more than the average tramp. We took many things which we ought not to have taken, and we left behind many things which we ought to have taken. But this matters little, since our advice to all about to start on a walking tour is—*Don't*.

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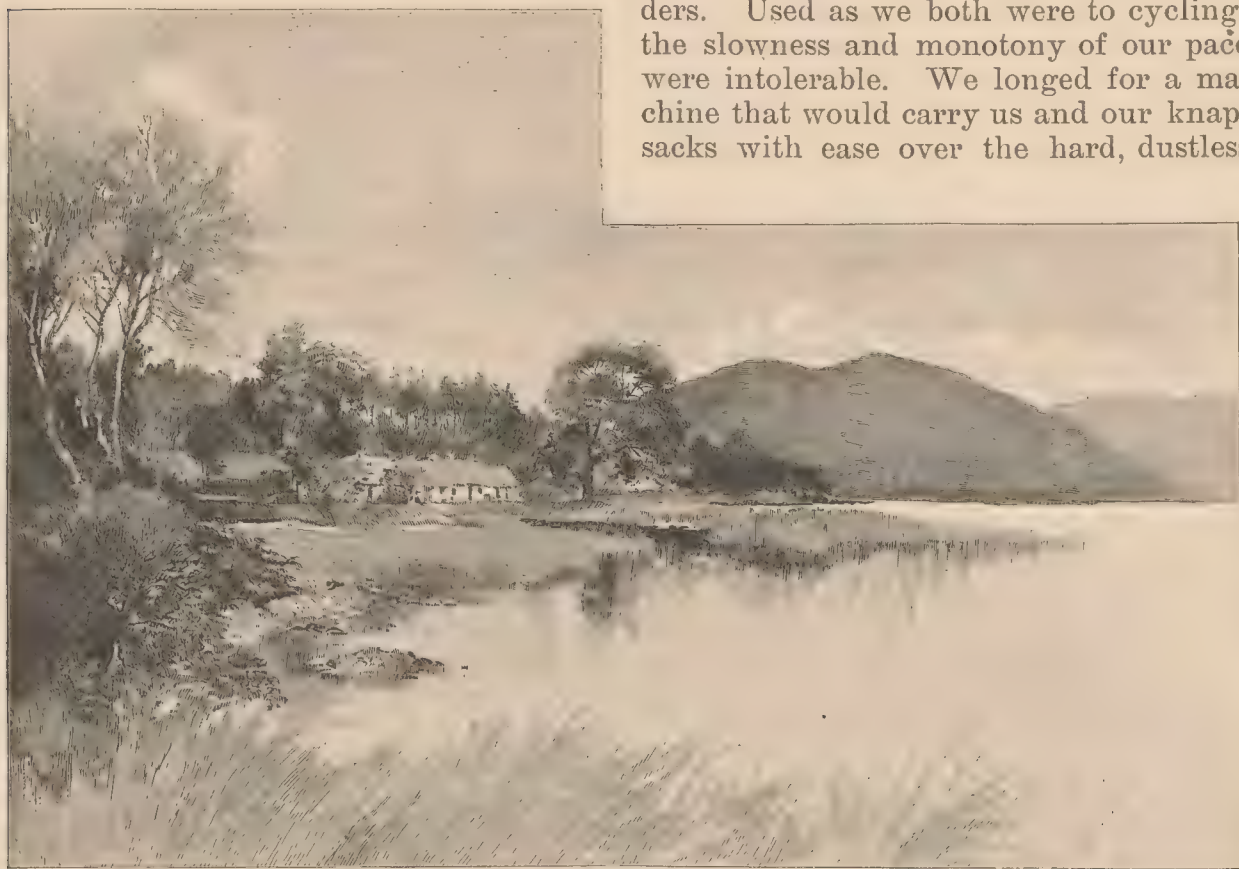
Our way led through Edinburgh and Glasgow, and then through Kilpatrick to Dumbarton, when we left the Clyde to follow the Leven. It was just beyond the town we first saw Ben-Lomond, a blue shadow on the horizon when the clouds were heavy above; a high bare mountain, seamed and riven, when the sun shone upon it. We lost sight of it in a succession of long stupid villages; on the shady road, where the trees met overhead, we could see it again through the net-work of branches. Clouds were low on its heights, and a veil of soft light rain fell before it when, having left our knapsacks in the inn at Balloch, we rowed up the Leven—a little quiet river between low woods and flat meadow-land—to Loch Lomond. It was the first Scotch lake we saw, and we thought it very like any other lake.

We were off by eight in the morning. It was clear and cool, like an October day at home. Our road lay for a while close to the loch, then turned and went round the parks and lawns that sloped gently to the shore, so that it was only over a stone wall or through a gap in the hedge we could see the blue water and the wooded islands. We were now on the fighting ground of the Colquhoun and the Macgregor, we learned from Black, who—we

know it to our cost—is a better guide to the romance and history of Scotland than to its roads. It is but poor comfort, when you ask for a good route, to be given a quotation.

Rob Roy is the hero of Loch Lomond, and if you cross—as we did not—to the other side, you may see his cave and his prison and a lot of his other belongings. But I think that which is best worth seeing on the loch is the Colquhoun's village of Luss, with its neat substantial cottages and trim gardens. In the Highlands you can have your fill of tales of outlaws and massacres and horrors. But it is not every day you come to a village like this, where men are allowed to live a little better than their beasts.

At the Colquhoun Arms in Luss we ate our lunch, and that was our undoing. It left us in a mood for lounging, and we had still eight miles to go. We found it harder work the second day than the first. Our knapsacks weighed like lead, and did not grow lighter; each mile seemed interminable. This was the more provoking because with every step the way grew lovelier. Almost all afternoon we were within sight of the loch, while on our left the mountains now rose from the very road-side, and hedges gave place to hill-sides of ferns and heather-patched bowlders. Used as we both were to cycling, the slowness and monotony of our pace were intolerable. We longed for a machine that would carry us and our knapsacks with ease over the hard, dustless



TARBET, LOCH LOMOND.



GLENCROE.

road. For one mile we tried to keep each other in countenance. J—— was the first to rebel openly. The Highlands were a fraud, he declared; the knapsack was an infernal nuisance, and he was a fool to carry it. About three miles from Tarbet he sat down and refused to go any further.

Just then, by chance, there came a drag full of young girls, and when they saw us they laughed and passed by on the other side. And likewise a dog-cart, and the man driving, when he first saw us, waved his hand, taking us to be friends; but when he was at the place, and looked at us, he also passed by on the other side. But two tricyclers, as they journeyed, came where we were, and when they saw us they had compassion on us, and came to us and gathered up our knapsacks, and set them on their machines, and brought them to the inn and took care of them. And yet there are many who think cyclers nothing but cads on casters!

To tell the truth, had these two men been modern Rob Roys, we would have yielded up our knapsacks as cheerfully, nor would we have sorrowed never to see them again.

As we went on our way lightly and

even gayly, we came to the inn at Tarbet, and were received by a waiter in a dress-coat. It was a big hotel low down by the loch, with Ben-Lomond for opposite neighbor. The company at dinner was made up of Englishmen and English women. But everybody talked to everybody else. An Englishman, it seems, becomes civilized in the Highlands. There, those he sits down with at dinner, as is the way with Frenchmen, are his friends; at home, he would look upon them as his enemies.

After dinner we went to walk with the cyclers. As a great theatrical moon came sailing up through the sky behind Ben-Lomond, one told us, in broad Scotch, how from the Jungfrau he had once watched the moon rise, and at the sight had bur-r-r-st into tee-eers. But just then, had I wept at all, it must have been from sheer weariness, so I turned my back upon the beauty of the evening, and went to bed.

It was well on toward noon the next day before we were on our way.

"It looks like business," said a young lady feeding a pet donkey, as she saw us start.

"It feels like it, too," said I, dolefully, for the knapsacks were no lighter, and our feet were tender after the sixteen miles of the day before.

It was two easy miles to Arrochar, a village of white cottages and a couple of inns, one with a tap, the other with a temperance sign. Here we were ferried across Loch Long by a fisherman sad as his native hills. It was a wretched season, he told us; there were few people about. On the west side of the loch the road was wild, and soon turned up to

In this lonely place a little loch lies dark and peaceful among the hills. Restil its name is. I do not know what it means, but it has a pretty sound. Nothing could be more monotonous than the long stretch of road which, beyond Loch Restil, sets out to follow Kinglas Water in a straight unbroken line almost to the shores of Loch Fyne.

It was one of those hot, misty days which are not rare during the short Highland summer. The mountains were shrouded in a burning white haze. The



LOCH RESTIL.

Glencroe. At the lower end of the pass sheep browsed on the hill-sides, and in tiny fields men and women were cutting grass. The few cottages were new. But these things we left behind when the road began to wind upward in short sudden curves. It was shut in on both sides by mountains; the sun glittered on their sheer precipices, and on the hundreds of watercourses with which their slopes were seamed. The way was steep, but at last we made a short-cut up to the stone known, out of compliment to Wordsworth, as "Rest and be Thankful."

loch was like glass. On its opposite shore, Inverary, white and shining, was reflected in its waters; and close by, at the foot of the hills, the turreted castle of the Argylls stood out strongly against the dark wood.

In Inverary we made up our minds to go to Dalmally by coach. It was much too hot to walk. This left us free to take a nearer look at the castle, which, when we saw how painfully it had been restored, we thought less fine. In the town itself, though there is plenty sketchable, there is nothing notable save the old

town cross, with its weather-worn carvings, which stands upon the shore, with loch and hills for background.

After lunch at the Argyll Arms, suddenly an excursion steamer and the coach from Tarbet poured streams of tourists into the town. Two more coaches dashed out from the hotel stables. The wide street was one mass of excursionists, and landlords and waiters and coachmen, in red coats and gray beavers, and guards with bundles and boxes. There was a short, sharp struggle for seats, and in the confusion we came off with the best, and found ourselves on the leading coach, whirling from the glare of the loch, through the cool shade of a wooded glen, to the stirring sounds of the "Standards on the Braes of Mar," shouted by a party of Lowland Sandies who filled the other seats.

At the first pause the coachman pointed to deer standing quietly under the graceful silver-birches that shut in the road.

"Shush—sh—sh—sh!" screamed the Sandies in a new chorus.

"Why canna ye put salt on their tails?" cried one.



CROSS AT INVERARY.

Though, later, cows and sheep and ducks fled before their noise, the deer never stirred. And yet I suppose, in the season, the Duke of Argyll and his guests come stalking these tame creatures, and call it sport.

All that afternoon, through the woods of Glenaray and across the purple moorland beyond, afar over the banks and braes and streams around, there rang out the strong voice of Sandy off for a holiday.

Almost within sight of Loch Awe we came to a hill that was so steep we all left the coach and walked a couple of miles up the shadeless hot road. An objection sometimes made to cycling is that it is half walking. But in the Highlands you would walk less if you rode a cycle than if you travelled by coach. From the top of the hill we looked down to where, far below, lay Loch Awe and its many islands. In this high place, with the beautiful broad outlook, gypsies



INVERARY.

had camped. I never yet knew the Roman who did not pitch his tent in the loveliest spot for miles around.

We had no definite plans for the night. We left it to chance, and we could not have done better. At the station at Dal-

tell us, with his cap in his hand, that our telegram had been received, and the Port Sonachan boat was in waiting. That from all that elegant crowd of travellers he should have picked us out, the only two in the least disreputable and travel-worn,



SCOTLAND AND THE HEBRIDES.

mally we said good-by to our friends, who went gayly to another bonny glen, and we took the train for Loch Awe.

It hurried us round the top of the loch in a few minutes to Loch Awe station, where on the platform were crowds of men in conventional tweed knickerbockers and Norfolk jackets, and women in jockey caps and fore-and-afts; and, moreover, there were pipers with their pipes under their arms. From the carriage window we had seen the Loch Awe Hotel, perched high on the hill-side, and looking down to the gray ivy-grown ruins of Kilchurn. It seemed no place for tourists who carried their baggage on their backs. But hardly had we left the carriage when up stepped an immaculate creature in blue coat and brass buttons to

showed, we thought, his uncommon discrimination. If, without knowing it, we had telegraphed to a hotel of which we had never heard, if in consequence a private steam-yacht was now at our disposal, why should we hesitate? Indeed we had not time, for immediately a sailor seized our shabby knapsacks, and carried them off with as much respect as if they had been Saratoga trunks. We followed him into a little yacht, which we graciously shared with an Englishman, his wife, two children, eleven bags, and three bathtubs.

The man in the blue coat kindly kept his boat at the pier until J—— had made quite a decent note of Kilchurn Castle. It has its legends, but it is not for me to tell them. Mr. Hamerton, who has written



KILCHRENNAN.

poetry about it, and ought to know, declares they are not to be told in prose. Then we steamed down the loch, past the islands, one with a lonely graveyard, another with a large house; past the high mountains shutting in the Pass of Brander, to a hotel perfect of its kind. It stood on a little promontory of its own. A bay-window in the dining-room commanded the view north, south, and west over the loch. As we ate our dinner we could watch the western light slowly fade and the hills darken against it. The dinner was excellent, and the people at table were friendly. There was a freedom about the house that made us think of Dingman's Ferry in its best days, of the Water Gap before its splendor came upon it, of Bar Harbor before it was exploited. It was not a mere place of passage, like the hotels at Tarbet and at Loch Awe, but those who came to it staid for their holiday. All the men were there for the fishing, which is good, and most of them, tired after their day's work, came to dinner in their fishing clothes. Their common sport made them sociable. They were kind to us, but in their kindness was pity that we too were not fishermen.

We left Port Sonachan in the morning for Loch Etive. Again the morning was hot and misty. In the few fields by the way men and women were getting in the hay; and the women, in their white sacques and handkerchiefs about their heads, looked not unlike French peasants. On each hill-top was a group of Highland cattle, beautiful black and tawny creatures, standing and lying in full relief against the sky. Two miles, a little more or less, brought us to a village wandering up and down a weed-grown, stone-covered hill-side. To our left a by-road climbed to the top of the hill, past the plain bare kirk with its little graveyard, and higher still to two white cottages, their thatched roofs green with a thick growth of grass, and vines about their doors, the loch and the mountain in the background.

But the cottages which to the right of our road straggled down to a rocky stream below had no redeeming whitewash, no vines about their doors. The turf around them was worn away. Some were chimneyless; on others the thatch, where weeds did not hold it together, had broken through, leaving great holes in the roof. On a bench tilted up against the wall of



LOCH LEVEN FROM BALLACHULISH.

the lowest of these cottages sat an old gray-haired man in Tam o' Shanter, his head bent low, his clasped hands falling between his knees. It was a picturesque place, and we camped out awhile under an old cart near the road-side. Perhaps it would have been wise if, like Mr. Hamerton, we could have seen only the picturesqueness of the Highland clachan, only the color and sublimity of the huts, only the fine women who live within them. But how could we sit there and not see that the picturesqueness was that of misery, that whatever color and sublimity there might be—and to the sublimity I must confess we were blind—were but outward signs of poverty and squalor, and that the huts sheltered not only strong young women, but feeble old men like that pathetic figure with the clasped hands and bent head? We have seen the old age of the poor when we thought it but a peaceful rest after the work of years. In English almshouses we have found it in our hearts to envy the old men and women their homes. But here despair and sadness seemed the portion of old age. I do not know why it was, but as we watched that gray-haired man, though there was a space of blue sky just above him, and the day was warm and the air sweet, it was of the winter he made us think, of the time soon to come when the cold winds would roar through the pass, and snow would lie on the hills, and he would shiver alone in

the chimneyless cottage with its one tiny window. A few miles away, men in a fortnight throw away on their fishing more than these people can make in years. Scotch landlords rent their wild uncultivated acres for fabulous sums, while villages like this grow desolate. If when you are in the Highlands you would still see them as they are in the romance of Scott or in the sickly sentiment of Landseer, or as a mere pleasure-ground for tourists and sportsmen, you must get the people out of your mind, just as the laird gets them off his estate. Go everywhere, by stage and steam-boat, and when you come to a clachan or to a lonely cottage, shut your eyes and pass on. Else you must realize as we did—and more strongly as we went further—that this land, which holiday-makers have come to look upon as their own, is the saddest on God's earth.

Before we left the shade of the cart a little girl went by, and we asked her the name of the village.

"Kilchrennan," she said, with impossible gutturals, and then she spelled it for us.

It was a good sign, we thought. If Highland children to-day are taught to spell, Highland men and women to-morrow may learn to think; then, let the landlord remember, they will begin to act.

After Kilchrennan the road crossed the moorland, Ben-Cruachan towering far to our right. We came to another wretched

village down by Loch Etive. Here again in the sunshine was an old man. He was walking slowly and feebly up and down, and there was in his face a look as if hope had long gone from him. In England scarce a town or village is without its charities. But in the Highlands, while deer and grouse are protected by law, men are chased from their homes, the aged and infirm are left to shift for themselves. I think the misery of these villages is made to seem but the greater because of the large house which so often stands close by.

When Mr. Hamerton wrote his *Painters' Camp in the Highlands*, he suggested a new route from Oban to Ballachulish by steamer up Loch Etive, and then by coach through Glen Etive and Glencoe. This is now one of the regular excursions from Oban, and one of the finest, I think, in the Highlands. In the glens we met no fewer than five coaches, so that I suppose the excursion is fairly popular.

With Taynuilt we left behind even the sparse cultivation of the Highlands. From the boat we saw that mountain slopes were unbroken by road or path; there was scarce a house in sight.

Through Glen Etive the road was rough, the mountains were barren, and not a sheep or cow was on the lower grassy hill-sides. It was all a deer forest, the guard told us, and even the English tourists in the coach exclaimed against the waste of good ground.

The stony pass led to a pleasant green valley, from which the road set out over the Bridge of Glencoe for the shores of Loch Leven and Ballachulish. Almost at once it brought us to a field overlooking the loch, where, apparently for our benefit, sports were being held. The droning of the pipes made quite a cheerful sound, the plaids of the men a bright picture; and when, two miles beyond, we found the hotel with its windows turned toward the loch, we made up our minds not to push on to Oban, but to stay and spend Sunday here.

And so we had a second and longer look at the sports. Young men vaulted with poles; others, in full costume, danced Highland flings and the sword dance. Two pipers took turns in piping. One had tied gay green ribbons to his pipe, and he fairly danced himself as he kept time with his foot. And while we watch-



OBAN.

ed we heard but Gaelic spoken. We were in a foreign country.

The next day we got to Oban, the most odious place in the Highlands, I have heard it called, the most beautiful place in the world, Mr. William Black thinks. When the west wind blows and the sun shines, there is nothing like it for color, he told J——. We had to take his word for it. We found an east wind blowing and gray mist hanging over town and bay, and we could not see the hills of Mull. When we walked out in the late afternoon it seemed a town of hotels and photograph shops, into which excursion trains were forever emptying excursionists and never carrying them away again. Crowds were on the parapetless, unsafe embankment; the bay was covered with boats. In front of the largest hotels bands were playing, and one or two of the musicians went about, hat in hand, among the passers-by.

Altogether, Oban did not seem in the least lovely until we could no longer see it. But as the twilight grew grayer and the tide went out, the great curve of the embankment was marked by a circle of lights on shore and by long waving lines of gold in the bay. At the pier, a steamer just arrived sent up heavy clouds of smoke, black in the gathering grayness. The boats one by one hung out their lights. Oban was at peace, though tourists still walked and bands still played.

It was gray and inexpressibly dreary the next day at noon when we took the boat for Tobermory, in Mull. Through a Scotch mist we watched Oban and its picturesque castle out of sight; through a driving rain we looked forth on the heights of Morven and of Mull. Sometimes the clouds lightened, and for a minute the nearer hills came out dark and purple against a space of whitish shining mist. But for the most part they hung heavy and black over wastes of water and wastes of land. Sir Walter Scott says the Sound of Mull is the most striking scene in the Hebrides; it would have been fair to add, when storms and mists give one a chance to see it. Pleasure parties sat up on deck wrapped in mackintoshes and huddled under umbrellas. Our time was divided between getting wet and drying off down-stairs. The excitement of the voyage was the stopping of the steamer, now in mid-stream, in *Macleod of Dare* fashion, now at rain-soaked piers. Of all

the heroes who should be thought of between these two lands of romance, only the most modern was suggested to us, probably because within a few weeks we had been re-reading Mr. Black's novel. But just as in his pages, so in the Sound of Mull, little boats came out to meet the steamer. They lay in wait, tossing up and down on the rough waters, and manned with Hamishes and Donalds. Into one stepped a real Macleod, his collie at his heels.

Tobermory is a commonplace town with a semicircle of well-to-do houses on the shores of a sheltered bay. At one end of the wooded heights that follow the curve of the town is a big hotel; at the other, Aros House, a brand-new castle, in among the trees. The harbor is shut in by a long, narrow island, bare and flat. It seemed a place of endless rain and mist. But when we thought the weather at its worst, the landlady called it pleasant, and suggested a two miles' walk to the light-house on the coast. Children played on the street as if the sun shone. We even saw fishing parties row out toward the Sound.

We staid in Tobermory two days, when the boat from Skye touched at the pier, and we got on board for Salen. Here we found the outlook less depressing than at Tobermory. There was no commonplace little town in sight, but only bare rolling ground stretching to a bay, and on the shores the ruins of a real old castle, of which Mr. Abbey once very unkindly made a drawing, so that J——, for his own sake, thought it best to let it alone.

When we awoke, the clouds were breaking. Across the Sound of Mull they were low on the heights of Morven, but hill-sides were green, streaked with sunshine. Above were long rifts of blue sky, and in the bay a little yacht rocked on glittering water. We ate ham and eggs, and made ready to begin our tramp at once. All morning we tramped dreary miles of moor and hill, with the wind in our faces, and by lochs with endless curves, around which we had to go, though we saw our journey's end just before us. While we followed the northern shore of Loch-Na-Keal, high Ben-More, with its head among the clouds, was behind us. In front was the Atlantic, with heavy showers passing over it, and now blotting out far Staffa and the long ridge of the Ross of Mull, an encircling shadow between the ocean and



COAST OF MULL.

the headland of Gribun; and now sweeping across the loch and the near green island of Inch-Kenneth.

A large house, with wide lawn and green fields and well-clipped hedges, just at the head of Loch-Na-Keal, and one or two small new cottages shut in with flaming banks of fuchsia, showed what Mull might be if in the island men were held in as high account as rabbits and grouse. We saw the many white tails of the rabbits in among the ferns, and though they live only to be shot, on the whole we thought them better off than the solemn, silent men and women who trudged by us toward Salen, where it was market-day, for it is their fate to live only to starve and suffer. The one man who spoke to us during that long morning was a shepherd, with a soft gentle voice and foreign Scotch, whose sheep we frightened up the hill-side.

Ulva lay so close to the shore of Mull as scarce to seem a separate island. But the waters of the narrow sound were rough. The postman, who had just been ferried over, held the boat as we stepped into it from the slippery stones of the landing. As he waited, he said not a word. They keep silence, these people, under the yoke

they have borne for generations. The ferryman was away, and the boy who had come in his place had hard work to row against wind and waves, and harder work to talk English. "I beg pardon," was his answer to every question we asked.

The little white inn was just opposite the landing, and we went to it at once, for it was late, and we were hungry. We asked the landlady if she could give us some meat.

"Of course," she said—and her English was fairly good—"she could give us tea and eggs."

"No, but meat," we repeated.

"Yes, of course," she said again; "tea and eggs."

While she prepared lunch we sat on low rocks by the boats drawn up high and dry on the stony beach. At the southern end of the island was Ulva House, white through an opening in a pleasant wood, and surrounded by broad green pastures. Just in front of us, close to the inn, a handful of bare black cottages rose from the mud in among rocks and boulders. No paths led to the doors; nothing green grew about the walls. Women with pinched, careworn faces came and went, busy with household

work, and they were silent as the people we had met on the road. Beyond was barrenness; not another tree, not another bit of pasture-land, was in sight. And yet, before the people were brought unto desolation, almost all the island was green as the meadows about the laird's house; and so it could be again if men were but allowed to cultivate the ground. Where weeds and rushes and ferns now cover the hills and the level places were once fields of grain and grass. To-day only the laird's crops are sowed and reaped. Once there could be heard the many voices of men and women and children at work or at play, where now the only sounds are the roaring of the waters and the crack of the rifle. Of all the many townships that were scattered from one end of the island to the other, there remains but this wretched group of hovels. The people have been driven from the land they loved, and sent hither and thither, some across the narrow sound, others far over the broad Atlantic.

The Highlands and Hebrides are the home of romance. There is a legend for almost every step you take. But the cruellest of these are not so cruel as, and none have the pathos of, the tales of their own and their fathers' wrongs and wretchedness which the people tell to-day. The old stories of the battle-field, and of clan meeting clan in deadly duel, have given way to stories of the clearing of the land that the laird or the stranger might have his shooting and fishing as well as his crops. At first the people could not understand it. The evicted went to the laird, as they would have gone of old, and asked for a new home. And what was his answer?

"I am not the father of your family." And then, when frightened women ran and hid themselves at his coming, he broke the kettles they left by the well, or tore into shreds the clothes bleaching on the heather. And, as the people themselves have it, "in these and similar ways he succeeded too well in clearing the island of its once numerous inhabitants, scattering them over the face of the globe." There must have been cruelty indeed before the Western-Islander, who once loved his chief better than his own life, could tell such tales as these, even in his hunger and despair. I know it is pleasanter to read of bloodshed in the past than starvation in the present. A lately published book on Ireland has been welcomed by critics, and I suppose by readers, because in it is no mention of evictions and crowbar brigades and horrors of which newspapers make good capital. I have never been to Ireland, and it may be you can travel there and forget the people. But in the Hebrides the human silence and the ruined homes and the almost unbroken moorland would let us, as foreigners, think of nothing else. Since our return we have read Scott and Mr. Hamerton and Miss Gordon Cumming and the Duke of Argyll and many others who have helped to make or mar the romance and history of the Highlands. But the true story of the Highlands as they are we learned for ourselves when we looked, as we did at Ulva, from the laird's mansion to the crofter's hovel. It is the story of the tyranny of the few, the slavery of the many, which can be learned still more fully from the reports of the Royal Commission, published by the English government.



ROSS OF MULL, LOOKING TOWARD IONA.



HEADLAND OF GRIBUN, FROM ULVA.

When we returned to the inn we had no thought but to get away at once, how, we hardly knew. The landlady suggested three plans. We could wait until the morrow, when the Gomestra men, as she, a native, called them, and not Gometra men, as Mr. Black has it, would row us out to meet the steam-boat coming from Iona. How *Macleod of Dare* like this would have been! We could be ferried over the sound, and walk by Loch-Na-Keal the way we had come, then around its southern shore, and so across to Loch Scridain, at the head of which was an inn. Or we could sail across Loch-Na-Keal, and thus cut off many miles of the distance that lay between us and our next resting-place. We must, however, decide at once; there were two gentlemen below who would take us in their boat; but if we did not want them, they must go back to cut the laird's hay. Were we willing to wait until evening, they would take us for half-price. The rain now fell on the loch, but we made our bargain with the gentlemen on the spot.

As we sailed past the white house we asked the older of our boatmen if he had ever heard of Dr. Johnson. He

shook his head, and then turned to the other man, and the two began to talk in Gaelic. "Toctor Shonson? Toctor Shonson?" we heard them say to each other. But they both kept shaking their heads, and finally the old man again said they had never heard of him. In the stories of Mr. Black or Mr. Stevenson he would have said they had never heard of her or she. Perhaps our ears were at fault. More probably all the genuine islanders have been driven from the Hebrides. Certain it is that not once did we hear a man called *she*—an idiom we thought to find as common as the heather by the way.

When the wind swept the rain from the hills of Ulva, we could see that on the western side of the island the strange basaltic formation like that of Staffa begins. Near the low green shores of Inch-Kenneth a yacht lay at anchor. It belonged to one of the lairds of Mull, the boatman said. The people, who have barely enough to live on themselves, can afford to support a yacht for their landlord. How this can be is the real problem of the Hebrides. To solve it is to explain the crofter question without the aid of a Royal Commission.

On the Gribun shore the landing-place was a long row of stones, slippery with wet sea-weed. To reach the road we waded through a broad meadow knee-high in dripping grass. The mist kept rising and falling, and one minute we could see the islands—Ulva and Gometra and Inch-Kenneth and even Staffa—and the next, only grayness. In the narrow pass over the headland between Loch-Na-Keal and Loch Scridain the clouds rolled slowly down the mountains on either side, lower and lower, until presently we were walking through them. And as we went, as was proper in the land of Macleod of Dare, a strange thing happened. For scarcely had the clouds closed about us when a great gust of wind swept through the pass and whirled them away for a moment. Then the wind fell, and again we were swallowed up in grayness, and could scarcely see. Just as we were within sight of Loch Scridain, down poured torrents of rain. A little further on and we were half-way up to our knees in a bridgeless stream that came rushing down the mountains across the road.

We passed two wind-and-rain-beaten villages, and occasional lonely cottages and the ruins of others. Mr. Hamerton says nothing is more lovely to an artist than a Highland cottage after a rain. But the trouble is, you seldom see it after the rain, for in the Hebrides the rain it raineth every day and always. We came, too, to one big dreary house and a drearier kirk. The rest of the way to the inn at Kinloch, where we were to pass the night, was a wet wilderness.

The next morning the wind was still blowing a gale, but it drove the clouds beyond the bald mountains toward Ben-More, and brought no showers with it. Everything had grown bright with the morning but the cottages, and they, perhaps because of the contrast with the blue loveliness of water and sky and hills, seemed darker and more desolate than in the rain. Here and there along the loch a few were gathered in melancholy groups, pathless and chimneyless, smoke pouring from doorways and through holes in the walls, mud at the very thresholds. For every cottage standing was another in ruins. On the top of a low hill, over which we made a short-cut, was a deserted village, conveniently out of sight of the road. No traveller, unless he chanced upon it, as we

did, would know of it. It was not high enough or far enough from other cottages for the shielings upon which the Duke of Argyll thinks so much false sentiment has been wasted. We found a few black-faced sheep in possession of the ruins, and before them, I fear, have been driven, not merely cattle from summer pastures, but men from their only homes. There were several school-houses between Kinloch and Bunessan, and we half hoped these were in a measure responsible for roofless walls and desolate hearths. But the truth is, the Duke of Argyll and other landlords of Mull find it less trouble to collect rents from a few large tenants than from many small ones, and to suit their convenience the people have had to go. It is their land: why should they not do with it as they think best?

Almost all this Ross of Mull, on which we now were, belongs to the Duke of Argyll, the defender of Scotland as it was and as it is, and I think in all the Hebrides there is no place more desolate. We saw perhaps more signs of bitter poverty in Skye and in Barra. But in these islands the evicted have settled again upon the crofts of their friends or relations. Often it is because the many are thus forced to live upon land that can scarce support the few, that all are so poor. But the Islander loves his home as he once loved his chief, and now hates his landlord, and he must be in extremity indeed before he will go from it. Knowing this, you feel the greatness of the misery in the Ross of Mull, from which the people have flown as if from a plague-stricken land. The greater part of it is silent and barren as the desert. We walked for miles, seeing no living thing save a mere handful of sheep grazing on the hills, and the white sea-gulls perched on the low seaweed-covered rocks of Loch Scridain. And beyond the barren waste of land was the sea without a sail upon its waters, and the lonely islands, which we knew were no less desolate. The cruel climate of this far Northern country has had little to do with the people's flight. Neither, indeed, has natural barrenness. The soil in the Highlands is not naturally barren, the Duke of Argyll himself has said. The few large farms by the way were good proof of what might be even in the rocky Ross of Mull.

Bunessan is the show place of the Ross of Mull. Steamers occasionally land at



"ONE OF HIS STRANGE THINGS HAPPENED."

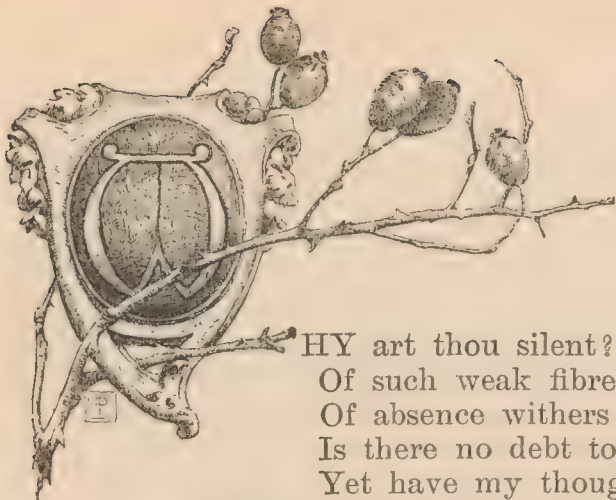
a pier on the loch, two miles distant. Tourists come to the inn for the fishing. If they go no further into the island, they probably carry away with them impressions of well-to-do people and benevolent landlords. After Kilpatrick and the other wretched groups of cottages we had passed in the morning, it did indeed seem happy and prosperous. In the end we agreed that our coming to the island was a mistake, and that no one but Mr. Black could have a good word to say for it. Somehow we made it seem as if he had brought us here under false pretences. The fact is, Mr. Black's descriptions are misleading, though I must admit that even as we found fault with him, one of his strange things happened. For far out beyond the loch and its purple hills we saw Staffa and the sea below and the sky above it turned to gold as the sun sank into the Atlantic. But then, as a rule, the things that happen in Mull are less strange than disagreeable. For one evening's loveliness you must put up with days of cold and damp discomfort. Of course, if you own a castle or a yacht, you can improve your point of view.

The next morning we set out for Iona. The road lay for six miles over the moors. There were two or three large houses with cultivated fields, a few black dreary cottages, and the ruins of others. But this end of the Ross of Mull was mostly, as when David Balfour walked across it, bog and brier and big stones. The coast was all rock, great piles of red granite jutting out in uneven masses into the sound that separates Iona from the Ross. When we reached it the ferryman had just come and gone. It was the 11th of August, and men with guns, in readiness for the morrow, were getting into a dog-cart, its horses' heads turned toward Bunessan. There was nothing to do but to sit on the rocks and wait.

Wind and rain blew in our faces. The fishermen made off in their little boat, hugging the rocky shore. Above us, on the granite, were two cottages, no less naked and cold. Across the sound we looked to a little white town, low on the wind-swept water, and to a towered cathedral, dark against the gray-green rocks. A steamer had just brought Cook's daily pilgrims to St. Columba's shrine.



"WHY ART THOU SILENT?"--From a drawing by Alfred Parsons.



WHY ART THOU SILENT?

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

HY art thou silent? Is thy love a plant
Of such weak fibre that the treacherous air
Of absence withers what was once so fair?
Is there no debt to pay, no boon to grant?
Yet have my thoughts for thee been vigilant,
Bound to thy service with unceasing care,
The mind's least generous wish a mendicant
For naught but what thy happiness could spare.
Speak—though this soft warm heart, once free to hold
A thousand tender pleasures, thine and mine,
Be left more desolate, more dreary cold,
Than a forsaken bird's-nest filled with snow
'Mid its own blush of leafless eglantine—
Speak, that my torturing doubts their end may know!

THE WOODLAND CARIBOU.

BY HENRY P. WELLS.

SOME twenty-five or thirty years ago, when the early winter proclaimed a respite from the agricultural labors of the year, a settler shouldered his rifle, and entered the southern edge of that wilderness which extends in one unbroken forest northward almost to the St. Lawrence River. Something a little less briny than his customary salted food was the object in view, for the larger towns were remote and difficult of access, and he well knew that if he wished fresh meat he must be his own purveyor.

He enters the forest, noting instinctively every phase of its animal life as its familiar indications, impressed upon the new-fallen snow, presented themselves to his eye.

Suddenly he pauses, for before him lies the footprint of a cloven hoof the like of which he has never seen before. It is much too large to have been made by a deer, and altogether lacks the pointed character of the track of a moose. It resembles that of a stray ox more than anything else, yet his trained eye at once negatives this explanation as well.

The woodland caribou had appeared in western Maine, and its lines had fallen in pleasant places. A congenial climate, abundant food, and the absence of all ene-

mies except men, and very few of them, caused it to increase and multiply, as animals are wont to do under such favorable conditions.

It is doubtful if a mere verbal description of any animal conveys more than a vague idea of its personal appearance to any but the trained naturalist.

Still the caribou is popularly so little known in this country, and is withal so well worth knowing, that a brief general description of its appearance, and of a few of the many singular eccentricities of its demeanor, may not be amiss.

Stuffed specimens of this beautiful creature may be seen in some of our museums, but, as far as the writer has had opportunity to observe, their resemblance to the real animal is not more striking than that of the waxworks of a country side-show to the celebrities they caricature.

A full-grown bull may stand five feet at the fore-shoulder, and weigh possibly seven hundred pounds. They are always white underneath and on the throat. Otherwise they are reddish-brown in summer, mouse-color in the fall, growing grayer as the winter advances, until the older males may be nearly white. In size, color, form, and expression the head bears considerable resemblance to that of an



DRINKING THROUGH THE ICE.

Alderney cow, and if that cow was rather lightly built, it would give a not unfair idea of the shape of the caribou. The horns are of the reindeer order of architecture, and are typical of the eccentric disposition of the animal. Not only are they never alike on any two different specimens, but this dissimilarity extends even to those of each individual, the right and left horns being invariably different in form. The older cows are by no means unfrequently provided in a like manner, though in less degree—in this standing alone among the deer tribe. The winter coat of the caribou is exceedingly soft and fine, and at the same time so thick that it is impossible to work the fingers through the hair to the skin beneath. But one physical peculiarity remains to be described. Its symmetrical legs terminate in shallow hoofs of comparatively prodigious lateral area—something resembling a five-year-old boy standing in his father's goloshes. They are hollow underneath, and terminate in sharp edges, thus materially aiding the animal in the many acrobatic feats to which it is so prone. The dew-claws are as large as an ordinary deer's hoof; nor are they, as is usual in

other animals of the deer kind, purely ornamental. When passing over snow or treacherous ground, the animal spreads his deeply cloven hoof like a duck's foot, and bringing its dew-claws into play to increase its bearing, it skims at full speed over a surface which would stall a deer or moose at once.

Unlike the solitary moose, it delights in the company of its kind. To-day it will act as if almost afraid of its own shadow, and display a keenness of eye, ear, and nose, and a vigilance in their use, which render an approach within rifle-shot next to impossible; to-morrow it will stand the fire of the hunter like one of the Old Guard, facing him at short range while in the paroxysms of the buck fever he misses shot after shot, and until either the pumping machinery of his repeating rifle sucks dry, or fortune bestows upon him one of those smiles with which it is wont occasionally to favor the inexperienced. To-day it will follow for miles along a trail over which a man has passed not twenty minutes before; to-morrow one sniff of the tainted track and it will not break its run for five miles.

It never yards in winter as do the deer

and moose, nor does it show the same fondness for a given locality. The home feeling, so to speak, is totally wanting. It is an Ishmaelite—here to-day, there to-morrow—to be found alike in the deepest valleys and on the highest mountains, with no apparent guide but the caprice of the moment.

It is as fond of the ice as a school-boy, and full as ready for a frolic. After the ice has formed in November, it is soon

followed first by snows, and then by thaws or rain. The latter converts the snow into slush, resting on the firm ice beneath. Now any sensible creature would keep away from such a mess. But not so the caribou, for to it this makes the very gala time of the year. The herd go out upon the ice in single file, then scatter, and each one falls to pawing up the slush with its forefeet. After they have tired of this performance, they fall



HEAD OF MALE CARIBOU.

upon their knees, and seem to lap the ice with their tongues. Why they do this is, as far as the writer has been able to learn, a mystery. It certainly is not from thirst, since they have crossed a dozen open brooks in their morning ramble. Perhaps, to use one of those slang expressions so happily indefinite in leaving unbridled liberty of detail to the imagination of the hearer, "they do it for grandeur." This is the most simple, and indeed at times it seems the only, explanation of many of the vagaries of this most singular creature. After a while one will suspend operations, seem to think things over generally, then go gravely over to where another has mined down to a piece of ice of extra flavor, and prod and poke it with the utmost vigor. The assaulted party rises to its feet, and meekly resigns its place to the intruder, which immediately drops upon its knees and continues the operations of its predecessor, while the ousted either passes along the compliment by routing out another, or proceeds to dig a new spot for itself. Then perhaps all will lie down for a while, and, though one would think the bed about as congenial as the inside of an ice-cream freezer, chew the cud in apparently the acme of bovine comfort. Next, one will slowly rise to its feet, round up its back, and stretch itself, survey its comrades to select the one which seems most comfortable, and then, actuated by that perversity of disposition we so often see and anathematize in the human early riser, proceed to stir it up with hoof and horn, until it too gets upon its legs and joins in the game. Soon all are on their feet, and falling in one behind the other, move for the woods in single file, headed by the leader—always a bull, though not invariably the largest in the herd. They move off at a walk, their heads hanging down precisely like cows driven to pasture. Suddenly one will become possessed of a devil, and breaking from the ranks with a hop, skip, and a jump, charge through the line again and again, until it is thrown into complete disorder. Then it will as suddenly fall into place, as demure as a cat, saying, as distinctly as an attitude can speak, "What! you do not mean to charge this untimely disturbance to me, do you?" The march is then resumed, and all may disappear at the meekest kind of a walk in the surrounding forest; or, without the slightest apparent cause, the herd will break into a

run at a pace so keen you almost fancy you can hear them whiz as they cleave a passage through the air. This burst of speed may last for a hundred yards; it may be kept up through thick and thin for five miles: the one is about as likely as the other.

The dearest wish of the caribou hunter is to be a spectator of the performance just described. At this season of the year he approaches every little patch of water against the wind, and with the feelings of a ticket-holder at a lottery drawing. Should he be in luck, he by no means opens fire at once. The herd derives its impulse from its leader, as the steam-engine does from the engineer. Withdraw either from his control, and though the power is still there, that which gave it direction is gone. So, hardly breathing under the intense excitement of the moment, he studies the movements of the herd with the keenest attention. Having selected his victim, a well-directed bullet knocks it sprawling on the ice. In an instant all is confusion. The herd circle around their fallen leader, totally at a loss what to do, until some other assumes the place of the fallen, and all break for the shelter of the woods. If the hunter is then a quick and sure shot, the interval is not unimproved.

But if the pond is small, and closely surrounded with forest and hill, the first shot echoes from the opposite side with a distinctness which should be heard to be fully appreciated, and re-echoes again and again. The startled herd seem confronted in every direction by explosions, and every avenue of escape appears closed. Utterly demoralized, they circle about, swinging their heads from side to side, sniffing the air in the vain endeavor to locate the danger and divine the path to safety. If the rifle be then in the hands of a butcher and not a sportsman, all may fall before, driven to desperation to take any chance for the sake of cover, one bursts for the woods. The rest, if any, instantly follow this initiative, and many and many a mile will intervene before the pace slackens to a walk.

The deer or moose, when it encounters a windfall, either goes round it, or passes it, if too high to step over, by a series of bounds. But the caribou, if undisturbed, mounts the fallen trees and walks along their trunks with the *verve* of a trained lumberman, bounding from one to another.



LYING IN WAIT.

er with the agility of a goat, and the knack of balance of a tight-rope performer.

The call of the caribou, when heard close at hand, is a hoarse, pumping sound, very much of the character emitted by that species of bittern called by some a "post-driver," or "stake-driver," only vastly louder. When heard at a distance, it takes considerable persuasion to disabuse the novice of the idea that he has

heard the rapid successive discharges of both the barrels of a double shot-gun, for the resemblance is perfect.

The meat of the caribou is most excellent food, but how it is made from such unpromising raw material is one of the deep, dark mysteries of the chemistry of nature.

In the summer it is not so bad; the blue-joint flat grass, and that which trails in

the current of running streams, together with the three-leaved sorrel, then form its food; but the last only when it grows in deep gorges on the confines of cold springs and boggy places in the woods. But its winter food is about as attractive as a hair mattress. As the weather grows colder, it turns to the gray moss, which like an old man's beard hangs from the fir and spruce trees. This and a short thick moss which adheres to the bark of old-growth yellow birch-trees then form its food, bolting with the latter chunks of bark as big as a silver dollar. Unlike the same animal further north, it does not here seem ever to hunt its food under the snow.

The caribou is the fleetest of animals. A deer or a moose is nowhere in comparison. With back almost level, each leg swinging as though hung on a pivot, its hoofs clattering together at every stride like a pair of castanets, it develops a speed which beggars description.

Occasionally a caribou is killed at night by the light of a jack-lamp while seeking the grass growing in some boatable stream. But far more frequently it is a case of "thou art so near and yet so far," as the jack-hunter hears them prowling among the bushes which fringe the stream and conceal them from his view. Then he invokes the god of patience, and waits hour after hour for them to leave their cover and enter the water, which they are apt, with singular discretion, to avoid.

When the first snows lie in the woods, still-hunting commences. During his trapping the hunter has kept track of how and where the caribou are "working." The time so impatiently awaited has come. He puts on three or four heavy flannel shirts one over the other, for a coat would catch in the bushes through which he must take his way, and is not permissible. A very broad-brimmed felt hat is relied upon to exclude the snow shaken from the trees from intruding down the back of his neck; for among the thickest firs and spruces, where the long gray moss abounds, he must seek his game. Four or five pairs of heavy woollen socks cover his feet, and over them is placed a pair of caribou shanks. With the future in view, he has taken the skin from the hind legs of some caribou killed the year before, cutting it about four inches above the gambrel-joint, then splitting it open in front, and removing it in one piece clear

to the hoof. The gambrel-joint is formed into the heel of a stocking by doubling the excess of length over the hunter's toes and back toward the instep. This is then sewed on both sides where the sole of a shoe would ordinarily join the upper leather, and these, worn with the hair outside, are "caribou shanks." Boots or shoes are too noisy to be thought of. He puts in his pockets food for one meal, knowing he will start his game soon. Then he will either be successful, or he might just as well go back to camp; for the caribou, when wound up by alarm, takes so long to run down that to follow it is quite useless.

Thus equipped, rifle in hand and hatchet in belt, he seeks the appointed locality. He soon finds an abundance of tracks, and their age at once becomes a question, a correct solution of which is essential to success. If it is still snowing, the quantity which has fallen over them gives an indication. If they are not so covered, and the tracks are more than one day old, he sees little frost needles in the footprint; while if made the preceding night, or since, he finds none of that frost-work. He then removes his mittens, and by sense of touch determines whether the disturbed snow is still loose or frozen. If the former is found to be the case, the track is fresh, while if the latter, it is two or three hours old. By these and other more subtle considerations of the relations of cause to effect he decides this question with surprising accuracy. Nature is his time-keeper, and he reads the marks upon her dial as the ordinary man reads the face of a clock. If the tracks are satisfactory in this, he follows upon the trail, keeping careful watch for signs of feeding. When travelling, like all other heavy animals in a wooded country, they follow in single file, so that it is difficult to tell how large the herd may be, or to determine the relative sizes and sexes of which it may be composed. When they begin to feed, however, they scatter, and each individual writes its own description upon the snow. To this the hunter gives the closest attention, for thus he informs himself how large the herd is, how much it has fed, and how much more it is likely to feed. When they have eaten enough, he knows they will lie down. They may snatch a bite here and there and move on. But sooner or later they will scatter, and make eating a business. From these



HEAD OF FEMALE CARIBOU.

signs he judges how near he is to them. When he thinks they have fed sufficiently and will soon lie down, he overhauls his rifle, gets the snow out of its muzzle, clears its sights, cocks and uncocks it three or four times, works the breech mechanism, and generally sees that all is clear for action; for the numerous falls he has had in the snow, and that which has been disengaged from the trees, have again and again covered him completely.

He now creeps forward, all eye and ear, avoiding everything calculated to produce a sound as though it were the plague. He pays little attention to the direction of the wind, since the dense evergreen forest broods over a region of almost perpetual calm. Every bush, every stump or fallen log, within sight, is carefully scrutinized, for the snow and ice adhering to their coats make it difficult to distinguish the game from surrounding objects unless in motion. It is almost impossible to avoid making some little noise at times, and it

may be that they first detect the presence of the hunter. Instantly all spring to their feet and face him, generally, if he has approached with skill, at some twenty-five or thirty yards' distance. Now is the time. No waiting for a side shot, but choose the biggest, and give it to him right in the centre of the chest, at the root of the neck. Otherwise they will be off like the wind, and he must take his chance as they glide among the thick trees.

Having secured his game, the hunter at once builds a large fire near the fallen animal, and proceeds to skin and dress it before it freezes. He then wraps up the liver and tenderloin in the hide, binding it with a thong cut from the edge of the skin. The rest of the meat he hangs on the trees, and shouldering the hide and its contents, returns to camp for his sled, calling himself all manner of hard names for having made the old and oft-repeated mistake of failing to see his game until it was in motion, even while under his very nose.



IDSUMI SATSUMA.

OLD SATSUMA.

BY PROFESSOR EDWARD SYLVESTER MORSE.

NOWHERE in the world is the taste for collecting old things more common than in Japan. The Japanese, equally with us, have their fevers of collecting. The hen fever, the rabbit fever, the chrysanthemum fever, break out in turn, have their run, and languish, or remain dormant till the germs of these or of some other craze are sown. In the more rational fields of collecting the Japanese exceed all other nations. Where you meet with one man possessed with this spirit in our country, you find scores of them in Japan. Large accumulations are rarely made, for want of means and room; but travel where you will, in the city or most remote country village, there is sure to be some one to show a collection of rare old pottery, stone implements, old tiles, coins, or something of the kind. The Japanese have their special fields of collecting—as, for example, pottery, tiles,

pictures, books, autographs, swords, armor, old brocades, old paper, musical instruments, furniture, archæological relics—and these collections may be counted by hundreds. So permanent is the taste for collecting old pottery and old swords that special parties are formed for the sole purpose of testing one another's ability in correctly identifying difficult or puzzling objects. When these objects have a stamp or mark, it is carefully concealed, so that the skill of the amateur may be more surely tried. Second-hand book-stores, bric-à-brac shops, and even temporary sidewalk booths, are to be met with through the length and breadth of the empire. The ceramic craze has endured for hundreds of years, and has had its literature for centuries.

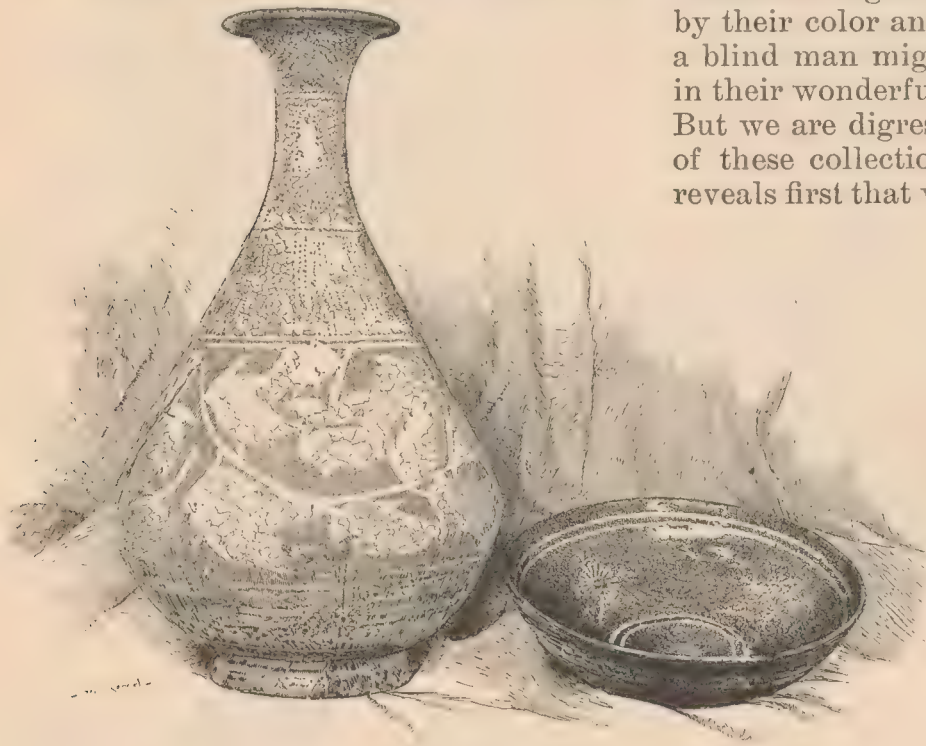
It is to this spirit of collecting among the Japanese that we are happily indebted to-day for the preservation in good condi-

tion of the pottery of old Japan. Pottery that in many other parts of the world would have been cast aside when broken is carefully mended and encased in brocade bags and boxes, and preserved with other family treasures in some fire-proof building.

One of the delightful experiences in Japan is to get access, through one's love for such things, to the famous collections of bric-à-brac which are to be found in

hands as tenderly, nay, as caressingly, as a mother holds her first-born, seems the veriest absurdity, until one has come to appreciate the intrinsic merit and beauty in their unobtrusive glazes. The rich brown of the Seto glazes, and deep grays of the Karatsu, the ripe and varied brown autumn-like colors in the tea jars of Omi and Iga, the delicious fawns and buffs and rich deep colors of Takatori, are only to be appreciated by study. Many of these unobtrusive gems excite our admiration by their color and contour alone. Even a blind man might find a certain charm in their wonderful smoothness and finish. But we are digressing. An examination of these collections by a foreign student reveals first that what he had held in such

high repute as Satsuma (assuming, of course, that he was familiar with genuine Satsuma) forms only an incidental part of these treasures. An attentive study of valuable private collections, such as that owned by the Prince of Kuroda, the Governor of Higo, and many others, brought to light no specimens of the light cream-colored crackled and



OLD KOREAN MISHIMA.

various parts of the country, and notably in the larger cities. It was my good fortune to examine many collections of pottery, and by studies and sketches to make myself familiar with many types of pottery rarely if ever seen in the private collections in our country or the public collections abroad. I was much struck at the outset with the almost entire absence from these collections of what we regard as decorative pottery; that is to say, pottery of the nature of what the public have recognized under the names of Kioto, Kaga, and Satsuma. In lieu of these one sees sober little tea jars, brown bowls, irregular-shaped dishes, vessels of various kinds, and these either with no decoration upon them, or the merest suggestion of an attempt that way in one or two hasty touches in monochrome. Indeed, the fastidious way in which these specimens are carefully removed from their boxes and silk coverings, and afterward held in the two

decorated faience which alone is looked upon as Satsuma by the Western collector. A few pieces of Satsuma were to be seen, but these were entirely unlike the ware which we had supposed to be typical Satsuma. We do not, of course, refer to the highly decorated crackled ware which has been sold to our innocent collectors as Satsuma, and which is never met with in Japan, save in the shops of the treaty ports to tempt the foreigner, or on its way to vessels for export abroad. A few genuine pieces may be seen at the National Museum in Tokio. A very few specimens were shown me by the Governor of Satsuma at Kagoshima, directly after the rebellion, and I was told by him that in the destruction by fire of Kagoshima at that time the fire-proof buildings containing priceless specimens of Satsuma and other wares, as well as old pictures, lacquers, etc., were totally destroyed.

Odd specimens were formerly to be

picked up in the larger curio shops, which if really good would bring much more than their weight in gold.

The Satsuma ware that one meets with in the collections of the Japanese is of types and forms hitherto unrecognized by Western collectors, though sometimes met with in their collections wrongly identified.

An illustration and description of the more prominent types of Satsuma may be of some assistance in enabling the student of Japanese pottery to identify his pieces, and the information may not be without interest to the art collector, as showing the extent and range of pottery which the name Satsuma really covers.

Japan proper, not including Yezo, consists of three large islands—the largest, which we may regard as the main-land, and two others, which lie at the south, separated by deep and narrow seas. The southernmost one—Kiushiu—includes among other provinces the province of Satsuma, which, with Osumi, makes up its southernmost extremity. A deep gulf indents the island, on the west side of which lies

Satsuma, and on the east side Osumi. Kagoshima, the capital of Satsuma, is one of the most ancient towns of the empire.

According to Ninagawa Noritane, a famous antiquarian, author of an illustrated work on Japanese pottery, Satsuma produced a glazed pottery eight hundred years ago. The earth of this pottery is described as being pear-colored, with a transparent glaze of the same color. It is doubtful whether any of this pottery is extant, but for many years there has been made, in the village of Idsumi, in the northern part of Satsuma, a rude pottery which finds its way to the Nagasaki market, and which in its general appearance recalls the old pottery mentioned by Ninagawa. Its clay is reddish pear-colored (the Japanese pear in appearance is not unlike that presented by a russet apple), and its glaze is transparent and of the same color.

The ware has no decoration save that produced by a dark olive overglaze, which in the older specimens forms a rich and irregular border about the rim. The



MISHIMA SATSUMA, WHITE ON GRAY.



MISHIMA SATSUMA, BLACK ON WHITE.

modern ware is rough, cheap, and durable, and has the merit of simplicity. It is usually in the shape of bowls and teapots, which may be bought for a cent or two. Its cheapness enables it to compete successfully in the Nagasaki market with the common porcelain with which the shops are literally crammed. The older forms of the pottery are extremely rare, and differ from the modern pieces in being softer, and in giving out no ringing sound when struck. The modern pieces, like all the recent ceramic productions of Japan, have undergone a marked deterioration. In the group marked Idsumi Satsuma the bowl and teapot in front are examples of the ware made to-day. The three other pieces are not new. The flower vase to the right, and the curious spouted, handled, and covered vessel to the left, have no special merit. The long-necked bottle, which is the oldest of these specimens, is quite striking, not only for its peculiar and graceful shape, but for the manner in which the splash of rich brown glaze decorates the body, while the

neck, from the rim to a point below the bulb, is covered with a thick olive-green glaze in one place, changing to the richest brown-black. Whether this ware is to be considered identical with the indigenous production of Satsuma above alluded to, I am not prepared to say.

Three other types of Satsuma to be presently considered were introduced by Korean potters: the Japanese, however, have so thoroughly imposed their own delightful and artistic ways of manufacture and decoration upon these products that but little resemblance can be traced to the ancient models.

After the devastating invasion of Korea by the famous Japanese General Hideyoshi, at the end of the sixteenth century (an invasion from which Korea has never fully recovered), Shimadzu Yoshihiro, the feudal chief of Satsuma, not content with the destruction he had assisted in bringing upon unfortunate Korea, robbed the country of some of its skilled potters, who, with their families, were brought back as prisoners, and who were destined,



SUNKOROKO SATSUMA.

with their descendants, to work for the glory of Satsuma and the empire.

Other generals followed the example of the Satsuma chief in bringing back skilled artisans, and thus in various parts of the empire the impulse of Korean art was felt. Not that this was the inception of Korean influence in Japan, for centuries before this date the Japanese chroniclers record peaceful invasions of Korean workmen and artists, who introduced new arts and industries.

In Satsuma the Koreans were settled in and about Kagoshima; afterward a few families were removed to Chosa, in the neighboring province of Osumi, and also to Tsuboya, about twelve miles west from Kagoshima; and at this place, up to within a few years at least, the greater part of the better known types of Satsuma pottery were made. We are indebted to Ernest Satow, Esq., for all the information we possess regarding the Korean potters in Satsuma.* In the village of Tama-

* Journal of the Asiatic Society of Japan.

noyama Mr. Satow found all the inhabitants—peasants as well as potters—lineal descendants of the Koreans who were brought to Satsuma nearly three hundred years ago. They married freely among themselves, identity of surname being considered no bar to such connection. Until within a few years they did their hair in a knot on top of their head after Korean fashion, preserved their ancient dress, which they wore on great ceremonial occasions, such as the annual journey of the prince to Yedo, when they went forth to salute him as he passed through the village. Many of them preserved their native language, and were utilized as interpreters when shipwrecked Koreans were cast away on the shores. It has been necessary to recall these facts in regard to the Korean descendants in Japan, for it is obvious that if language, manners, style of doing the hair, and other peculiarities have been perpetuated for so long a time, the pottery we are about to consider must have received its impress also.

Probably one of the earliest types of pottery introduced into Satsuma by the Koreans was a ware known to the Japanese under the general name of Mishima. This is a hard stone-ware, usually with a gray glaze, and having a decoration in white or white and black, effected by a process of inlaying. The figures, whether conventional or natural, are in outline, and are stamped—rarely incised—in the vessel before baking, and while the clay is still soft. The pottery is then baked, and before the glaze is applied for the second baking the designs are filled with a white clay. It is interesting to observe that wherever Korean potters settled in Japan this inlaid form of decoration, or encaustic method, has persisted, notably in the provinces of Higo, Suwo, and Hizen. In the island of Tsushima, which stands midway between the southern extremity of Korea and Japan, the pottery is decorated in a similar way. While the Korean Mishima has rapidly deteriorated in its native country, judging from recent specimens brought from Korea, the transplanted process has continually improved under the hands of the Japanese, who



UNIQUE BOWL OF SETO-KUSURI SATSUMA.

have added their own refinements and taste to the hints derived from their Korean teachers, and to-day the pottery made after this style by the Higo potters must rank as among the most refined and perfect in Japan. An idea may be gained of the appearance of the old Korean Mishima ware from the engraving on page 513. The old Korean bowl was presented by the



SETO-KUSURI SATSUMA.



NISHIKI DE SATSUMA.

King of Korea to Percival Lowell, Esq., of Boston, during his late visit to that country as foreign secretary of the Korean Embassy, on its return from the United States, and to him I am indebted for the privilege of presenting it. The bowl is shallow, roughly potted, though made on the potter's wheel; the clay, rudely mixed, has developed large blisters beneath the glaze, one of which has broken away on the inside of the bowl. Outside, the design consists of four revolving lines in two bands, beneath which are disposed at three equidistant points a symmetrical radiating figure enclosed in a double circle. Within are similar revolving lines disposed in the same way, with a conventional flower impressed at four equidistant points, the radiating wheel-like flower being made by one stamp, the leaves by another, while the stem is incised by hand. The bottom is very rough, and has adhering to it coarse sand, upon which the vessel rested in the oven.

Among the Korean pieces in my collection are a number of *Mishima* forms, and these show the stamped impression of formal designs, usually stars, or star-shaped figures, and revolving bands. The choicest specimen, an old Korean vase, an illustration of which accompanies the bowl, has the design cut out by hand, representing large leaves disposed in such a way as to

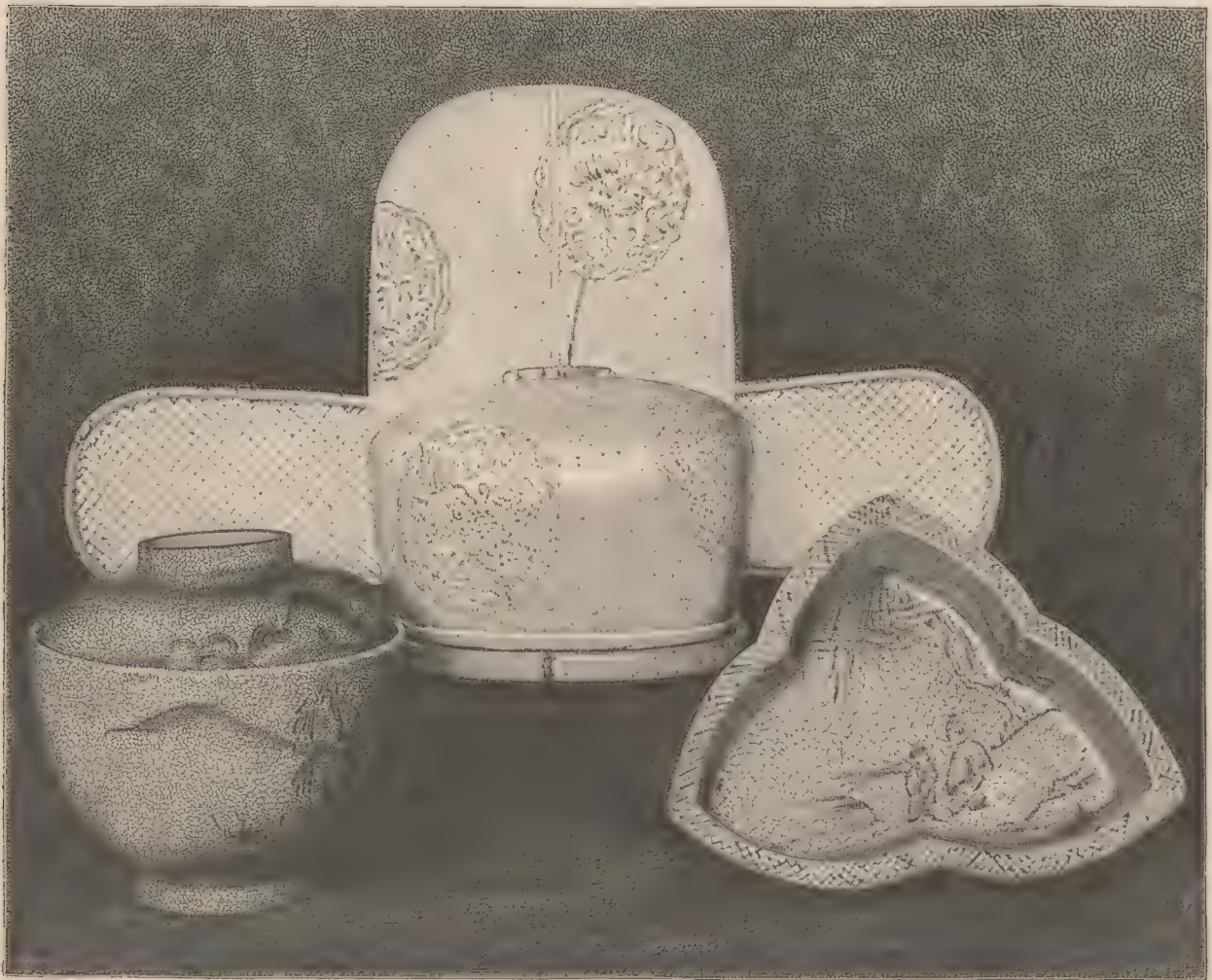
suggest Persian influence. The vase is somewhat irregular, rudely potted, and blistered. In one place the encaustic design has broken away. The gray glaze is somewhat iridescent, the result of age and consequent decomposition of the surface. Not only are these formal designs common, but the crane often forms the motive, and the impression of this design is usually filled with a white and black clay. While this method of treatment has the generic term of *Mishima*, there are a number of species, so to speak, which the Japanese connoisseur recognizes by appropriate names.

In one form vertical lines are drawn upon the bowl, between which are zigzag lines, and from the resemblance of these lines to a Japanese calendar, the term *Koyōme Mishima* is given. The cloud and crane decoration is known as *Unkako Mishima*. If flowers form the motive, it is called the *Hana Mishima*; or if lines are drawn crossing one another, it is called, *Higaki Mishima*—*higaki* meaning fence. In some cases the white clay is rudely painted on the vessel in long sweeps, and this is called *Haka-me Mishima*, or "brush-painted." While the Satsuma *Mishima* has generally adhered to the Korean archetype in being decorated with conventional designs of circles, dots, radiating or wheel-like figures and the like,

the Higo potters have broken away from these primitive methods, which, however, characterized their early pottery; and the most beautiful designs of flowers and bamboo, either free or enclosed, and bands of Greek fret, introduced from China, which the Japanese call the Raimon style of ornamentation, mark their exquisite productions, and a very immediate way of distinguishing Higo Mishima from Satsuma Mishima may be got by observing the character of the design. Exceptions, however, to this rule occur. Aside from this distinguishing mark, the glaze of the typical Higo is, on the whole, darker and clearer than that of Satsuma, and possesses a higher polish, and the clay is usually finer, and the bases of the pieces more smoothly finished. The collector will find among the more ancient specimens of each, as identified by Japanese experts, but little, if any, difference. At least I have tried and given up in despair the effort to harmonize Japanese expert testimony with the appearance of the wares, and I may say that their resemblance to

Korean Mishima is so marked that it is almost impossible to determine the dividing line between them.

The group of gray Satsuma Mishima inlaid with white (see page 514) will give the student and collector a very good idea of the general appearance of this ware. The color of the clay in the gray Mishima varies from a dull iron red to a light gray tinged with red. Those with red clay have a warm dark gray glaze, while the lighter clays give a cold light gray appearance to the glaze. The bowl and tall vase are probably over one hundred and fifty years old. The hexagonal incense box with the kirimon in black and white is one hundred years old. The gourd-shaped wine bottle and covered jar are from fifty to seventy-five years old, and the clove boiler may be fifty years old. This curious utensil was used more as an ornament within the house than for its original purpose of boiling cloves. I have a number of these vessels in different wares, and some of them have done good service, not only as an ornament to



WHITE SATSUMA WITH BLUE DECORATION.



SAME SATSUMA.

the room, but in imparting the aroma of cloves to the house, as may be recognized by the marks of fire within them, and the odor of cloves which permeates the upper receptacles. As in nearly all cases, the older forms represent the better wares.

Specimens of white Satsuma Mishima inlaid with black are rare to find. The clay is yellowish sand-colored, rather coarse and dry, and the glaze is white, thick, and crackled. The group of three specimens shown on page 515 gives a good example of this ware. The bowl is a choice specimen dating back a hundred and fifty years or more, the gourd-shaped bottle is over one hundred years old, and the clove boiler,

though looking fresh and new, may be nearly as old.

Another type of pottery equally characteristic of Satsuma, though sometimes copied in the pottery of other provinces, is known under the specific name of Sunkoroko. The origin of the word, like that of Mishima, as applied to their respective types of pottery, is somewhat obscure. Mishima literally means "three islands"; it is not an uncommon family name. *Koroko*, according to an old authority, is the name of a form of Chinese pottery, and *Sun* probably refers to a Chinese dynasty. As to the origin of the word, however, or whether it should be more correctly written Rosokoroko does not here concern us.

The clay of Satsuma Sunkoroko is hard and fine, and is of a light stone-gray color. The glaze is transparent, giving a buff-gray tone to the ware. The decoration consists of conventional scrolls, cross-lines, and curious diapers variously disposed in bands and panels. The color of the decoration is always a dark brown, or deep brown slightly tinged with olive, and is painted in broad free lines. The clay of the earlier forms is softer than that of the more recent make; the bases of the earlier



ODD TYPES OF SATSUMA AND SPURIOUS BOWL.

pieces are left unglazed, and the decoration is infinitely superior in richness of color and design. The glaze has also a much warmer tone in the earlier pieces. Satsuma Sunkoroko is the most distinctive of all the Satsuma types, for while the Mishima type may be seen in a number of other potteries throughout Japan, both derivative and copied, Sunkoroko, on the contrary, has been rarely copied. The group shown on page 516 gives a very clear idea of the appearance of this ware. The large bowl is the gem of the collection, and is probably two hundred and fifty years old; the little teapot in front is two hundred years old; the large vase to the right is seventy years old; the long-necked flask is probably a hundred years old, and the large teapot and clove boiler may be equally old; the little flower vase in front is perhaps fifty years old. The ware is rich and effective, and has a decidedly archaic appearance.

Still another type of Satsuma claims our attention from the remarkable beauty and richness of its brown glaze, and the wonderful splashes of transparent olive-brown overglaze flecked with exquisite light blue streaks. This type of Satsuma is known as Seto-kusuri, meaning "Seto glaze," Seto being a village in the province of Owari, in which a brown glaze of a similar nature is much used. The difference in color of the two glazes is marked, the Satsuma glaze being much warmer and redder in color, owing to the color of the paste upon which it is imposed, and a further difference may be seen in the irregular dashes of brilliant overglaze, with its delicious light blue veining which characterizes this type. In the gourd-shaped wine bottle the splashes are large and irregularly disposed; in the teapots and smaller pieces single splashes are made on opposite sides of the vessel:

Some examples have the impressed mark of Yoshi-ne, and Mishima examples are sometimes impressed with the same stamp. There are a number of varieties of this ware. The variety just described seems to have been produced within the last fifty years.

The typical Satsuma tea jars may be regarded as another variety of Seto-kusuri. These little tea jars are, with few exceptions, strikingly unlike the tea jars of other parts of the empire. They may be

at once recognized by the thick olive or greenish-brown glaze, the overglaze often flecked with blue or white. The under glaze is less transparent and much lighter in color than the upper glaze. The pottery is a hard stone-ware, somewhat reddish in color, and the *itoguire*, or thread-mark, on the bottom, runs in the opposite direction from that of the tea jars of the central provinces. The Japanese call the thread-mark of the Satsuma tea jar left-handed, while the usual thread-mark is called right-handed. Properly speaking, however, these terms should be reversed, the Satsuma tea jars being cut from the potter's wheel by drawing the string with the right hand, while in the tea jars of other provinces, with notable exceptions, the thread-mark shows that the tea jar has been cut away with a movement of the left hand. To determine the direction of the thread-cut one has only to hold the bottom of the tea jar toward him so that the line of convergence comes uppermost; if now the lines appear to sweep or curve to the right, it may be called a right-handed thread-mark, or to the left, a left-handed thread-mark. In the study and identification of tea jars one has to become familiar with the thread-mark, as it is really the *cachet* of the maker, each potter pulling the thread a little differently in cutting the vessel from the wheel. These little jars are furnished with ivory covers, and are kept in brocade bags and boxes. They are intended solely to hold the powdered tea used in the tea ceremonies, and an antiquity of two hundred and fifty and even three hundred years is claimed for them. The glazes and colors seen in the Satsuma tea jars are so unlike the forms of the Seto-kusuri previously described that they might well form a type by themselves. Large jars of considerable antiquity are recognized as Satsuma by the Japanese expert, and these are remarkably beautiful for the delicate mottling of their greenish-brown glaze. In the group of figures marked Seto-kusuri Satsuma (see page 517) a large jar of this description is shown in the central specimen; the two specimens upon either side of it, consisting of a jar, two gourd-shaped wine bottles, and a fire pot, belong to the variety described as having a rich splash of overglaze. The four tea jars in front represent the choicest forms of the typical Satsuma tea jar, and the bowl to

the right has clay and glaze similar to them.

I have never seen but one specimen of the Seto-kusuri decorated save by the skillful treatment of the overglaze.

In the figure of a bowl (page 517) is presented a unique example in the fact that besides a wonderful splash of nearly white glaze, there were depicted blue waves and three birds. The bowl is white, glazed within, coarsely and strongly crackled; this has been allowed to disperse itself on portions of the bowl outside, but below this are splashes of a very thick gray glaze, which in turn rests on the first brown glaze of the bowl. The specimen is thick and heavy, and is altogether a most exquisite piece of ceramic art. The lacquer box in which it was contained has lettered in gold on the outside the following, "Satsuma Tsubogata Chawan," which, freely translated, means Satsuma jar-shaped bowl.

Thus far we have examined types of Satsuma pottery which have remained uncontaminated by the blight of foreign influence, though in all these types a slow but certain deterioration may be traced from the older to the newer examples—a deterioration not only in the paste and glaze, but in the form and decoration of the vessels.

In the next type to be described we come to a kind of pottery which has become world-renowned. The word Satsuma is nearly as familiar to us as the word Japan, and this word has become familiarized to us not because of Satsuma's brilliant and heroic achievements in the past, her grand part in the war of restoration, or her lamentable and tragic rebellion within recent years, but solely for a peculiar type of pottery or faience, known as Satsuma, which was simply inimitable. Its delicious ivory-colored glaze marvellously crazed, its delicate and artistic decoration in vitrifiable enamels and gold, and the refinement which characterized each good piece, filled the collector's mind with wonder and delight. What was called Satsuma enriched the collections of the amateur; museums of art paraded colossal Satsuma vases in pairs, gorgeous with glitter and gold; costly books, with triumphs of the chromo-lithographer's skill, depicted what was supposed to be different periods of this Satsuma ware. Aside from the undeniable beauty of many of these specimens, their value

was heightened by their supposed antiquity: it was "old Satsuma" always. Some years, however, elapsed before the miserable suspicion entered the minds of the more thoughtful among collectors that the "Satsuma" which was continually arriving by the ship-load could not all be the genuine old pieces that the dealers invariably represented them to be. Even as late as 1877 there was a public sale in London of "old Satsuma" from a private collection, and the ware was represented as having been made by royal command for one of the popes just after Xavier's expedition to Japan in 1560! It was about this time that the whole business was exposed as a gigantic swindle, and then became more widely known the fact that but little, comparatively speaking, of the genuine old Satsuma was in existence even in Japan, and furthermore that genuine "old Satsuma" was represented by small pieces, such as bowls, incense boxes, and the like, and that the modest makers of these gems did not deem it of importance to stamp or mark their names in any way. With what dismay we beheld our huge flower vases in pairs! Stamps and marks which in other pottery were so eagerly sought after were now found to be actual defacements in our precious pieces. Alas! our old Satsuma was not old. The dregs of humiliation were yet to be drained, when we learned that in most cases our "old Satsuma" was not even Satsuma, and that all the domiciles in the empire of Japan might be ransacked in vain to find the remotest parallel to the specimens with which unscrupulous dealers were victimizing their innocent purchasers.

While collectors the world over have been looking for some unquestionable evidence as to what characterizes genuine old Satsuma, the experts have been equally in search of that evidence which should tell us when plain white crackled Satsuma was first decorated with vitrifiable enamels and gold in the style known as *Nishiki de*, or brocade-painted. This inquiry will lead us to understand the features which distinguish genuine Satsuma from the fraudulent. Authorities tell us that when the Korean potters were first brought to Satsuma they made a common black glazed ware, the common ware of the people, which survives to-day in Korea, and also the Mishima type, which was, of course, after Korean models. White clay

was finally discovered at Kasada, not far from Kagoshima, and then commenced the making of white crackled Satsuma faience. This was rarely, if ever, decorated, and when decorated, the design in monochrome was of the simplest possible nature in blue or brown under the glaze. That this plain white ware was made over two hundred years ago there can be no doubt. Chosa, a village in the neighboring province of Osumi, claims to be the place where this ware was first made.

We are indebted, as we have already said, to one of the former attachés of the British legation in Japan, Ernest Satow, Esq., for the first reliable information regarding the advent and work of Korean potters in Satsuma.*

Mr. Satow, in the article already alluded to, tells us that long after the plain white Satsuma was made, two Korean potters, whose names are given, were sent by the Prince of Satsuma to Kioto in the latter part of the eighteenth century. These men were sent expressly to learn the art of *Nishiki de*, or brocade-painting, embracing, of course, the use of colors in vitrifiable enamels and the application of gold—an art in which Kioto potters excelled. Kioto potters at that time, and indeed a hundred years before, had been familiar with these arts through the famous works of Ninsei, with whom it had probably originated. It was no new event for potters to visit Kioto to learn the methods of decoration, and the history of the potter's art in Japan abounds in allusions not only to potters going to this art capital to learn the secrets of their trade, but accounts are frequently given of Kioto potters being called to neighboring and distant provinces to establish new potteries or to improve upon the old. At about the time the two Korean potters were sent to Kioto, a Satsuma prince had visited Dohachi's pottery, and had ordered from him specimens of his art, and Ninagawa informed me that it was to Dohachi, a Kiyomidsu potter of Kioto, that the Korean potters were sent for instruction. Dohachi was fond of a peculiar kind of music called *horagi*, which was sung with the assistance of a large Triton shell act-

ing as a resonator to the voice. In return for the information imparted by Dohachi, the Prince of Satsuma sent him as a present a large and beautiful Triton shell mounted in silver. It was this incident that led Dohachi to use for a stamp on some of his pottery the impression of a Triton shell.

If these statements are correct—and there seems no good reason to doubt them—then the first *Nishiki de* Satsuma is not over ninety years old. Captain F. Brinkley, the accomplished editor of the *Japan Mail*, in his interesting *History of Japanese Ceramics*, expresses the belief that the first brocade-painted Satsuma dates back nearly two hundred and fifty years ago. No authorities are quoted for this view, and the cautious manner in which he deals with the subject would seem to imply a doubt in his own mind as to the reliability of his information. In my last visit to Japan I made the most earnest and patient inquiries among Japanese experts, and the result of their concurrent testimony is the conclusion that *Nishiki de* Satsuma is not over ninety years old. Among the experts consulted I may mention Mr. Yamadaka, director of the National Museum of Tokio; Mr. Shioda, another authority; Ninagawa Noritane, the famous antiquarian, and author of the most reliable history of Japanese pottery; Mr. Riochi Kohistu, a noted antiquarian and government expert—all of whom expressed the opinion that *Nishiki de* Satsuma was not over one hundred years old.

For the sake of brevity we shall now use the simple term Satsuma as commonly understood to mean the white crackled faience, whether plain or decorated. Undecorated Satsuma is called *Mugi* Satsuma, *mugi* meaning plain, unfigured. The crazed or crackled ware is called *Hibi* Satsuma. Pieces of *Mugi* or plain crackled Satsuma of great age are often met with, which the Japanese profess to recognize as having been made at Chosa, in Osumi. At all events, these old bowls have often been decorated within recent years, refired, and then sold as ancient Satsuma, and this has led to grave misconceptions among collectors, and has given weight to the positive assertions of native dealers (whose testimony in nearly every case must be taken with great caution) as to the antiquity of their specimens. The decoration of old bowls of all kinds has

* We cannot refrain from adding here that nearly all the triumphs of research concerning Japan—historical, philological, classical, as well as commercial and political—have been won by attachés of the British legation, because England has seen fit to send scholars and gentlemen to represent her abroad, and not political adventurers.

not only led to an infinite amount of misunderstanding by the foreign collector, but has resulted in the utter ruin of many valuable specimens. With the increasing travel to Japan, and the consequent influx of the curio hunters, a wonderful increase of bric-à-brac shops has taken place in the treaty ports. The vulgar taste of the ordinary curio hunter demanded pretentious decoration and gaudy colors, associated with a desire for grimy antiquity, and this demand could only be filled by fraudulent manufacture. In vain did the native dealer expose for sale the beautiful old wares of his country—the pottery simple and unpretentious, yet beautiful for its graceful shape and delicious glaze. The merit and refinement of simplicity could not be appreciated by the outside barbarian. The exposure of such treasures was like flinging pearls before swine, and so the pearls were daubed and bedizened. Thus it came to pass that ten years ago the reputable dealers of Paris and London were deceived by the bowls and vases called old Satsuma, which were decorated with figures in relief, intricate grottoes, dragons, lace-work, and everything horrid and barbarous from a Japanese stand-point. As the universal demand was for old Satsuma of this hideous variety, the supply of plain Satsuma bowls for decoration immediately ran short, and pieces of Awata, Kioto, which had some remote resemblance to Satsuma in color and glaze, were submitted to the same treatment of staining and decoration. If any collector is curious in regard to the truth of this matter, let him first familiarize himself with the stamps of Kinkozan, Kenzan, Taizan, Giozan, Iwakurazan, and other potters of the Awata district, Kioto, and an examination of the bottoms of his specimens of old Satsuma will most likely reveal some one of these stamps. Even the stamp of Ninsei may often be detected on some of these pieces; but these are in every case fraudulent Ninsei. To desecrate a genuine Ninsei in this way would be as absurd as altering a hundred-dollar note into a one-dollar note.

The hunger for old Satsuma continuing unabated, and old bowls of all kinds having been exhausted, Satsuma clay was brought in junks to the north, and potters of Kioto, Osaka, Ota (near Yokohama), and Tokio began in right earnest to turn out prodigious vases in pairs, extraordinary figures of mythical animals, Buddhist

saints, and the like. A white clay having been found near Okayama, in Buzen, a large number of Satsuma potters were brought to this place, and residents of Tokio may remember that an agency for this ware was opened near Tsukiji. The glaze was coarsely crackled, and the paste was so soft and porous that the slightest touch of ink led to its immediate absorption, and consequent cloudy spread of color below.

At Shiba, in Tokio, a small Satsuma oven has been for a long time in full blast, and the potters complacently go on in their work of staining and dyeing their pieces to make them look old, without the slightest reserve at the presence of strangers. The Satsuma potters have continued to make a vast amount of faience for their own use, such as wine bottles, teacups, teapots, and the like. These are usually employed in an undecorated form by the natives, though a great deal is shipped to Kioto and Tokio for decoration, and then sent back to Satsuma again for sale among the people. I saw at Kagoshima cups and teapots very prettily decorated, and evidently for home use. It was extraordinary, however, to find each piece marked, with Kana characters, "*Satsuma*."

Satsuma was not behindhand in meeting the foreign demand for novelties and enormities, and soon the concentrated energy of a number of factories was unable to meet the demand for old Satsuma, or "Antique Imperial Satsuma," as one dealer ridiculously called it. Mr. Satow, who visited the Satsuma factories, says, in the article already referred to, that in one factory "two artists were employed in modelling figures of Kuwanon and Dharma, with the conventional face and robes given to Buddhist personages, and toes all of the same length. A third was engaged upon a tiger sitting up in a cat-like posture, intended to be two and a half Japanese feet in height when finished." As an indication of the slovenly way in which these objects were made, Mr. Satow says, "Most of these figures are modelled from drawings in India-ink, but the colored designs are laid on from memory." At another factory in Satsuma Mr. Satow says he found them making inferior blue and white ware and highly gaudy crackle. At Tamawoyama, Satsuma, he found a workman "engaged in modelling a statuette of Christ, after a sentimental wood-cut

in a religious periodical called the *Christian Observer*. He had copied the face and beard with considerable accuracy, but had draped the body and limbs in the robes of a Buddhist priest."

Well might Satsuma have rebelled, if for no other cause than this prostitution of her native industries. All this mass of meretricious stuff, made solely for the foreigner, finds its way to this country and to Europe by the cargo, where it is sold as "Old Satsuma," "Imperial Satsuma," "loot from some Buddhist temple," or, indeed, by means of any unfathomable lie that can animate and victimize the innocent public. Possessors of these spurious pieces of Satsuma are often encouraged in their convictions of the genuineness of their treasures by having seen in public museums similar specimens on deposit from some one who had actually received them as presents from some government department in Japan, in whose employ he may have been. This, however, is no safe criterion, for while the Japanese officials would have been only too delighted to have presented some good example of true Japanese art, they knew too well that the gaudy and violent suited best the average foreigner, and so ordered from the bric-à-brac shops in Yokohama objects made expressly for exportation, and consequently more sure to please the foreigner. I would not for a moment be misunderstood as saying that all this material is offensive or even bad; many of the objects are very beautiful, and some of the vases are triumphs of the decorator's art, though the pottery often shows the defects of imperfect potting and firing; indeed, the profuse decoration is often used to conceal these defects. For decorative purposes in rooms glaring with gilt and mirrors, bright frescoes and rich carpets, many of these objects form fitting adjuncts. I wish, however, to warn purchasers against buying Satsuma because it is represented as old or even genuine, and to urge them to be governed by their tastes in the matter, irrespective of all claims made as to the private history of the object, and above all, to be entirely uninfluenced by auctioneers' catalogues. Furthermore, I would temper the feelings of disgust and chagrin which will come over many when they discover the frauds they have sheltered, by assuring them that up to within ten years everybody shared this ignorance. Even those who claimed the

right to speak authoritatively on the subject were deceived.

Let us now turn to the genuine Nishiki de Satsuma, and we shall find it one of the most perfect of all wares for the purity and fineness of its clay, its delicious glaze, with its even and almost imperceptible crackle, and the beauty and chasteness of its decoration. Indeed, nothing could be more perfect and effective in the way of a decorative surface than the crackled glaze which characterizes so many forms of Japanese pottery. In the light of this undisputed fact it seems incomprehensible that the English potter has not yet arrived at that state when a crazed or crackled surface seems desirable. It has always been an unceasing struggle with the English potter to secure a paste and glaze whose coefficients of expansion were the same; in other words, to secure a condition of things in which the glaze should not "craze." Janvier, in his excellent work entitled *Practical Ceramics for Students*, says, "It is difficult to make a good glaze, as one that seems good at first may crack after months or even years have elapsed"! What must he think of the Japanese potter who deliberately opens his oven while still hot, and permits a cold blast of air to enter, for the express purpose of "crazing" his productions? While our artists have sought roughened paper and coarse canvas to enhance the effect of their work, the pottery decorator of Japan has equally realized that a rough or crackled surface gives him precisely the best conditions for decorative effects. We are certainly indebted to the better art instincts of the Japanese for one of the many charms that their pottery possesses, and that is the crackled surface, which, brilliant in itself, forms one of the most perfect surfaces for decoration. The early Awata of Kioto were often remarkable examples of the potter's and decorator's skill, but the Nishiki de Satsuma was superior in every respect. The pieces had a solidity and an enduring quality about them that the Awata never possessed. Each good piece was a gem in itself.

It is well to understand the conditions under which this faience (or rather the best examples of it) was made—conditions under which pottery in other parts of the empire also attained a high degree of excellence. The potters, instead of being a set of ignorant and inartistic workmen,

content to earn only their weekly pay, having no ambition beyond the making of a certain number of pieces each day—pieces which, if originally good in form, had lost all their distinctive qualities by monotonous repetition, like the cries of a street vender, which by constant utterance become disguised and unintelligible—were, on the contrary, observant and patient workers, capable not only of appreciating artistic work, but of doing it. They were artists, and not only observed nature, but were ready to avail themselves of any good bit which answered their purpose. These men were under the patronage, or rather in the service, of some Daimio or other exalted personage. Questions of cost, which under all circumstances were too vulgar to consider, never entered into the matter. It was sufficient reward for the potter to merit the approval of his master.

In many cases the Daimio had built in his own grounds an oven and all the appliances for making pottery. Distinguished potters were often invited from remote provinces to occupy these premises, and the Daimio did not deem it beneath his dignity to experiment with the fascinating work, and I may add parenthetically that the work of these men and of other ambitious amateurs forms the distracting miseries of the ceramic student. The potter had access to the art treasures of his master, and often got his motive from some famous screen or *kakemono*.

The Nishiki de Satsuma was a ware altogether too expensive to come into general use; much of it was made either for the immediate use of the Daimio or other high personages, or to form presents to men of exalted rank. Plain white Satsuma was doubtless made for general use. By constant use it became richly though lightly colored, and one at all familiar with the first coloring of a meerschaum may form some idea of a bit of old Satsuma; and having used this comparison, it may be carried still further by adding that artificially colored or stained Satsuma recalls the appearance of a spurious or cheap meerschaum; indeed, the simile may be completed by stating that a good deal of pride is taken in the gradual coloring of a bit of Satsuma by constant use, and a peculiar yellow cloth is kept at hand to polish the glaze from time to time, very much as a smoker polishes his pipe.

Other provinces have at various times produced wares after the style of Nishiki de Satsuma. Space will permit only a passing reference to some of the more prominent of these. Reference has already been made to the plain white crackle of Buzen. An essay of white glazed and brocade-painted ware was made in Idsumi a number of years ago, but no success attended this venture, as the ware possessed none of the good points of either Satsuma or Awata. The clay was fine enough, but soft and of poor color, and the dull-lustred glaze was chalky white, and coarsely and unevenly crackled. Dr. Mimpei, of Awaji, some sixty-five years ago, made a light crackled faience, with strong and bright-colored decoration in enamels and gold. While it bore some resemblance to Satsuma, it could not be confounded with it. Good pieces were superior to the Awata of that date.

The group on page 518 contains examples of various ages of Nishiki de Satsuma. The hexagonal bowl nearly in the centre of the group is from the collection of Ninagawa Noritane, and is the specimen figured in his work (Part VII., Fig. 29), and was believed by Ninagawa to date back to near the beginning of this century. It is thick and heavy, and has a delicious warm coloring from use and age. The decoration, though finely painted, is not specially good. The bowl bottom upward is also from Ninagawa's collection, and was supposed by him to be somewhat older than the other. The decoration is very rich, and the glaze is remarkable for the fineness and evenness of its crackle. The *te-buro*, or hand furnace, as well as the bowl to the left, and the teapot and bowl to the right, are excellent specimens of old Satsuma. The bowl in front and to the right is a remarkably beautiful example of the last of the genuine Satsuma. The little *koro*, or incense burner, in front, is interesting as representing the very earliest decorated Satsuma; its surface is quite glossy, and the crackle can only be detected by the aid of a lens. A similar specimen is figured in an unlettered and unpublished plate of Ninagawa's, which was destined, with others, to form another part of his celebrated work. In Ninagawa's specimen a perforated top is shown, but the legs are broken away. In this specimen the legs are preserved, but the top is wanting.

There are a number of varieties of the white crackled Satsuma which cannot be called types, though the Japanese probably have specific terms for them all. One of these varieties was made about fifty-five years ago at a village called Tachino, near Kagoshima. The ware was a peculiar hard white Satsuma, with rather coarse glaze, though uneven crackle. The decoration was underglaze, in light blue, and some of the pieces bore the mark *Satsu sei* (Satsu made). The group on page 519 shows examples of this ware. The covered bowl to the left has the mark *Satsu sei*. The curious utensil in the shape of a ceremonial head-dress is a remarkable example of this ware. Another, of the cheaper and coarser white crackle wares made for common use, was roughly decorated in brown under the glaze, reminding one in general appearance of Shino ware, Owari.

There are other types of Satsuma which may have a curious interest to the collector, and in which the finer specimens show merit. A type called Same Satsuma (see page 520) has the glaze broken up into minute granules. The entire surface is freely granulated, resembling in appearance shark-skin, from which its name, *Same* (pronounced as two syllables), is derived. This ware is usually in the shape of covered jars; it is hard, light, and in color a warm light gray, showing toward the base a very light brick red tinge. The granulations at the base are very fine, increasing in coarseness toward the top. Specimens usually have the stamp *Yoshi-he* impressed on the bottom.

Pottery with the granulated glaze has been made in a number of other provinces. It may be seen in certain old Keratsu bowls. Tamba, Owari, and even Iwaki, in the north, have known the secret causing the glaze to behave in this curious way. The specimen illustrated is excellent, with an age of about sixty years.

Another type of Satsuma, known as Betsu Kafu, was formerly made in Satsuma. In this ware an attempt was made to imitate tortoise-shell by using a bright yellow glaze, and disposing upon it irregular patches of dark brown. According to Mr. Satow, large quantities were shipped to the Nagasaki markets. Its manufacture ceased twenty years ago. It was a cheap ware, and had no special merit from an artistic stand-point, and yet the older specimens, in which minute flecks of green were seen, were not with-

out some merit. A specimen of the older form in my collection, which answers well to the description of the ware, might be mistaken for modern Awaji, though a direct comparison with it shows marked differences.

The three pieces of the group on page 520 are unique in their way. They represent specimens in my collection, and two of them are the only specimens I have ever seen of their types. The gourd-shaped *sake* bottle recalls the clay and glaze of the richer forms of gray Mishima already described. The design, however, instead of being incised, is painted on thickly. It is rudely potted, the upper and lower parts showing a sharp shoulder at the line of junction, while in the other forms of gourd-shaped wine bottles the line of junction is scarcely discernible. It has the impressed stamp of *Hoku* on the bottom. The middle piece, a covered vessel in the form of a temple drum, is somewhat remarkable in color, the body of the drum being a warm greenish-gray, the top of a light gray, and the cock, which forms the handle, having a brown Seto glaze. The wood graining is incised. It bears the impressed mark *Yoshi-he*, and was made at Tsuboya within recent years.

That different types of Satsuma are made at the same pottery is seen in the fact that the stamp *Yoshi-he* occurs in *Same* Satsuma, *Mishima* Satsuma, and *Seto-kusuri* Satsuma, while the stamp *Hoku* is found on specimens of *Mishima* and *Seto-kusuri* already figured in this article, as well as on the wine bottle with white *engobe* decoration just described.

One of the great difficulties encountered by a student of Japanese pottery arises from the practice of certain potters to make totally different types of ware, and for this reason the best Japanese authorities are often misled in their identifications. As an example of this, Ninagawa figured a bowl in the third part of his famous work as Idsumi ware, but which afterward proved to have been made by Kinkozan, of Kioto. Not only do potters essay different types of ware, but often have a set of marks and stamps equally confusing. In some specimens the potter will use his own name, in others a portion of his name, or the first syllables of two or more names in combination. In another lot he will use his *nom de plume*, or the name of the village, or the poetic name of his house or garden. For

these reasons the Japanese expert depends almost entirely on the characters derived from the paste, neither glaze nor decoration being relied upon.

One must become familiar with the different earths used in the making. Of course a familiarity with the stamps and marks is essential, but these are often counterfeited. Particularly are those counterfeited which are in great demand by foreigners. The principle of the counterfeiter in altering a note of low denomination into one of a higher figure is seen in the fraudulent attempts to cause inferior wares to appear by stamp and general appearance for something better. The reverse is, of course, never attempted. One would never see a bit of Satsuma of any type marked *Banko*, for example, and yet *Banko* ware has been made in imitation of Sunkoroko Satsuma and Mishima Satsuma, as well as in imitation of the productions of other provinces, yet in every case the stamp *Banko* may be found impressed on the wares. Imitations and counterfeits were common, however, in Japan long before foreigners exerted any influence in that country. One may see imitation Ninsei a hundred years old, and even older.

The Japanese recognize two forms of imitation; one called *Gizo*, which is a fraudulent imitation, and when discovered by the Japanese instantly condemned; the other called *Mozo*, an honorable imitation, to which the maker always affixes his name. Mokubei, of Kioto, eighty years ago made fraudulent imitations of Chinese ware, and was reproved for it in books of that period. Shuntai, of Owari, made honorable imitations of Korean Mishima, and affixed his stamp to every specimen. These clever imitations are much admired by the Japanese. At the present time a great many fraudulent imitations of Asahi and Ninsei are displayed in the Japanese bric-à-brac shops. During my last visit to Japan I made a special hunt for the origin of these counterfeits, and finally traced them all to the house of Zoroko, a Kiyomidsu potter in Kioto. The man showed me in the most unblushing manner the counterfeit stamps he used in his work, and seemed to have no compunction in regard to the matter. I may add that one at all familiar with pottery could not for a moment be deceived by his fraudulent work.

We have said that the Japanese rely

mainly on the clay for the identification of pottery, and this is the method of Brongniart; but what are we to do when pottery has to be identified in which the clay was brought from one province to be, perhaps, mixed with clay from another province, and to be fabricated, decorated, and glazed somewhere else? And yet pieces of this nature are among the puzzles which a collector has to contend with. Among the Japanese it is customary to mark upon the box containing the specimen the name of the piece, possibly the year in which it was made, and often the name of the original owner, who might have been a master of the tea ceremonies, or some high official. Within the box are often neatly folded bits of paper, and these are endorsements from Japanese experts as to the genuineness of the specimen.

Through the vicissitudes of time the specimen gets broken, lost, stolen, or deliberately sold from the box; at all events, the specimen disappears; but, if in the hands of a dealer, the box with all its endorsements is still saved, and another specimen fills the void. The collector therefore must be prepared to withstand not only the allurements of the dealer, but those of the certificates also, and let the specimen stand on its own merit.

Frauds and fraudulent dealers are quite as common in Japan as in other parts of the world, and infinitely more cunning. Even the experts are misled in this way: at least it is charity to suppose that Ninagawa was in the following case. The shallow tea bowl shown in the last group, turned bottom up, came from Ninagawa with the definite statement that some eighty years ago a Kioto maker was ordered to Satsuma to make for the prince bowls after the style of Kiyomidsu, and these were to be used for presents. Now it is possible that some Satsuma official while in Kioto may have ordered bowls to take back with him for presents, and the box containing such specimens may have been marked accordingly, but this bowl, though now having no mark or stamp, shows plainly the evidences of its effacement, and was positively made by the second generation of Rokubei, perhaps sixty or seventy years ago, and as the Rokubeis have no record of their predecessors' having gone to Satsuma, we are forced to believe that in this case at least Ninagawa was mistaken.

In conclusion, I may say that if this paper will aid collectors in recognizing the true from the false in Satsuma, and if furthermore it will induce amateurs to purchase such objects in Satsuma as suit their individual tastes, and not because the specimens are said to be genuine or old, then all that has been aimed

at in what I have written has been accomplished. I may add that with the exception of the Korean bowl, the material to illustrate this paper has been drawn from my own collection. The engravings are from negatives prepared by David Mason Little, Esq., and are gems of photographic art.

AT BYRAMS.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

IT was a village that looked as if it had drifted on in an aimless way until it had at last concluded to settle down, tired of the effort to make anything of itself. There were some stores, a town-hall, a tavern devoted chiefly to the quarrymen, and last, though most imposing of all, the quarry itself, well enough worked, and paying well, it was said, but certainly not adding to the social force of the town.

Byrams seemed to lead from no place to nowhere. The railroad station was seven miles distant; the post-office was open once a week. Most of the better part of the community took a weekly edition of some daily paper, whereby they learned of startling events, and were excited over them, many days after the outer world's surprise had subsided.

It was customary to placard any announcement for the public good on the door of the town-hall. A man named Jered Hopkins wrote such announcements, but usually spoiled their flavor by telling every one what was coming.

On a certain mild summer's evening Jered drew rein before Deacon Tall's door, and waited for some one to become aware of his presence.

The door soon opened, and Mrs. Tall's gaunt figure and worn face were visible.

"Thought as how Rita might like to know there's to be a con-cert here t'-morrow night," Jered said, slowly. He sat still in his wagon, chewing the end of a straw, and waited.

"Well," said Mrs. Tall, after a long pause, "I'll tell her."

"Do," said Jered.

He was about to drive on, when Mrs. Tall said, "D'you happen to know whether Sam Barlow got his hay in?"

"Well, I don't," said Jered. "Kin ask, if you like."

"Oh, I just thought if you *knew*," she answered; and as she closed the door, Je-

red drove on, slowly enough to cast a very long look backward at the neat two-storied cottage which, with its garden sloping down to the river, was Byrams' one architectural pride.

He had not driven far before a clear young voice called to him, and a girl's figure appeared above the garden beds, running toward him. Jered stopped at once, and into his fair young face a color like a child's came and deepened.

The girl who was running toward him was very pretty—tall and graceful and vigorously made. Her color, if white, was healthful, and her gray eyes had the sparkle of content as well as youth in them.

In Jered's eyes every thread and hue of the girl's rich dark auburn hair, every soft glance of her gray eyes or curve of her sweet lips, was divinely beautiful.

"Jered," the girl said, coming up to the edge of the wagon, "what is it to be?"

"Why, a con-cert," said Jered, not quite able to bear Rita's steady glance. "Here 'tis," he said, treasonably producing from his wagon the announcement he had written. "Goin' to be in the hall. The gentlemen ordered it."

Rita caught eagerly at the paper, and read as follows:

THE FAMOUS

INTERNATIONAL CONCERT TROUPE

will give an entertainment at the Town-Hall of Byrams Tuesday evening, July 25th.

THE FOLLOWING BRILLIANT ARRAY OF ARTISTS WILL APPEAR:

SOPRANO MISS CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG.
CONTRALTO MISS ANTOINETTE STERLING.
TENORE SIGNOR BRIGNOLI.
BASSO CARL FORMES.
PIANIST M. RUBINSTEIN.

A superb chorus picked from the different Italian opera troupes will assist the artists.

During the intermission Signor Brignoli will dance his famous clog dance, and Miss Kellogg will favor the company with her unrivalled dialect recitation.

TICKETS (to be had at the hall Tuesday afternoon),
25 CENTS.

Rita read breathlessly.

"Why, Jered Hopkins!" she said, looking up at him; "I want to know!"

"Yes," said Jered, slowly taking back the thrilling document—"yes, it's to be a con-cert."

"Well, thank you," said Rita, still in perplexity. "Good-night, Jered."

The young man drove on, and Rita walked back to the house, lost in thought. Her aunt was just putting away the last of the tea-things in the best cupboard, for there had been company that evening.

"Did you hear?" exclaimed Rita. "And, aunt, they're *famous* singers! Only think! I know, because Lizzie Walsh heard them at the Jubilee."

"Well," said Mrs. Tall, "guess Byrams 'll hev to turn out."

And Byrams *did* turn out, early in the day, to read the announcement; next, to discuss it, and finally to apply at the hall for tickets. The Talls, of course, were going, and Rita said she would go down and buy *their* tickets. It was unusually warm, and the girl dressed herself in her coolest muslins, wearing an old-fashioned white chip bonnet, from which, however, her face looked forth lovelier, prettier than ever, the little waves of chestnut hair on her forehead contrasting with the white straw, and the ribbons tied under her chin suiting her type perfectly. This was the picture which suddenly framed itself in the window of the box office, behind which Signor Brignoli was selling tickets.

He was a tall, fair-haired, rather sun-browned young fellow about twenty-five, with a face in which so many elements seemed mingled that fun or reflection might follow each other quickly. His dress was a sort of yachting costume; the details were rather carefully finished. He wore on one hand a ring with a crest and motto cut into the stone.

Never had Rita's eyes beheld any creature so fascinating. It was with difficulty that she made her purchase, but at last the tickets were in her hand, and with a heightened color she hurried out and toward home.

Signor Brignoli watched the little figure for an instant; then he turned his head toward a young man who, seated on a table, was tuning a guitar.

"Bret," he said, quietly, "did you see that?"

"What?" Bret put his guitar down.

"Well, about the loveliest girl *I* ever beheld. Look out of the window."

"What! in Byrams!" exclaimed Bret as he clambered up on the table and craned a very long neck. "By Jove she's gone! Why didn't you tell me quicker?"

"Could I ask her to remain and be instantaneously photographed?" the tenor inquired. "I'll tell you what I *did* do. I gave her a front seat."

Bret smiled and returned to his guitar, upon which he was carefully picking out an accompaniment to "Marching through Georgia."

When Rita was nearly home, some one called to her, and she turned to recognize Jered's face and figure. Jered was considered in Byrams very "well-favored," and so he was in regard to his personal appearance. What a little more systematic tailoring and a more complete ease of manner would have done it is hard to say, but he was tall and well made, and had a fine fair countenance, with gentle eyes and a determined chin. Whenever Rita thought about him at all, it was quite admiringly.

"Rita," he said, joining her, "seems there isn't accommodation at the tavern for the con-cert folks, and so one or two of us hev been discussing sorter askin' 'em around."

Rita's pink color came swiftly.

"What a good idea, Jered! You always think of the kind things," the girl said, cheerfully. "I'm sure it 'll be all right. Aunt would like to have one of them."

"Seems," continued Jered, "that the ladies was took sick, so they couldn't come, but the gents promise to make up for it."

"Oh, I am *sure* they will!" responded Rita. "Let me see. I guess I'll get you to take a note at once to one of them, or perhaps they might go away."

In half an hour Rita had persuaded her aunt into writing an invitation to Signor Brignoli.

"We might as well say," said Rita, "that we'll take him home in the carry-all." And to this also the good-humored Mrs. Tall was brought to consent.

"Boys," remarked Bret to the members of the International Concert Troupe, who were seated at dusk in the town-hall—"boys, we're in for about the best yet. We are bidden to share the hospi-

talities of Byrams homes. *I* am to be fed and lodged at one Abijah Greene's; our basso yonder at the home of the lithographer and ready penman Jered Hopkins; our barytone-tenor at one Mrs. Tall's; and Rubinstein is to gather himself together at Mrs. Browne's. When shall we have such another?"

If the troupe could have looked in upon their various hosts and hostesses at that moment, they could hardly have failed to feel complimented, perhaps touched; for each and every one was busy on preparations for their famous guests.

Rita had fairly scorched her cheeks making cakes and pies. Mrs. Tall had compounded a wonderful dish made of eggs and cream; and for once a really wholesome, substantial kind of cooking was in progress. Byrams was at last to have its day!

Long before the hour of the concert the audience had assembled, but the front seats were the last to be filled.

When the curtain arose it presented the piano in the most mortifying light, its poor body rudely held up on trestles hastily procured from the undertaker. But Rubinstein was presently crashing away upon its popular airs, to which the audience speedily beat a response.

Then appeared Carl Formes, who, in place of Brignoli, did a wonderful clog, and sang some excellent negro melodies, to which Rubinstein, who was a slim, tall young fellow of about twenty, played a genuine plantation accompaniment. The audience were enraptured, but all afterward declared that Signor Brignoli bore off the palm.

If that careless person could be said to blush, he did so as he met the sweet gaze of the deacon's niece, and saw admiring trustfulness and purity in her glance. But I think perhaps it helped him in the way he sang such ballads as "A warrior bold," "Phyllis is my only love," and "Bid me to live." Certainly Signor Brignoli's friends had never before heard their favorite tenor do so well.

He had not a *bit* the air of a foreigner, some one whispered to some one else, and how *well* he spoke the language! To Rita, sitting with her hands clasped with almost painful intensity, her eyes now dilated, now glistening with unshed tears, it seemed as if a whole world had opened before her—a strange, tremulous, uncertain world that set her pulses throbbing,

her little young heart beating, filling her with a curious consciousness of herself, just as though the great singer was singing only to her. And truth to tell, he was: angry as he felt with himself for doing it, he was singing just to that one listener.

The music was over, the last *encore* given and responded to, and Byrams, fairly exhausted by excitement and joy, poured out into the summer night. The moon and the stars were having a gala time of it: for once the dull, dreary country was transformed. When Signor Brignoli came out inquiring for Deacon Tall's carry-all, he wondered if it was the intoxication of his own senses or a reality which made that ugly country look so beautiful. And there was the deacon amiably waiting for his guest, the curtains of his carry-all rolled up, a flood of moonlight pouring in beneath the dark top, and showing him Rita's face.

"This is too much to ask of you," he said, politely lifting his hat. But Rita's fluency had gone. The girl was white as marble, and sitting very still; but when the signore took his place just at her back, by the deacon on the front seat, it almost seemed as if he could feel the girl's heart beating.

It was a strange drive for Rita. All the familiar objects looked oddly to her—brightened, beautified; nothing seemed dull to her any longer. As they passed over the little bridge she wondered why she had ever thought it ugly, and from time to time in joyous content she listened to the stranger's voice while he talked to her uncle about various local agricultural and church matters. How clever he was! He seemed to be at home on every subject. And his voice in speaking—how fascinating the rather slow, lazy, though rich tones!

There was a little formality in welcoming the stranger to the house; and then Mrs. Tall, saying she guessed he'd be ready to go to sleep after all that singing, preceded him up the stairs with a kerosene lamp.

The tenor, once alone in the large, cheerless apartment, cleaned and aired and dusted for him, sat down, thrust his hands in his pockets, and gave up an hour to reflections which were by no means complimentary to himself.

"By Jove," was his final summing up, "I'll tell her the whole confounded business!"

But the morning weakened such a resolve. He arose early, and wandering down-stairs, he found Rita dusting the parlor with the utmost care. He stood half an instant in the doorway before she saw him, and then her little start and blush pleased him greatly.

He asked if he might come in, and she said certainly, making sure that he chose the most comfortable rocking-chair. It was a hopelessly ugly little parlor. The young man first declared to himself that he could not reconcile Rita to the carpet of large staring greens and reds; next, that he was disappointed in her if she *could* allow such antimacassars and chromos; finally, the centre table, with its array of books, was so overwhelming that he gave it up and returned to the girl herself, who in a pretty calico dress looked the impersonation of youth and health. He felt so sure that she *was* very young that he said at last:

"Do you go to school here, Miss Tall?"

Rita leaned over a high-backed chair opposite him, and nodded and smiled.

"Yes; near here I *teach* school."

"You!" the young man laughed.

"You think I look as if I didn't know enough?" said the girl, merrily.

"Oh no; you look too young."

"I am seventeen," she answered, "and I *might* have begun last year, only Jered didn't wish I should."

The visitor was greatly diverted.

"And who is Jered?" he inquired, with the consciousness that no questions in Byrams could be considered intrusive.

"Jered? Why, he's—he's a sort of school director; and he's always been very good to me, and thoughtful, and he said 'twould be too much for a girl of sixteen. You see, they're mostly boys."

"Some girls of sixteen get on very well with boys," laughed the young man.

"*Do* they?" said Rita, not in the least divining his meaning, and inwardly the young man despised himself.

"I wish I could see your school," he hastened to say.

"Oh, it's vacation now," she answered.

"But if you were going to stay, I could show you the school-house. It's in the only pretty part of the neighborhood."

Was it this suggestion? The young man scarcely knew, but when in honest kindness the Talls asked him to stay, and said, calmly, "Rita could take you for a nice walk," it seemed to him the only

thing to do. As he made his way down to the hall, where the troupe had agreed to meet, he wondered if he was not parting with the very last remnant of his self-respect: but the idea of the long idle summer's day with Rita came over him, crushing out all other fancies. By the time he reached the hall he had begun to laugh at his own folly.

"Enter thou, O signore," said the jolly voice of Bret. "I think we may congratulate ourselves. I have made local sketches enough to pay me for the bother. Look at this;" and the indomitable youth opened a sketch-book, wherein it must be confessed were some admirable caricatures.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said the signore, trying not to smile.

"These are good, honest people, who have treated us uncommonly well—a deal better than we deserve, the Lord knows."

"I don't know," said Bret; "we treated them to the best they'll hear for many a day. As for yourself, old chap, I never heard you sing a fiftieth part as well. We'll hear of you with D'Oyley Carte yet. Perhaps the rustic beauty in the front row inspired you. By-the-way, who is she?" and Bret's gay glance roved among the company. Mrs. Tall's guest was silent. "I tried to get her head, but couldn't. If I could find her, I'd ask her for a sitting."

"Well, boys," said the tenor, "I've come to say I'm going to stay here for a day. I want to get a little—local color."

There was an outcry at this, finally silenced by his agreeing to meet them the next day at a station twenty miles below.

"You can leave the yacht there, can't you?" he asked. "What better captain than Cherry do you want? Don't drink all the champagne, nor yet concoct too glorious a cup; but I'll be with you soon."

And so in spite of protestations he departed, breathing freely as he walked over the sunlit country to the deacon's house.

He saw Rita in the window, and leaning in over the ledge, he reminded her about the school-house.

"Well," she said, "do you want to go right *straight*?"

He paused. "Straight? Oh, you mean at once. Why, yes; it's a long walk, isn't it? Let me see—it's eleven o'clock now."

Mrs. Tall's figure appeared behind the girl's. "Why, you'd best take a little lunch with you, I guess," she said, kindly.

The young man felt the blood tingling in his cheeks. These people were so hospitable, so entirely confiding! Yet how could he now draw back? "Very well," he assented.

He sat down on the little porch while Rita went away for her hat and gloves.

The house fronted possibly the most uninteresting country road he had ever seen. It made no pretence, however, of being anything else, indulged in no sentimental vagaries with the light and shade, but stretched along bare and dusty, and sullenly dipped down in a vindictive sort of way where the bridge came, and affording few bits of green for the dandelions or meadowsweet to flourish in. Some neglected willows grew by the stream, hanging their heads dejectedly; opposite the house, beyond this brazen roadway, a piece of ground rose abruptly in a tangled sort of hill-side. It occurred to the young man in a fit of exasperation that he would ascend this uninviting eminence and see what lay beyond or below it. It was a feat rather hard to accomplish without some verbal relief to the feelings; but it was done at last, and he stood on an uneven, lumpy piece of ground and gazed about him.

Below, the ground sloped, or rather worried its way, to a pasture-field, and near there, in the heat and dust, and accompanied by the most irritating sounds, was the quarry. No sunset that ever came into the heavens could beautify this spot. Daybreak would be ghastly upon it. Then suddenly he remembered the moonlight. Yes, that placid orb might do something decorative.

He was still standing meditating upon the arid waste which was offered to Rita's soul as daily inspiration, when he heard her voice,

"Why, Signor Brignoli! why, I want to know!"

He turned with a guilty start, and beheld Rita in her white bonnet just below him.

"I'm not surprised you say that, Miss Tall," he said, clambering down, "as though any one would *wish* to climb this bank. It just occurred to me there *might* be something to look at down there."

"No," said the girl, very decidedly, "there isn't. I have never called this a pretty country," she added, as though conceding much.

"No?" her companion tried to seem

very serious. "Well, I don't think it is myself, although last night in the moonlight, do you know, I thought it really quite—quite picturesque."

The girl smiled. "*Did* you?" she said, quickly. "And so did I—for the *first* time; but I think it was the music made me. Somehow it seemed all together going through and through me." They were strolling along the road now, the young man in possession of the basket. "I never felt so—so unlike myself. It"—she looked up at him with the sweetest, gentlest gaze—"it thrilled me all night; I kept waking up to remember it."

"Why, oh, why," he thought, "have I not now and here courage to look her in the face and say, Miss Tall, think of me as you will, but I am no more Signor Brignoli than you are, but rather Donald Macbane, a young so-and-so, etc., etc.?" But he tried later to say it was because he knew he never should behold her again, and *why* destroy this one bright hour?

"Are you sure," he said, with a sort of humble or remorseful tone in his voice—"are you sure it was unlike yourself? Now of course I don't know anything about your life or your history, but it seems to me that living in a place like this one might readily get to fancying the imaginative side of human nature not to exist."

She listened.

"Do you see?" he went on, feeling much more at his ease—perhaps he thought he was helping a young mind. "Now if I never saw anything in nature better than all this—that desolate road and that wretched quarry—why, I should stagnate, and by-and-by not believe there was anything like real strong feeling, or that anything I might imagine would be only fantastic."

She understood him, he thought.

"But," the girl said, shyly, "you could sing." And she looked up reverently at the tall young fellow, the bronzed handsome face above hers. A look came into Macbane's eyes which the girl could not understand.

He stood still a moment. "Miss Tall," he inquired, quietly, "what made you think of that?"

She seemed troubled. "I don't know," she answered. "Only—if I could sing as you do, it seems to me I should not need nature and other things so much."

He looked at her very encouragingly.

"Do you know, only a person with a really artistic nature could have said that. Now I shall beg of you to tell me something about yourself."

The girl was genuinely perplexed. "This is the beginning of the road to the woods," she said, in a moment, indicating a path across the fields to their left. She seemed very much constrained. "There isn't anything to tell," she said, finally.

Macbane did not press it. "When I was a youngster," he began, "at my father's place in New Hampshire we boys used to be ever so fond of running across fields, rather—" He stopped short, conscious that she was gazing at him in some surprise.

"Why, aren't you Italian by *birth*?" she asked. "I knew, of course, you must have lived here a long time."

Macbane fairly ground his teeth. In a moment he said, quietly: "No. It's odd, isn't it? I wasn't born in Italy. But," he added, thanking the generous and foreseeing fate which had sent him early abroad, "I lived in Italy some time, and my mother, you know, was an American."

A charming smile spread itself like sunlight over the girl's face. "Oh, now I see!" she exclaimed, joyfully. "Do you know, I *was* so puzzled!"

They walked along in silence, or only with fragments of talk, until they reached the woods. They were dignified by such a name, but in reality it was only a meagre grove diversified by hollows, and with the great treasure of a running stream.

Midway the school-house stood in a little clearing.

Rita, as she stepped forward to put the key into the door, seemed to the young man to give a peculiar enchantment to the scene. There was something emphatically sylvan about her in her light muslins, her little white bonnet, and her curling, gleaming hair. "Will you come in?" she asked, smiling back at him. The room was small, and presented only the usual aspects of a country school-house, but about the little teacher's desk were some signs or touches which already appealed to the young man as characteristic. He looked at her small treasures while she seated herself in her chair.

A certain spirit of fun, or of extreme youth, possessed them both.

"Pretend you are a scholar," she said. "You must sit in Johnny Gibbs's chair, for he is the cleverest."

"But I am not clever," pleaded Macbane, taking the chair indicated.

"Well, you are big, anyway, which is next best. Now, Johnny Gibbs, spell your name."

"M-a-c—" began the unhappy scholar.

But Rita only laughed gleefully. "I am ashamed of you," she said. "Well, Johnny, you can sing, I know."

"Not in here," said Macbane, springing up. "Can't we sit on the door-step and eat the lunch?"

She came down at once. "Of course. Are you very hungry? It is only pie."

"Pie is delightful," said Macbane, and lazily watched her as she spread out a napkin on the round stone of one of the steps, and decorating it with leaves, laid out the repast.

The steps were wide and really comfortable; overhead the trees arched with their boughs, and the little clearing had a pleasant faint odor of pines. Rita had spread a shawl over a bit of the ground, and sat there contentedly, while Macbane was above her. Suddenly she became aware that he was looking at her with a curious smile—half perplexed, half sad.

"Of what are you thinking?" she said, gravely.

"Well, I will tell you—of how very odd it is for us to be so soon good friends, when until last night we had never so much as seen each other."

A flush crept slowly over her cheeks and brow, and faded away before she said, "I had seen you before."

"Oh, at the ticket office; and so had I seen you."

She was silent. Although there was not one suspicion of coquetry in the girl, yet he felt a slight contempt for letting their conversation drift into so common an exchange of personalities.

"It is going to rain," said Rita, lifting her face to the space in the boughs above, "and a thunder-storm has been threatening; so we must be off."

"Oh, that isn't rain!" said Macbane, looking up also. "You are like my Captain Cherry. He is always afraid it is going to rain."

"Your *what*?" inquired Rita.

Macbane seemed to be lost in thought. "Oh, the captain of a yacht I was on," he said, with some gloom.

"Do you know, I *long* to see or to be on a yacht," she said, presently; but there was no response until Macbane said,

"You haven't told me how you liked the concert yet," and would at once have given worlds to unsay the words.

"Yes," said the girl, with her direct, sweet gaze, "I told you; don't you remember?"

"But that was only *my* part."

"Oh," she said, somewhat carelessly, "I don't think I liked the dancing—that is, for a man. Do you know—I'll tell you confidentially—I shouldn't have liked to see my *brother* do that."

"Have you a brother?" said the now triumphant Macbane.

"No," she said; "but if I had."

"He'd like cheese," said Macbane, dreamily.

"How?" said the girl.

Macbane laughed, and then of course had to tell her the story of Dundreary's wooing.

She enjoyed it greatly. "I'd like to see that," she said, putting the napkin carefully away. "In fact—"

"In fact, child," said the young man, "you'd like to see it all. Have you ever seen *anything*?" He smiled.

"Yes," she said—"the County Fair twice, and Philadelphia once."

"Once—for how long?"

"Two nights and a day; but it rained, so we didn't go out."

"Well, there is more than that for you to see—when it doesn't rain."

"Which it is certainly going to do now; it will only be a quick shower, but unless we stop here there will be no chance of shelter."

"Where?" said Macbane, glancing about the unsightly piece of woodland.

Rita plunged into a little thicket to the left, glancing merrily at him over her shoulder.

He followed. A sort of bower had been rudely constructed of spruce and pine trees. About them now hung the faded branches of some flowering vine, evidently the ghosts of some recent festal decoration.

"What is this?" laughed Macbane, standing before it, and looking up and down and around the poor little place.

"It *was* a bower," she returned. "My boys undertook to give me an entertainment, part of which was the crowning me with laurel in this bower. Really we had a very good time."

"I dare say. So the boys *have* a little fun in them?"

Rita considered a moment. "No," she said, thoughtfully, "I don't know that they really have *fun*: there isn't anything here to be funny about."

"I see."

"But they are very good and nice to me, and they had saved up ever so long for this. We really had quite a party; and Jered—"

"Did he approve?"

The girl looked at him earnestly a moment, scrutinizing the careless, handsome face of the young man before her. He had one hand above his head, pulling idly at the twigs, the other thrust into his loose blue flannel coat, and evidently quite easy in this attitude, he was smiling down upon the girl, the impersonation of everything fine and manly and independent—as she thought—in the world which she had never seen. Yet Rita's color slowly and painfully rose. Something hurt her keenly, and she turned her head aside.

Macbane's smile vanished. "I beg your pardon, Miss Tall," he said, contritely.

"My name isn't Tall," said the girl, still looking down.

To her blank amazement the little wood fairly rang with his laugh. "What," he said, "you too! Is this a nightmare?"

"Oh!" cried the girl, "I don't understand you. Do tell me what you mean! What did I say? I suppose because you knew it was uncle's name you concluded it must be mine as well; so I didn't correct you, thinking it would only be for a few hours, and of no consequence."

During her broken sentences Macbane had recovered himself, and thoroughly appreciated the naturalness of the situation.

"I am afraid," he said, very urgently but calmly, "my imagination has become fantastic. And to tell you the truth, I have had a great deal on my mind lately—much, much I wish I could tell you about."

The sweet face of the girl had grown full of tender womanly pity. "Oh, *have* you?" she said, in a very gentle tone.

She seemed such a child, and yet a woman; but involuntarily Macbane, looking down at her grave and tender eyes, said, "Yes, dear," and with a sigh really genuine turned and walked out toward the path. The rain had begun with swift dashes, then flying, as it were, upon them.

He turned back to Rita, who was sitting on the wooden flooring of the bower, leaning back against the withered leaves and greenery, well protected from the storm, but evidently thinking but little of any such danger.

Her mind had only grasped the fact that this splendid, careless-looking young man had *trouble*, and if Macbane had understood the feminine nature better he would have known this to be the moment for the recital of his luckless tale.

"My name is really Breton," she said, suddenly, and in a very quiet voice. "There, didn't I tell you it would rain? Why don't you come and sit there on that step?"

He mutely obeyed. The place was really sheltered and comfortable.

"So your name is Breton," he said, leaning back against the post of the bower and folding his arms. "That's not a common name—Rita Breton."

"Alice," the girl corrected, gently. "It is only at Uncle Tall's they call me Rita."

"Oh, you don't live there always?" He felt an unaccountable joy over this fact.

She looked down, meditatively folding and unfolding with both hands a piece of her pretty muslin gown.

"I'll tell you, I guess," she said at length. "My mother married a second time when I was quite young. She—well, she really supposed that Mr. Eversley would let me stay with her; but he wouldn't, and so I came here."

"Was her marriage happy?"

Rita shook her head. "Not entirely. He is old and very cross. I was with them one year, and he treated me very unkindly. My aunt here—she is my mother's half-sister—came and found it out, and I cried to go home with her. So I came. It isn't much of a story, you see," she added, smiling, but lifting eyes to his face where the suspicion of tears lingered.

"It has a great deal in it, my dear child," said Macbane, quietly. "I can well imagine all that it involved. And here you have been ever since, except for that rainy day in Philadelphia."

"Yes."

"And are you happy?"

A dangerous question to ask any girl who has seen nothing, and yet whose nature is full of ardent longings.

"What is it to be happy?" asked Alice, unconscious that she was repeating the riddle of ages.

"Ah," cried Macbane, "you must learn to be a philosopher to answer that! I have my ideal of happiness; but if I attained it, would it satisfy anything in me?"

"What is it?—tell me," she urged. But for some reason the sense of their disparities came upon him; he felt it out of the question that he should give any part of his real self to this child.

"Tell me yours," he responded.

"I have never been able to tell myself," she answered, simply.

Macbane sprang to his feet. "Miss Breton," he said, laughing, "I own myself answered, and taught a lesson. I have fancied myself somewhat of a philosopher, but you—having seen nothing, as you say, certainly not knowing anything of the world—are ahead of me in my most beloved science."

She laughed too, merrily. "That is great nonsense," she said, standing up. "Now don't you think the shower is over sufficiently for us to go on?"

He went out to the path again, held out his hand, looked up and down, came back to say a vague, "Yes, I think so; at all events we can try."

The rain had thoroughly refreshed the atmosphere. Whatever bloom or joy the country held seemed to have been awakened by it, and a tangled vine above a hedge that had looked cruelly down-hearted when they passed it, now was thrilled and shining, moved by a little faint wind, so that it shed its glistening drops on the ground below, and seemed anxious to make its unexpected charm apparent. And in the two hours since they had left the path, something certainly had come into both minds and hearts as unexpected as it was joyous. To Macbane it was the delight of finding so fresh, so sweet, so strong a nature; to Rita it was the sense of something new in life, in all the world; for women of her temperament when touched by the right hand send many vague and mystic feelings in response: already she was beginning to think of what her ideal might be.

They were rather silent until they neared the stile which led to the last field. Then Rita said, "Who is that?"

A light and happy figure was crossing the field—a young man with a sketch-book under his arm. It was most undeniably Bret.

The other two stood still, but Bret saw



"HE WENT OUT TO THE PATH AGAIN, HELD OUT HIS HAND," ETC.—[SEE PAGE 536.]

them from a distance, hailed his friend with a wave of the sketch-book, and on nearing them took off his hat respectfully to Miss Breton.

What glances passed between the two men Rita did not see. But Bret was true to his friend.

"I called at your aunt's, Miss Breton," he said, very politely, when Macbane had introduced him, "and she desired me to come here in search of my friend—Bri-gnoli."

"Yes," said Rita; "she knows this path very well."

"I found myself detained," continued Bret, without a glance at his friend. "But really the hospitality of Byrams is so delightful I can't be sorry. I take the 7 P.M. train this evening."

Bret's fluent conversational ability kept up the party until they reached Mrs. Tall's cottage.

It was two o'clock, an hour past that for dinner, but the hospitable hostess had put away the wanderers' meal, and they enjoyed it no doubt better than the more formal family repast.

Bret, whose spirits were unquenchable, accompanied them into the little dining-room, where he rattled on, to the relief of Rita, who found herself suddenly silenced. She disappeared after dinner, attending to her household duties, and then going up to her own room, sat down to think over the events of the past two days. Was it only yesterday that here in this very room she had tied on her white bonnet to go down for the tickets? It seemed to her that the time might have been a year, so much had come to her, so singular a possession of life!

The visitors were on the back piazza, overlooking the only really pretty part of the place, the old-fashioned garden with its many and sweet fragrances.

Rita soon went down again, appearing in the door a little timidly. Bret's sketch-book was open on his knee, and Macbane was looking over his shoulder.

As the young girl joined them, sitting down in a low wicker rocking-chair, Macbane remarked that she looked pale.

"Oh, *do* I?" she said, and blushed. Macbane came over to her side of the porch, and they talked ten or fifteen minutes, unconscious that Bret's airy pencil was flying over a clean sheet in his book. It was when Rita rose for some purpose that he said, pleadingly,

"Oh, Miss Breton, *please* don't move!"

The young girl involuntarily resumed her seat.

"Oh, are you drawing me?" she said, laughing. "May I see it when it is finished?"

"On one condition," rejoined Bret—"that you let me have a sketch of you in your white bonnet."

To Rita it seemed the utmost piece of fun. She departed promptly for the bonnet, and at once Macbane exclaimed:

"But what are you doing? Don't you see what an unsuspecting girl she is? She doesn't guess you'll use that lovely face of hers in your next picture."

"What if she *did*?" said Bret, without looking up. "She'd be flattered. These country belles are always vain."

"By heavens, boy!" exclaimed Macbane, "is that all the discrimination you have? Can't you see the fibre she's made of?"

"Then just let your old uncle Bret give you a piece of advice," said that youth, looking up shrewdly. "Don't impose upon her *too* long yourself—hear?"

Macbane groaned. Before he could speak, Rita, looking charming in her white bonnet, had rejoined them.

This time she posed carefully, and in spite of Macbane's walking off down the garden paths, Rita thoroughly enjoyed the novelty of the occasion. And Bret really sketched well; his knack of reproducing the dainty, subtle element of any face was really clever, and at the end of an hour, when Macbane returned, it was to find a creditable and charming likeness of Miss Breton, though, to his rage, it was on a page of Bret's book.

Deacon and Mrs. Tall were delighted, and an hour more was employed in making sketches of them, which the younger man did with his usual good-humor, presenting them to the old couple with the promise of a copy of the one he had made of Miss Breton.

While this was in progress Macbane and Rita were in the garden, she gathering flowers for the tea-table, he standing near her, longing to say something uncivil about Bret's work, and to explain himself, yet restrained by honor from the one, and by shame from the other.

So the afternoon wore away. Bret departed with joyous good-byes, and vows to visit Byrams again. And then came the dusk, the evening, and finally the



"DEACON AND MRS. TALL WERE DELIGHTED."

moonlight, for which both Rita and Macbane had been wishing, so that once again they might see the country under its enchantment.

And the moon favored them. Again Byrams was divested of its meanness; again the bridge and the little tank shone silvery, and the heavens shed their radiance—gave their "patens of bright gold" for lustre even to this dingy corner of the earth.

"I never shall forget this time, Miss Breton," Macbane said as they stood on the little porch. He realized at once that it was a very commonplace remark.

"Oh, I dare say you will," said the girl. "Let me see. You will go away, and perhaps in years to come some one will say, 'Do you remember a place called Byrams?' And you will give that peculiar little frown to your eyebrows, and—"

"Did you notice that?" said Macbane, intensely pleased.

"Yes," she pursued; "and you will answer: '*Byrams? Byrams?* Why, yes, I *think* I do.'"

"Very well," returned Macbane, contentedly. "Wait and see."

She smiled mischievously. "How long?" she asked, with her happy laugh.

"Oh, until next summer," he responded.

It had been arranged that Macbane was to leave by the ten o'clock train the next morning—Jered Hopkins to drive him over to the station; but long before that hour the visitor appeared at Jered's door, requesting to be conveyed to another depot, the train from which left at six o'clock.

When Rita came down-stairs she was met rather suddenly by her aunt in the parlor door.

Mrs. Tall's expression was certainly peculiar. "That young man has gone, my dear," she said, rather grimly.

"Gone!" Rita echoed the word with a far-away sort of feeling. A strange, dizzy sensation came over her.

"Yes," pursued Mrs. Tall, making her way to the kitchen. "He found he had business which would take him away early."

And that was all that Rita could learn. In fact she scarcely tried to turn the conversation on a subject which quickly became painful. No one in Byrams could have said anything of him which she cared to hear; and yet from time to time there would arise in the girl's young heart a wild longing just to hear his name spoken; but it never reached her ears. Byrams had no doubt received an immense advantage by the concert of July, but its outer crust of dulness or apathy was too thick to make the impression so lasting that the personality of the singers meant anything to them. Gradually they came to be spoken of collectively as "that band," and so the individuality so vivid to Rita Breton's mind was merged into the general and vague impression of the whole. She had long been accustomed to reserve, and now this came fortunately to her rescue, for there was no desire for speech, no sense that an outlet was necessary. Such relief as her feelings needed the girl found when her little school opened, and she betook herself once more over the familiar ground, and found with a pang of dismay as well as tortured remembrance how every part held its meaning for her. It was the first day of school when she trusted herself over that ground, and seemed for the first time to realize herself, to know what had been in her mind all these weeks, as visions like phantoms started up here and there, confronting her now with an exquisite rush of tender feeling, now with a smile, remembering some lighter mood, again with a dread lest she had in reality been creating for herself some ideal which time must inevitably dash down; for it was characteristic of the girl, with all her buoyancy of nature, to expect little for herself. It never had occurred to her that she had any special rights in life or nature. Free and happy and wholesome-hearted as she had been, kept apart from the world of movement or strife, seeing her duty in the simple round of life at Byrams, possibilities were hard for her to grasp. But now, alone, as she trod the same ground on a September morning where she had once carried a free spirit, the girl felt that she had assumed a fetter. Something arose within her which made her see herself wholly a different being. Whence or why had it come? It took its form in her recalling every word that he had spoken, every look that she had noted on his handsome, brave young face, in

glancing with a pang at the places he had occupied, suddenly seeming to behold him again in the little clearing, idling in the bower, or even standing lifting his face up with outstretched hand to the sky; and as each memory smote upon her she tried to banish it, and above all to hide the joyous hope that he would come again; but youth is stronger in its powers of belief than all else, and with an anxious heart she *knew* she was *waiting*. There was no sentimentality about the girl, or she would have consoled with herself and grown to believe herself a deserted heroine of romance. No, even the loneliness that she felt was full of bravery, and tinged by no melancholy that was unwholesome. Still there was something always missing now. The girl felt it when she no longer could take delight in her old pleasures, when the prospect of a winter at Byrams seemed hard to bear.

And then quite suddenly an event of great importance occurred. Mrs. Eversley appeared at Byrams most unexpectedly. Her last visit had been when Rita was fourteen—not then in any degree the beautiful girl she was now. Mrs. Eversley had been abroad since then, contenting herself with occasional letters to her daughter.

Rita was on her way back from school. It was a February day, clear and cool. The wind had brought a soft color to her cheeks under her broad-brimmed hat; the masses of her richly tinted hair seemed to have caught the wintry sunbeams; she was looking absolutely lovely as she entered the little parlor, and her mother actually screamed with surprise.

Mrs. Eversley was a woman past fifty, yet retaining an air of youthful good looks, which she considered—added to perfect taste in dress—an equivalent for actual beauty and twenty years of age. Her purely mercenary marriage was entirely characteristic. The same impulse which led to her doing that governed every action—governed her now in insisting upon a visit from the daughter she considered a *rara avis*—one bound to add to the social distinction which Mrs. Eversley flattered herself she possessed.

And so, as usual, the mother carried her point. Indeed, who could resist her authority? It was Jered Hopkins who held out the longest.

"Don't go, Rita," the young man pleaded with her one February evening

when he walked home with her from church. "It'll break your heart, dear, to be with your mother and her kind."

"I must, Jered," the girl answered.

"Rita," he said, after a pause, "I want to ask you one thing. Could ye—could ye make your mind up to gi' me some sort-er *promise* before you go, not to say you'd sw'ar to marry me, but just somethin' I could keep up hope on?"

They stood still, looking at each other earnestly, but with such different meanings in the eyes. The man's face was white and anguished.

"Oh, Jered," she whispered—"dear, dear Jered, don't ask me!"

"Well, I won't, dear—I won't," he said, huskily. "Don't let it weigh on ye." And suddenly and wildly the girl clung to him, and burst into a passion of tears. It was because she knew herself in that moment—knew she had flung away all hope of loving a good and honest man, because she must remember—two summer days.

At Murr's, in the Catskills, as in all other fashionable summer hotels, the arrival of the evening train, the stage-coach, and the passengers therein, constitutes an exciting element in the routine of the day, and the new-comer who passes the gantlet of that first criticism from a hundred or more eyes, makes a fine impression on entering the large hallway and dining-room for the first time, may well be satisfied with his or her appearance. How quickly are the jaded, travel-worn, or nervously anxious passengers overlooked! how eagerly are signs of "tone" or "style" or even beauty noticed and caught up in such a place and such an hour! and above all how fortunate are the travellers who, arriving by their own conveyance, descend leisurely, and care not a whit for any comment that may be made!

Such a party arrived one August evening at Murr's, and descended with the active assistance of hotel clerks, waiters, and other functionaries, thereby creating quite a flutter in the minds of the assemblage on the long wide verandas.

A hop was going on, the band was crashing away grandly, the wide hall was full of people, and yet this party attracted profound attention—two ladies and two servants only; but the elder lady, although handsome and elegantly dressed, was evidently a querulous invalid, and

the younger was the most beautiful girl, the most distinguished, that Murr's had ever seen. She was tall, and carried herself with the most perfect, the most indifferent and queenly air of self-possession. Her dress was of Parisian finish—one of those incomparable plain cloth travelling costumes conspicuous only in their minor details, fitting exquisitely, harmonious from the small toque with its white wing to the blue cloth boots and long-wristed gray gloves; but dress was a secondary matter in noticing this girl. She was, if a trifle coldly, still absolutely beautiful, and a rapid inventory of her charms included magnificent chestnut hair, gray eyes, a perfect mouth, and finely modelled chin, a carriage of the head, a grace in movement, that every woman or girl at Murr's might well have imitated; and yet even as she stood on the veranda those first moments it was observed that she seemed wholly unconscious, or perhaps indifferent to herself, taken up with attending to the older lady's rather capricious wants, directing the servants, finally, as both these appendages seemed out of their wits, going so far as to approach the desk and register the names of the party—Mrs. Eversley, Miss Breton, maid, and man-servant.

Rita, since her Byrams life, had been much abroad and in school, but this was her first experience of an American summer resort.

The finest suite of rooms in the house had been secured, and as usual Rita went through them to assure her mother that all was right.

Mrs. Eversley had gone at once to bed, and when her daughter came into her room for good-night, she was detained to know if she had seen any familiar names on the hotel register.

No, Rita had not. So the book was sent for, and lying in bed, in a cloud of frills and laces, Mrs. Eversley scanned the pages. Long custom had inured Rita to this process. She knew her part; it was to listen as the well-known names were called off. "Jay Vanvoort"—Mrs. Eversley gave a little scream—"E. V. Leinster," "Donald Macbane," "J. Sturgison."

"My dear Rita," said her mother, closing the book and looking up solemnly at her daughter, "in the *first* pages three or four of the most eligible young men in New York! I call it a special providence! Go to bed at once, or you won't

be fit to look at to-morrow. Don't forget your scented gloves. Tell Maria to be *most* particular with your hair; and, Rita, you remember I engaged Mrs. Peters to chaperon you when I couldn't go down. I'll breakfast in bed, but you must appear. She will call for you. Don't forget you are to wear the *écru* muslin if it is warm, and the white wool if it is cool. White, of *course*, for a first appearance. What a mercy it is I made such a study of dress!"

"Yes, mamma," said the girl, stooping down and bestowing a light kiss on the enamelled brow. "Good-night. You know Maria's bed is in the dressing-room."

But Mrs. Eversley was already wrapped in thought, in visions of the morrow.

Rita passed through the dressing-room, the luxurious parlor, and thence to her own room, where the maid was already unpacking her trunks, hanging up one after another of the exquisite costumes prepared for Rita's new triumphs.

"I am to wear the *écru* mull, Maria," Rita said, looking mechanically at the maid.

"Yes, miss," said the servant, with a sigh of admiration. To her mind Miss Breton was the most beautiful as well as the most fortunate young lady on earth.

But it chanced that one of her mother's heart attacks interfered with Rita's first "distinguished" appearance. It was late in the afternoon before Rita dared go beyond instant recall, and she would not then have ventured down-stairs had her mother not insisted upon it. So Rita was dressed in the dainty muslin—all its laces and frills pulled out, and came to her mother's bedside for a final inspection.

Certainly the girl was beautiful. The hair which in the old days had followed its own way, now was gathered into a coil low upon her neck, yet by the deft fingers of the maid drawn so that it waved back, showing the exquisite contour of her throat and the back of the neck; and on the brow a few locks only were allowed to wave, not marring the pure lines which so many painters had assured the mother were her daughter's greatest beauty. "But you need color," said Mrs. Eversley from her pillows. "There, give me those roses."

Rita obediently lifted from a bowl a huge bunch of Jacques. "There! Mrs. Peters, with those in her belt the child defies criticism!"

Rita slowly made her way down to the public rooms. She was thankful it was an hour when few people were about, and thought she would enjoy looking about a great American hotel for the first time. So many things had lost their flavor of novelty that she welcomed a really new interest. The long drawing-room facing the stairs, and bounded on either side by the verandas, seemed almost deserted; but as she approached it some one at the upper end of the room struck a few notes on the piano. Rita moved in as far as one of the pillars which divided in a fashion the upper and the lower parts of the room.

A girl's voice in shrill tones was saying, "Oh, Mr. Macbane, I *really* can't sing it; you sing it; do. I know it would just suit your voice."

"I will show you the melody," said her companion. The man's back was turned toward Rita, who had felt on the sound of his voice rooted to where she stood. The girl at the piano moved, he sat down, and then arose the song which had haunted the girl for all those years. He sang, not turning his eyes toward the spot to which she was riveted until he came to the last verse, the last line,

"There in the star shine,
Alice, I know art thou,"

and as if by some common impulse both he and she moved, looked up, and their eyes met.

He had thought so many times of her, and where and when he would see her again. He had carried in his mind always a picture of the light-hearted, gentle, beautiful girl sitting in the bower where her rude subjects had crowned her; of the girl lifting tenderly compassionate eyes to his face; of the girl whom he had deceived. He had thought once and again, wondering how it would be, how soon; but it is always the ordinary part that fate plays which surprises us.

Their eyes met; the whole soul of the girl, in spite of herself, had rushed with joy into hers. For that one instant of perfect happiness in again beholding him doubts, misgivings, all that had assailed her first belief in him, vanished. She knew that the name he had given her at Byrams was not his own, but she had told herself a thousand times that when they met this could be explained. When they met! How often in her loneliest,

saddest hours had not the girl said this within her heart, dreading yet longing for the moment! and, as we all do, even when we are playing the last act in our tragedies, she encountered that moment with a feeling that time had in reality been as nothing. Again she felt herself the Rita whom he had smiled upon so long ago.

But Macbane was fairly startled by what he saw. Could it be that the queenly, beautiful girl standing there was the child he had known? It was perhaps fortunate for them both that the young lady for whom he had been singing spoke.

"That is the beautiful Miss Breton," she whispered, moving her lips so as to articulate very distinctly. "She was all the rage in London last year: don't you remember hearing of her?"

"Yes," said Macbane. "We are old friends."

"Oh!" The girl at the piano moved back with a little start, half admiration, half pique. She was a pretty, brown-eyed little thing in a garden hat—one of the many of her kind and calibre to be found in the mountains during August.

"Will you excuse me, Miss Palmer?" Macbane said, politely; and Miss Palmer nodded, and picking up her music, walked away.

Meanwhile Rita had moved over to one of the many windows, where she sat down, wondering how they were to speak.

Macbane came over to her joyously. "Rita!—Miss Breton!" he exclaimed.

The girl turned, her face crimson with a lovely color that swept it and died away as he spoke.

"Where have you been?" he said, holding out his hand.

She laid hers gently on it, still regarding him with a soft, quiet, happy gaze.

He sat down, and now Rita could find her voice.

"I am very glad to see you," she said. "I have often thought—wondered about you."

"And now," said Macbane, "we will have no end of personal history to exchange."

The girl smiled. He longed to say to her that she amazed, almost bewildered him; but he saw at once this was not the little girl of Byrams; this was, as Miss Palmer had said, the beautiful Miss Breton who had been "the rage."

"Mamma and I have been abroad two years," Rita continued, in the same quietly modulated voice. "Mamma is a great invalid, and her husband, Mr. Eversley, rarely is able to be with her. He is my step-father, and is engaged in mining business West. I have been to Venice," she added, suddenly, with a smile.

Macbane thought a moment, and then laughed lightly.

"Oh, I wish I had been with you! Did it rain?"

Rita laughed—*almost* like her old self. Perhaps because of the slight change, Macbane recalled the gleeful note of the girl he had known.

"Where is the ring of your old laugh?" he asked.

"Ah!" cried Rita, "did I laugh better then? It has been educated away, I am afraid. I have been *taught* an ideal."

"And it is—?"

"Very many things I suppose you in your world would approve of. It is certainly ambitious."

"Do you expect to attain it?"

"Emphatically." There was a fine touch of scorn in her voice. "What a pity if all my training should be thrown away! Don't you consider me improved?"

He looked at her long and reflectively. "No," he said, slowly.

The young girl said nothing for a moment. "I have not," she said, simply; "and I am glad you are frank enough to tell me the truth."

"Yet I hear," he said, almost with annoyance, "you were the rage in London."

"I went out a great deal," she said, quietly.

"I know it all," he exclaimed. "You had attentions here and there and everywhere. The Prince admired you; and you were presented, and visited, and were visited, and—"

She listened to him with a curious look of pain in her eyes.

"Some people like all that," she said, "and there are men who only care for a girl for just that reason. I used to notice it so often. There were girls in society far better educated, better bred, than I, fitter to marry any of those men, and I used to feel ashamed of myself when men neglected them for me. I think I never could *really* like any man who could do it."

The old fervent, insistent little way had come back. But very soon, "I must go



"‘MISS BRETON,’ HE SAID, QUICKLY, ‘YOU ARE ILL.’"

back to mamma," Rita said, rising suddenly; "she will need me."

"And when shall I see you again?" He was very much in earnest.

"We are coming down to the ball to-night," she answered.

"You dance, of course; will you promise me the first and the third waltz?" As he spoke, a sense of the curious part of their renewed acquaintance struck him, and he laughed. "Miss Breton," he said,

"is it not odd? We parted in Byrams; and when we meet, I in the most conventional manner ask you for a waltz."

She laughed, yet there was a touch of sadness in her tone as she walked away.

Mrs. Eversley had determined to appear at the ball, and the process of attiring her in a gorgeous pink satin was long and tiresome to both Rita and the maid; but she was dressed at last, and then Rita

was free to make her own toilet. She had selected something very simple, partly from a desire to be quickly dressed, partly because of a desire *not* to look so entirely unlike the Rita of old days.

The ball was at its height when Mrs. Eversley and the "beautiful Miss Breton" entered the long room. Such scenes were too familiar to Rita to cause even a change in her color. There was a buzz of admiration, an eager following of her movements, a very evident desire to be first in the field; but the girl with her superb manner seemed to see and hear nothing of it.

Yet during that moment she was striving to think what were the changes in Macbane since she had seen him last. He was older—*finer* some way in his expression. If some of the old boyishness was gone, the quiet reflection of his dark eyes which had come instead was better. The outline of his face was perhaps thinner, but the same curve to the mouth and chin, the same sudden gleam in his eyes as he spoke, the rich, quiet tones of his voice, the indescribable fascination of his manner—these, these all remained, and with a joyousness the girl claimed them as her own, her faithful memories of him and that briefly happy time. It was hard to keep her eyes from moving about the room in search of him, and at last and quite suddenly they met his gaze. He was in the doorway, almost facing them, leaning against the side, and quietly watching her. If he had seemed reluctant to join her, it was because he was thoroughly enjoying this quiet although distant survey of her face and figure. Half a dozen men were asking her to dance. Mrs. Eversley had begun to feel impatient over her daughter's silence, when Macbane sauntered over, and first offered his hand to the old lady, whom he had known years ago in Paris.

"My daughter, Miss Breton," said the mother, proudly. "Rita, Mr. Donald Macbane."

The girl started. It was the first time she had heard his name.

"May I have this waltz, Miss Breton?" he said, with the air of their having just met. "So you never told your mother?" he said, when they had taken one turn. Rita only shook her head. "Let us sit down a little while," Macbane urged, leading her out on to the veranda. "These balls are terrible bores. There! put your-

self in that chair. Are you cold?" The night was oppressively warm, but Macbane insisted upon her having a light wrap, and went to fetch it. It seemed as though he had only just departed when, from the curve of the porch, Rita caught the sound of voices, was startled by hearing Macbane's name.

"Oh, Macbane has settled down," the speaker was saying; "but, by Jove! he used to be a regular boy about larks. Did you ever hear of the time he and a lot of the fellows went to some God-forsaken village and gave a concert, passed themselves off as famous singers—Brignoli and all that sort of thing, don't you know? The people, they say, were about as green as they make them, and the boys had no end of fun. They staid around with different natives, and the joke of it all was that there was some pretty girl there that Macbane was regularly mashed on; he staid on, and had lots of fun with her, and he got Bret to take her picture, and I tell you it *was* stunning, and no mistake. Bret had it down at the boat-house one day, and he said it didn't begin to do her justice. A lot of us went up there the next summer, but she wasn't there."

The voices went on and on.

Rita never knew how she sat still and absolutely silent while the words burned themselves into her brain.

So *that* was what it had all meant. He and the rest had come there to make a summer's holiday and jest of the honest people who had loved her—of her, herself! The girl felt herself at one moment flaming with passion, and in the next fairly bowed down with shame. What could she do? What could she say? The tumult of thought resolved itself only into a confused sense of pain, in which memory and dread of the future made her almost afraid to move, to speak, above all to meet his eyes or hear his voice again. How it was that she contrived to escape and get back to her mother's side she hardly knew, for in the second doorway she encountered Macbane, with her shawl upon his arm.

The girl's face, white and as it were stricken, shocked him.

"Miss Breton," he said, quickly, "you are ill."

"No," Rita answered, quietly—she felt already that she must learn to control her voice—"no; I am tired. I will not finish the dance, if you don't mind."

She had reached her chair again, but Macbane was still there. Mrs. Eversley had begun to be agreeably reminiscent. Rita listened to an account of his father, his grandfather, his uncle Theodore who died in the war, his aunt Lucilla who married the one-armed Hungarian patriot. Macbane meanwhile leaned back in his chair smiling languidly, and supplying Mrs. Eversley with the thread of her narratives from time to time when they seemed to be giving out. All the time with inward wonder he was observing Rita's face with its strange look, half disdain, half misery.

The girl refused to dance, but a crowd of men were about her, and Macbane gave himself up more exclusively to Mrs. Eversley. In the pauses of her own conversation with various gentlemen, young and old, Rita caught sentences which plainly told her that her mother intended Macbane to be impressed favorably. Was it not shame enough, asked the girl, that he had once had the chance to amuse himself at her expense, but that again the ridiculous weakness of her position be made apparent to him, again to have her folly and herself as it were thrown at his feet? For by this time Mrs. Eversley had drifted on to her own family traditions, and was giving an account of the early settlement of Byrams and Tallmans by her own great-grandfather. Rita, who had made a little respite for herself from her adorers, turned suddenly, with white cheeks but very brilliant eyes.

"Mamma," she said, in a voice that seemed to hold all her concentrated feeling, "do you not think Mr. Macbane would be amused by an account of Byrams of to-day? I think he has seen it; so the family traditions cannot be particularly entertaining to him."

"The place has certainly run down," began Mrs. Eversley, loftily. "Nevertheless some of the first people of Pennsylvania belonged there."

"It is a dear old place," said Rita; "a very ugly country; but the people are true-hearted, honest, and sincere. They are too trusting, that is all."

Mrs. Eversley laughed a little nervously. She had learned to know, with all her daughter's docility, when it was not safe to contradict her.

"Rita is so intensely loyal!" she said.

"My remembrance of Byrams," Macbane said, quietly, "is of the most perfect

hospitality, the most sincere kindness, I ever met with in my life."

He forced her to meet his glance; as it were challenged her criticism; but Rita could say nothing. It seemed to the girl as though something in the very air were stifling her. When they were in their own rooms, it was with a pang she heard her mother say:

"That Mr. Macbane is one of the very finest young men in America—good old Scotch and English blood; and he will have a million dollars, if a penny."

Alone in her own room, Rita turned out the lights and sat down in the open window, trying to collect her thoughts. *How* was she to bear the next week, seeing him, hearing him, being near to him, humiliated, grieved, wrenched from her illusions, and yet to her shame knowing that his presence, the sound of his voice, the very touch of his hand, were a joy to her? Of what poor stuff was she made, the girl asked herself passionately, if she could feel the spell and yet hate herself for feeling it? Was such a feeling to be called love? Was it not an unworthy fetter which she must force herself to break, else die of very shame? And then with a rush came back those strange two days which had wakened her to life. She recalled his lightest word, wondering whether she had now the right to remember what she must feel as insults, jests, veiled derision of her youth and childishness.

Mrs. Eversley went to sleep with a determination, and awoke with it unchanged. She was on the porch when the band played at ten, and had desired Rita to join a game of tennis. The girl, loving all outdoor sports, played well, and looked even better, so that Mrs. Eversley was gratified by a shower of admiration of her daughter's skill and beauty. Macbane had been playing, but stopped when Rita's game began, so that he drew a chair near Mrs. Eversley, who chained him until Rita, prettily flushed by the exercise, was summoned to her side. She could not refuse to sit down at her mother's request; but the music was an excuse for silence. Macbane and Mrs. Eversley resumed genealogical investigations, and the former had to account for his own parentage and childhood. He was "old Joseph's" son. Oh yes, she remembered the New Hampshire Macbanes. And did he practise law like all of them?

"I'm afraid I don't do much that is very worthy," he said. "I have travelled a great deal, dabbled a little in various things, and generally given myself up to considering the world as in need of reform, with the exception of myself."

Rita sat silent, looking fixedly ahead of her at the tennis-players, yet conscious that her heart was throbbing with a desire to hear him speak, especially of himself. The subject was the dearest to her, yet she *must* not listen.

"Mamma," she said, breaking away suddenly, "I will go in and change my dress."

But Macbane, indulging in a half-reproachful, half-amused glance at the young girl, instantly expressed his willingness to be at Mrs. Eversley's bidding; and Rita, mortified and vexed, went away to the solitude of her own room, allowing herself half an hour's reflection and ten minutes for a hasty toilet. Why, oh why, when she felt free to do it, had she not urged his talking of himself, that at least she might *know* the details of his life! To be tortured by hearing her mother draw him out, and feel that she must harbor no more painfully sweet recollections! But a day or two later chance favored her. Every one had seemed stimulated to vast exertions since the arrival of the famous Miss Breton, and expeditions of a luxurious as well as rural and Arcadian character were eagerly planned.

Among the drift-wood of this ocean poured at the girl's feet was a friend of Macbane's, a young medical student who had known him in Vienna. Charlie Wentworth, as every one called him, had been timid over his first introduction to Rita, but at one of the large and luxurious picnics arranged for her amusement he found himself, to his wild joy, actually strolling apart with her. Rita had been drawn to the boy by his likeness to Jered—they were both of that fair, placid, honest type in which nothing is so clearly distinguishable as sincerity and purity of heart. But Charlie had both education and a fervent soul. He was readily induced to pour forth his entire history to Miss Breton. "I don't mind telling you," he said, in the midst of his long recital. "It was Macbane who gave me my *real* chance—you know Macbane, don't you? But of course you know him just as a woman—beg pardon, a lady—would; but what he *really* is you can't imagine."

Rita tried to look unconcerned. The lad went on: "He seems so careless and indifferent that you would never dream what he really is. I wish you could have seen him in Vienna! A lot of us poor chaps got stuck, you know; lost all we had. Well, Macbane in the quietest way came forward, never said much, but we were all on our feet again. And as for myself, why, he just put me right through the course. Miss Breton, he made a *man* of me—I don't like to think what I'd have been but for him—and it was his example too. He never sets up for a saint, don't you know; but if I were *half* as good," said the lad, with enthusiasm, "I'd be a credit to him."

In this way the ingenuous youth discoursed for some time, and much to Miss Breton's satisfaction. Was she to blame if, after he had recounted innumerable of Macbane's noble deeds, he saw with joy that she was surrounded by half a dozen admirers, and received with but languid interest their attentions?

But such talks were as stolen fruit. In no way could the girl bring herself to be more than distantly civil to Macbane himself. Once when he tried to speak of the concert, she silenced him peremptorily. They were walking up and down at evening in front of the hotel, and Rita stopped, facing him suddenly in the moonlight, her face pale and stern.

"Mr. Macbane," she said, "let me ask of you a favor: *never* allude to that—unfortunate episode."

Failing to satisfy her, Macbane attached himself to Mrs. Eversley, whose welcome was always cordial; but even this luxury was soon denied him, the old lady falling ill—not seriously, but enough to make it necessary that she should keep her room—a reason for Rita's absenting herself as much as possible. The season had waned; nearly every one had departed; Macbane had gone away twice and returned. Rita's most ardent admirers had been compelled to tear themselves away, comforted by the thought that during the coming winter she was to be with her mother at the Bristol in New York, but with little else from the young girl herself to console them.

"Tell you what it is," young Sturgison confided to his friend and travelling companion as they were whirling away, "if that girl wasn't so stunningly good-looking, she couldn't afford to put on such

airs. Cold as an icicle. I know them, my boy—one of your out and out icebergs."

"Then you didn't come to the point, eh?" inquired the friend. Mr. Sturgison reddened. "Better luck next time, perhaps," said the friend. "Wish you joy, but I wouldn't try it."

Rita meanwhile found her hands full in caring for her mother, who during this illness had grown querulous and exacting. The doctor who had been in the hotel staid on for their benefit, and Charlie Wentworth was invaluable. Rita did not know that it was by Macbane's special management he remained, but he was just young enough to make it possible for the girl to call upon him for all the services a brother would have performed—such as she would never have dreamed of asking of Macbane himself. She missed him, however, in his absences with a pang that smote her like grief and shame together. How many times, while watching her mother sleep in the twilight, she allowed her fancies to wander, her heart recklessly to assert itself! If, as often happened, she was summoned at that hour to the little sitting-room to see Macbane, it would seem to the girl that with the first touch of his hand on hers, the first sound of his voice, her courage failed her. But the feeling only lent her new coldness, and Macbane went away each time with a new sense of rebuff.

For, however careless his earlier feelings may have been, the fact that he loved her was apparent to him now in every moment of his life—loved her as he had never thought it possible to love any woman on God's earth. He had fancied a dozen women, had flirted, had enjoyed the charms of feminine society as all other men; but he had never asked any woman to become his wife; and this girl, with her cold white face, her proud eyes and distant manner, her voice that haunted him long after she had spoken—this girl he desired to make his wife, to shield, to protect, to love, to command, and to obey, with all the ardor, the joy, the passion, of a nature long pent up, yet having an ideal and craving the reality. During his brief absences he fought the feeling only to come back to it with new anguish and desire.

There came a time when Mrs. Eversley's condition improved so that she was less subject to nervousness, and Rita oc-

asionally escaped for a longer walk than she had taken for two weeks. The October weather was perfection in the mountains; the air chill, but never too keen, the sky showing only a faint haze, the foliage reddening and gilding on every bank and hill-side, so that the views far and near were glorified reminders of the summer.

Macbane discovered that Rita walked alone, and remonstrated with her for it. She reminded him of her many years of such freedom at Byrams.

"Before I was a great lady," she said, smiling, though a little sadly; "and you know I cannot take Maria away from mamma."

"You are childish," he said, half angrily. "You know you could have me, or Charlie would be glad to go."

But Rita had grown to fear Charlie as a companion. His beloved theme was like an intoxicating draught to her, and she could not trust herself with it.

"Then come with me to-day," she said, with an unusual gentleness. "I am only going a little way down the ravine."

The place was tranquil, deserted, and yet peaceful. They walked almost in silence, each fearing speech that would bring their minds and memories, their hearts, back to the first starting-point. At last,

"I think that I must be naturally mature," said Rita. "I am only twenty, yet I feel nearly a hundred sometimes."

Macbane looked down upon her with a smile; she was pulling little leaves from the half-bare bushes as they walked along, and letting them fall idly to the ground. Her face was turned away from him, and of late Macbane was possessed by a jealous longing always to see her face—meet the honest if proud look of her eyes while she talked. The coil of soft hair beneath her hat, the bit of throat visible above the yellow silk handkerchief, were charming, but he wanted to see her face, to read what she meant in her eyes.

"Why?" he said, rather sharply. "Look around at me, Rita. Why do you feel old?"

She stopped and turned her face full upon him. The tears which she had been striving to conceal had gathered, and one or two were beginning to roll quietly down the girl's white cheeks.

"My heavens!" cried Macbane, "what is it, child? Oh, Rita!"—and the man's

voice broke—"will you not let me love you? Dear, don't you see that I love you?"

He had caught her hands, and now held them passionately in his own; but Rita had started, with a look in which terror was the only element he could define.

"No! no! no!" she cried, wildly. "You do not—you must not—no!"

"But, Rita, be my wife, and I will *make* you care, dear," he pleaded, holding her firmly.

"No! never! never!" the girl exclaimed, evidently in terror. Where were her resolves—her certainty that he was again cheating her, or perhaps himself?

He dropped her hands suddenly, and without a word Rita turned and fled like a frightened child toward the house.

Macbane occupied an hour or more in strolling about the lonely ravines. Then returning to the hotel, he went to his room, and wrote the following lines:

"I am going away to New York for a few days. If you need me, send for me, to the care of my club. I will wait a little longer, hoping you may have something to say.
D. M."

But when early the next day Macbane went to leave the note for Miss Breton, he was greeted by the intelligence that Mr. Eversley had arrived, and that Rita had been summoned to the bedside of Mrs. Tall, who was dying.

Jered Hopkins had come for her. The young man made his appearance very quietly at the gorgeous hotel; but when Rita, pale and beautiful, and dressed, as he thought, like a princess, came into the room, poor Jered's wits and courage nearly deserted him. Had he not come on an errand of sorrow he could not have controlled or regained his feelings; but the habitual reserve of Byrams served him in good stead. He stood very straight and stiff and uncomfortable as he told the story, and it was only when they were in the cars on the way to Byrams that he thawed sufficiently to express his opinion of the many changes in her.

"Yes, Jered," said the girl, rather sorrowfully, "I *am* changed; I know it."

The young man looked her over carefully again, waited a little while, and then said, "I don't suppose ye've changed *one* kinder way, hev ye?"

The girl shook her head. "No, dear," she said, very gently.

"No, I thought not," he said, and drew his hand across his mouth, and for a time looked fixedly in another direction.

Presently he felt Rita's hand touch his arm, and he started, and looked at her eagerly.

"Jered," the young girl said, in a low tone, "you've been about the best friend I've *ever* had, and so I'm going to tell you something. I love another man with all my heart, and he *says* that he loves me; but I can't believe him—I can't, I dare not. This is my only secret, Jered, and I've trusted you with it."

The friend who had known her always looked at her in mute anguish for an instant, and then he said, quietly: "You must tell me more, Reety, when you *kin*. Mebbe somethin' kin kinder fix it up."

Rita dreaded a return to Byrams to find illness and the vacancy of death in the old house. The deacon had passed away a year before; only Mrs. Tall and a far-away cousin were occupying the house. Jered drove her in melancholy silence over the familiar road, and her heart was too full to note its dull, dreary aspect. The house itself had the look of complete changelessness, which is hardest of all to greet us when we come to say farewell to the dead or dying.

Mrs. Tall was a little better: indeed, on seeing Rita, she brightened, and made the girl talk quite freely to her; but toward evening she failed again, awoke to look in a startled way at the child she had loved so well, clasp her arms about her neck, and so pass away in peace.

The elderly cousin and Rita had all the melancholy work of the next week on their hands. It was over at last; a dreary wet day heard the last words spoken over a woman whose whole life had been one monotonous, cheerless, though generous and loving round. Rita had found to her surprise that she was left sole heiress of the little all her aunt and uncle had possessed; the familiar place once dear to the girl's inmost heart was her own—alas! when that heart was filled to overflowing with bitterness and grief.

Jered came and went during that time, helping the lonely women, trying in an awkward, silent way to draw Rita out upon the subject of her luckless love. One evening, after he had kindled a fire for her on the hearth in the little parlor, and stood watching her white face, whiter than ever in contrast to the sombre dress

she wore, the girl suddenly told him the whole story.

"Why, Rita!" he said. "He *wrote* you that very night. I give Mis' Tall the letter with my own hands."

Rita started to her feet! Oh, if here, here only could be a solution to her vain, unquiet questionings!

The widow's few possessions were neatly laid away. Rita knew that she would in all likelihood have preserved any letter from a stranger, and the next day was devoted to a careful search through the desk, the small and large boxes, and at last, laid away in the leaves of a book, she found it—the letter intended for her, although enclosed to Mrs. Tall, and which, but for this strange turn of circumstances, she never would have seen.

It was a clear autumn day. Rita, holding her treasure, went down-stairs to the sitting-room to read it, and then suddenly a strange thing occurred to her. She would *not* read it! She would place it in his hands, and give him her own, and say she believed in him.

A longing to make reparation came over her. She remembered with self-abasement the cruel things she had said, her covert sneers, her doubts too plainly shown, her disdainful acceptance of the many kindly services he had rendered her mother. What was it that had caused that revolution of feeling she could not tell, but something had arisen in the girl's heart deeper than humility, and her tears were of self-abasement and joy together.

She had briefly written to him of her sorrow, and where she was to be until matters arranged themselves, and she believed that he would come to her at once, but she did not know that Jered for the first time in his life had despatched a telegram, most respectfully requesting Mr. Macbane's presence at Byrams.

It was four o'clock, the October twilight had begun, when Rita, sitting still holding her letter unread in her hands, heard some one come quickly up the porch, open the door, and in another instant Macbane was in the room.

People who have passed through doubts never can say just when faith first came, or just what followed.

Rita knew only that the arms that were to shield her for life were around her, that her face was near to his, that all but the joy of the present seemed to have vanished.

They talked very little of the past for some time. Macbane asked her to read the letter. She said she would keep it, and perhaps read it long years hence. But when the next day they walked out to the school-house, he told her that the concert was the result of the maddest freak, of a week of dead calm on their yacht, and whose suggestion it was he scarcely remembered; that they had not dreamed of really deluding the community, and knowing their entertainment would be good, had persuaded themselves it would all end in fun.

"And yet I wrote you, my darling," said Macbane, standing with her in the little bower, "because I *could* not go away without telling you the whole story, and humbly begging your dear pardon. Ah, Rita, how often, when I've tried to regret it, I haven't had the heart to, knowing it gave me you!"

Mrs. Eversley, who was slowly convalescing, received Rita with much effusiveness. Mr. Eversley had departed on another Western trip, but left his congratulations.

"I *never* supposed you could even tolerate him," the mother said the evening of Rita's return. "After all, it was my doing. I kept him going."

Even now Mrs. Macbane has occasionally to endure such remarks, but her serenity is too complete to make them effective. One of the first things she did after her marriage was to discover the fate of Bret's picture, and as it proved to have been in her husband's possession since the summer when the Internationals made their first and last appearance, she was satisfied.

Only one thing Rita tells her husband is needed to make her joy perfect. "I can't *quite* feel my ideal is attained," she said to him the other day in Venice.

"Why, my dear?" inquired Macbane, who encourages his wife in expressing herself very freely.

"Because, although it is nice to think of Jered keeping the old place at Byrams, still, he ought to marry."

"But, my love," said Macbane, with a twinkle in his eye, "he fully approved, didn't he?"

The Macbanes, say their friends, have a fund of the most incomprehensible phrases, all dating, Rita will tell you, from the season the Internationals gave in '79.

STUDIES OF THE GREAT WEST.

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

VII.—MEMPHIS AND LITTLE ROCK.

THE State of Tennessee gets its diversity of climate and productions from the irregularity of its surface, not from its range over degrees of latitude, like Illinois; for it is a narrow State, with an average breadth of only a hundred and ten miles, while it is about four hundred miles in length, from the mountains in the east—the highest land east of the Rocky Mountains—to the alluvial bottom of the Mississippi in the west. In this range is every variety of mineral and agricultural wealth, with some of the noblest scenery and the fairest farming land in the Union, and all the good varieties of a temperate climate.

In the extreme southwest corner lies Memphis, differing as entirely in character from Knoxville and Nashville as the bottom-lands of the Mississippi differ from the valleys of the Great Smoky Mountains. It is the natural centre of the finest cotton-producing district in the world, the county of Shelby, of which it is legally known as the Taxing District, yielding more cotton than any other county in the Union except that of Washington in Mississippi. It is almost as much aloof politically from east and middle Tennessee as it is geographically. A homogeneous State might be constructed by taking west Tennessee, all of Mississippi above Vicksburg and Jackson, and a slice off Arkansas, with Memphis for its capital. But the redistricting would be a good thing neither for the States named nor for Memphis, for the more variety within convenient limits a State can have, the better, and Memphis could not wish a better or more distinguished destiny than to become the commercial metropolis of a State of such great possibilities and varied industries as Tennessee. Her political influence might be more decisive in the homogeneous State outlined, but it will be abundant for all reasonable ambition in its inevitable commercial importance. And besides, the western part of the State needs the moral tonic of the more elevated regions.

The city has a frontage of about four miles on the Mississippi River, but is high above it on the Chickasaw Bluffs, with an uneven surface and a rolling country back of it, the whole capable of perfect drainage. Its site is the best on the river

for a great city from St. Louis to the Gulf; this advantage is emphasized by the concentration of railways at this point, and the great bridge, which is now on the eve of construction, to the Arkansas shore, no doubt fixes its destiny as the inland metropolis of the Southwest. Memphis was the child of the Mississippi, and this powerful, wayward stream is still its fostering mother, notwithstanding the decay of river commerce brought about by the railways; for the river still asserts its power as a regulator of rates of transportation. I do not mean to say that the freighting on it in towed barges is not still enormous, but if it did not carry a pound to the markets of the world it is still the friend of all the inner continental regions, which says to the railroads, beyond a certain rate of charges you shall not go. With this advantage of situation, the natural receiver of the products of an inexhaustible agricultural region (one has only to take a trip by rail through the Yazoo Valley to be convinced of that), and an equally good point for distribution of supplies, it is inevitable that Memphis should grow with an accelerating impulse.

The city has had a singular and instructive history, and that she has survived so many vicissitudes and calamities, and entered upon an extraordinary career of prosperity, is sufficient evidence of the territorial necessity of a large city just at this point on the river. The student of social science will find in its history a striking illustration of the relation of sound sanitary and business conditions to order and morality. Before the war, and for some time after it, Memphis was a place for trade in one staple, where fortunes were quickly made and lost, where no attention was paid to sanitary laws. The cloud of impending pestilence always hung over it, the yellow-fever was always a possibility, and a devastating epidemic of it must inevitably be reckoned with every few years. It seems to be a law of social life that an epidemic, or the probability of it, engenders a recklessness of life and a low condition of morals and public order. Memphis existed, so to speak, on the edge of a volcano, and

it cannot be denied that it had a reputation for violence and disorder. While little or nothing was done to make the city clean and habitable, or to beautify it, law was weak in its mobile, excitable population, and differences of opinion were settled by the revolver. In spite of these disadvantages, the profits of trade were so great there that its population of twenty thousand at the close of the war had doubled by 1878. In that year the yellow-fever came as an epidemic, and so increased in 1879 as nearly to depopulate the city; its population was reduced from nearly forty thousand to about fourteen thousand, two-thirds of which were negroes; its commerce was absolutely cut off, its manufactures were suspended, it was bankrupt. There is nothing more unfortunate for a State or a city than loss of financial credit. Memphis struggled in vain with its enormous debt, unable to pay it, unable to compromise it.

Under these circumstances the city resorted to a novel expedient. It surrendered its charter to the State, and ceased to exist as a municipality. The leaders of this movement gave two reasons for it, the wish not to repudiate the city debt, but to gain breathing-time, and that municipal government in this country is a failure. The Legislature erected the former Memphis into The Taxing District of Shelby County, and provided a government for it. This government consists of a Legislative Council of eight members, made up of the Board of Fire and Police Commissioners, consisting of three, and the Board of Public Works, consisting of five. These are all elected by popular vote to serve a term of four years, but the elections are held every two years, so that the council always contains members who have had experience. The Board of Fire and Police Commissioners elects a President, who is the executive officer of the Taxing District, and has the power and duties of a mayor; he has a salary of \$2000, inclusive of his fees as police magistrate, and the other members of his board have salaries of \$500. The members of the Board of Public Works serve without compensation. No man can be eligible to either board who has not been a resident of the district for five years. In addition there is a Board of Health, appointed by the council. This government has the ordinary powers of a city government, defined carefully in the act,

but it cannot run the city in debt, and it cannot appropriate the taxes collected except for the specific purposes named by the State Legislature, which specific appropriations are voted annually by the Legislature on the recommendation of the council. Thus the government of the city is committed to eight men, and the execution of its laws to one man, the President of the Taxing District, who has extraordinary power. The final success of this scheme will be watched with a great deal of interest by other cities. On the surface it can be seen that it depends upon securing a non-partisan council, and an honest, conscientious President of the Taxing District—that is to say, upon the choice by popular vote of the best eight men to rule the city. Up to this time, with only slight hitches, it has worked exceedingly well, as will appear in a consideration of the condition of the city. The slight hitch mentioned was that the President was accused of using temporarily the sum appropriated for one city purpose for another.

The Supreme Court of the United States decided that Memphis had not evaded its obligations by a change of name and form of government. The result was a settlement with the creditors at fifty cents on the dollar; and then the city gathered itself together for a courageous effort and a new era of prosperity. The turning-point in its career was the adoption of a system of drainage and sewerage which transformed it immediately into a fairly healthful city. With its uneven surface and abundance of water at hand, it was well adapted to the Waring system, which works to the satisfaction of all concerned, and since its introduction the inhabitants are relieved from apprehension of the return of a yellow-fever epidemic. Population and business returned with this sense of security, and there has been a change in the social atmosphere as well. In 1880 it had a population of less than 34,000; it can now truthfully claim between 75,000 and 80,000; and the business activity, the building both of fine business blocks and handsome private residences, are proportioned to the increase in inhabitants. In 1879-80 the receipt of cotton was 409,809 bales, valued at \$23,752,529; in 1886-87, 663,277 bales, valued at \$30,099,510. The estimate of the Board of Trade for 1888, judging from the first months of the year, is 700,000 bales. I notice in the compar-

ative statement of leading articles of commerce and consumption an exceedingly large increase in 1887 over 1886. The banking capital in 1887 was \$3,360,000—an increase of \$1,560,000 over 1886. The clearings were \$101,177,377 in 1877, against \$82,642,192 in 1886.

The traveller, however, does not need figures to convince him of the business activity of the town; the piles of cotton beyond the capacity of storage, the street traffic, the extension of streets and residences far beyond the city limits, all speak of growth. There is in process of construction a union station to accommodate the six railways now meeting there and others projected. On the west of the river it has lines to Kansas City and Little Rock and to St. Louis; on the east, to Louisville and to the Atlantic seaboard direct, and two to New Orleans. With the building of the bridge, which is expected to be constructed in a couple of years, Memphis will be admirably supplied with transportation facilities.

As to its external appearance, it must be said that the city has grown so fast that city improvements do not keep pace with its assessable value. The inability of the city to go into debt is a wholesome provision, but under this limitation the city offices are shabby, the city police quarters and court would disgrace an indigent country village, and most of the streets are in bad condition for want of pavement. There are fine streets, many attractive new residences, and some fine old places, with great trees, and the gravelled pikes running into the country are in fine condition, and are favorite drives. There is a beautiful country round about, with some hills and pleasant woods. Looked at from an elevation, the town is seen to cover a large territory, and presents in the early green of spring a charming appearance. Some five miles out is the Montgomery race-track, park, and club-house—a handsome establishment, prettily laid out and planted, already attractive, and sure to be notable when the trees are grown.

The city has a public-school system, a Board of Education elected by popular vote, and divides its fund fairly between schools for white and colored children. But it needs good school-houses as much as it needs good pavements. In 1887 the tax of one and a half mills produced \$54,000 for carrying on the schools, and

\$19,000 for the building fund. It was not enough—at least \$75,000 were needed. The schools were in debt. There is a plan adopted for a fine High-School building, but the city needs altogether more money and more energy for the public schools. According to some reports the public schools have suffered from politics, and are not as good as they were years ago, but they are undoubtedly gaining in public favor, notwithstanding some remaining Bourbon prejudice against them. The citizens are making money fast enough to begin to be liberal in matters educational, which are only second to sanitary measures in the well-being of the city. The new free Public Library, which will be built and opened in a couple of years, will do much for the city in this direction. It is the noble gift of the late F. H. Cossitt, of New York, formerly a citizen of Memphis, who left \$75,000 for that purpose.

Perhaps the public schools of Memphis would be better (though not so without liberal endowment) if the city had not two exceptionally good private schools for young ladies. These are the Clara Conway Institute and the Higby School for Young Ladies, taking their names from their principals and founders. Each of these schools has about 350 pupils, from the age of six to the mature age of graduation, boys being admitted until they are twelve years old. Each has pleasant grounds and fine buildings, large, airy, well planned, with ample room for all the departments—literature, science, art, music—of the most advanced education. One finds in them the best methods of the best schools, and a most admirable spirit. It is not too much to say that these schools give distinction to Memphis, and that the discipline and intellectual training the young ladies receive there will have a marked effect upon the social life of the city. If one who spent some delightful hours in the company of these graceful and enthusiastic scholars, and who would like heartily to acknowledge their cordiality, and his appreciation of their admirable progress in general study, might make a suggestion, it would be that what the frank, impulsive Southern girl, with her inborn talent for being agreeable and her vivid apprehension of life, needs least of all is the cultivation of the emotional, the rhetorical, the sentimental side. However cleverly they are

done, the recitation of poems of sentiment, of passion, of love-making and marriage, above all, of those doubtful dialect verses in which a touch of pseudo-feeling is supposed to excuse the slang of the street and the vulgarity of the farm, is not an exercise elevating to the taste. I happen to speak of it here, but I confess that it is only a text from which a little sermon might be preached about "recitations" and declamations generally, in these days of overdone dialect and innuendoes about the hypocrisy of old-fashioned morality.

The city has a prosperous college of the Christian Brothers, another excellent school for girls in the St. Agnes Academy, and a colored industrial school, the Lemoyne, where the girls are taught cooking and the art of house-keeping, and the boys learn carpentering. This does not belong to the public-school system.

Whatever may be the opinion about the propriety of attaching industrial training to public schools generally, there is no doubt that this sort of training is indispensable to the colored people of the South, whose children do not at present receive the needed domestic training at home, and whose education must contribute to their ability to earn a living. Those educated in the schools, high and low, cannot all be teachers or preachers, and they are not in the way of either social elevation or thrifty lives if they have neither a trade nor the taste to make neat and agreeable homes. The colored race cannot have it too often impressed upon them that their way to all the rights and privileges under a free government lies in industry, thrift, and morality. Whatever reason they have to complain of remaining discrimination and prejudice, there is only one way to overcome both, and that is by the acquisition of property and intelligence. In the history of the world a people were never elevated otherwise. No amount of legislation can do it. In Memphis—in Southern cities generally—the public schools are impartially administered as to the use of money for both races. In the country districts they are as generally inadequate, both in quality and in the length of the school year. In the country, where farming and domestic service must be the occupations of the mass of the people, industrial schools are certainly not called for; but in the cities

they are a necessity of the present development.

Ever since Memphis took itself in hand with a new kind of municipal government, and made itself a healthful city, good fortune of one kind and another seems to have attended it. Abundant water it could get from the river for sewerage purposes, but for other uses either extensive filters were needed or cisterns were resorted to. The city was supplied with water, which the stranger would hesitate to drink or bathe in, from Wolf River, a small stream emptying into the Mississippi above the city. But within the year a most important discovery has been made for the health and prosperity of the town. This was the striking, in the depression of the Gayoso Bayou, at a depth of 450 feet, perfectly pure water, at a temperature of about 62°, in abundance, with a head sufficient to bring it in fountains some feet above the level of the ground. Ten wells had been sunk, and the water flowing was estimated at ten millions of gallons daily, or half enough to supply the city. It was expected that with more wells the supply would be sufficient for all purposes, and then Memphis will have drinking water not excelled in purity by that of any city in the land. It is not to be wondered at that this incalculable good fortune should add buoyancy to the business, and even to the advance in the price, of real estate. The city has widely outgrown its corporate limits, there is activity in building and improvements in all the pleasant suburbs, and with the new pavements which are in progress, the city will be as attractive as it is prosperous.

Climate is much a matter of taste. The whole area of the alluvial land of the Mississippi has the three requisites for malaria—heat, moisture, and vegetable decomposition. The tendency to this is overcome, in a measure, as the land is thoroughly drained and cultivated. Memphis has a mild winter, long summer, and a considerable portion of the year when the temperature is just about right for enjoyment. In the table of temperature for 1887 I find that the mean was 61.9°, the mean of the highest by months was 84.9°, and the mean lowest was 37.4°. The coldest month was January, when the range of the thermometer was from 72.2° to 4.3°, and the hottest was July, when the range was from 99° to 67.3°. There is a preponderance of fair, sunny weather. The rec-

ord for 1887 was: 157 days of clear, 132 fair, 65 cloudy, 91 days of frost. From this it appears that Memphis has a pretty agreeable climate for those who do not insist upon a good deal of "bracing," and it has a most genial and hospitable society.

Early on the morning of the 12th of April we crossed the river to the lower landing of the Memphis and Little Rock Railway, the upper landing being inaccessible on account of the high water. It was a delicious spring morning, the foliage, half unfolded, was in its first flush of green, and as we steamed down the stream the town bluffs, forty feet high, were seen to have a noble situation. All the opposite country for forty miles from the river was afloat, and presented the appearance of a vast swamp, not altogether unpleasing in its fresh dress of green. For forty miles, to Madison, the road ran upon an embankment just above the flood; at intervals were poor shanties and little cultivated patches, but shanties, corn patches, and trees all stood in the water. The inhabitants, the majority colored, seemed of the sort to be content with half-amphibious lives. Before we reached Madison and crossed St. Francis River we ran through a streak of gravel. Forest City, at the crossing of the Iron Mountain Railway, turned out to be not exactly a city, in the Eastern meaning of the word, but a considerable collection of houses, with a large hotel. It seemed, so far in the wilderness, an irresponsible sort of place, and the crowd at the station were in a festive, hilarious mood. This was heightened by the playing of a travelling band which we carried with us in the second-class car; and which good-naturedly unlimbered at the stations. It consisted of a colored bass-viol, violin, and guitar, and a white cornet. On the way the negro population were in the majority, all the residences were shabby shanties, and the moving public on the trains and about the stations had not profited by the example of the commercial travellers, who are the only smartly dressed people one sees in these regions. A young girl who got into the car here told me that she came from Marianna, a town to the south, on the Languille River, and she seemed to regard it as a central place. At Brinkley we crossed the St. Louis, Arkansas, and Texas Road, ran through

more swamps to the Cache River, after which there was prairie and bottom-land, and at De Valle's Bluff we came to the White River. There is no doubt that this country is well watered. After White River fine reaches of prairie-land were encountered—in fact, a good deal of prairie and oak timber. Much of this prairie had once been cultivated to cotton, but was now turned to grazing, and dotted with cattle. A place named Prairie Centre had been abandoned; indeed, we passed a good many abandoned houses before we reached Carlisle and the Galloway. Lonoke is one of the villages of rather mean appearance, but important enough to be talked about and visited by the five aspirants for the gubernatorial nomination, who were travelling about together, each one trying to convince the people that the other four were unworthy the office. This is lowland Arkansas, supporting a few rude villages, inhabited by negroes and unambitious whites, and not a fairly representative portion of a great State.

At Argenta, a sort of railway and factory suburb of the city, we crossed the muddy, strong-flowing Arkansas River on a fine bridge, elevated so as to strike high up on the bluff on which Little Rock is built. The rock of the bluff, which the railway pierces, is a very shaly slate. The town lying along the bluff has a very picturesque appearance, in spite of its newness and the poor color of its brick. The situation is a noble one, commanding a fine prospect of river and plain, and mountains to the west, rising from the bluff on a series of gentle hills, with conspicuous heights further out for public institutions and country houses. The city, which has nearly thirty thousand inhabitants, can boast a number of handsome business streets with good shops and an air of prosperous trade, with well-shaded residence streets of comfortable houses; but all the thoroughfares are bad for want of paving, Little Rock being forbidden by the organic law (as Memphis is) to run in debt for city improvements. A city which has doubled its population within eight years, and been restrained from using its credit, must expect to suffer from bad streets, but its caution about debt is reassuring to intending settlers. The needed street improvements, it is understood, however, will soon be under way, and the citizens have the satisfaction of knowing that

when they are made, Little Rock will be a beautiful city.

Below the second of the iron bridges which span the river is a bowlder which gave the name of Little Rock to the town. The general impression is that it is the first rock on the river above its confluence with the Mississippi; this is not literally true, but this rock is the first conspicuous one, and has become historic. On the opposite side of the river, a mile above, is a bluff several hundred feet high, called Big Rock. On the summit is a beautiful park, a vineyard, a summer hotel, and pleasure-grounds—a delightful resort in the hot weather. From the top one gains a fair idea of Arkansas—the rich delta of the river, the mighty stream itself, the fertile rolling land and forests, the mountains on the border of the Indian Territory, the fair city, the sightly prominences about it dotted with buildings—altogether a magnificent and most charming view.

There is a United States arsenal at Little Rock; the government post-office is a handsome building, and among the twenty-seven churches there are some of pleasing architecture. The State-house, which stands upon the bluff overlooking the river, is a relic of old times, suggesting the easy-going plantation style. It is an indescribable building, or group of buildings, with classic pillars of course, and rambling galleries that lead to old-fashioned, domestic-looking State offices. It is shabby in appearance, but has a certain interior air of comfort. The room of the Assembly—plain, with windows on three sides, open to the sun and air, and not so large that conversational speaking cannot be heard in it—is not at all the modern notion of a legislative chamber, which ought to be lofty, magnificently decorated, lighted from above, and shut in as much as possible from the air and the outside world. Arkansas, which is rapidly growing in population and wealth, will no doubt very soon want a new State-house. Heaven send it an architect who will think first of the comfortable, cheerful rooms, and second of imposing outside display! He might spend a couple of millions on a building which would astonish the natives, and not give them as agreeable a working room for the Legislature as this old chamber. The fashion is to put up an edifice whose dimensions shall somehow represent the dignity of

the State, a vast structure of hallways and staircases, with half-lighted and ill-ventilated rooms.* It seems to me that the American genius ought to be able to devise a capitol of a different sort, certainly one better adapted to the Southern climate. A group of connected buildings for the various departments might be better than one solid parallelogram, and I have a fancy that legislators could be clearer-headed, and could profit more by discussion, if they sat in a cheerful chamber, not too large to be easily heard in, and open as much as possible to the sun and air and the sight of tranquil nature. The present Capitol has an air of lazy neglect, and the law library which is stored in it could not well be in a worse condition; but there is something rather pleasing about the old, easy-going establishment that one would pretty certainly miss in a smart new building. Arkansas has an opportunity to distinguish itself by a new departure in State-houses.

In the city are several of the State institutions, most of them occupying ample grounds with fine sites in the suburbs. Conspicuous on high ground in the city is the Blind Asylum, a very commodious and well-conducted institution, with about 80 inmates. The School for Deaf-Mutes, with 125 pupils, is under very able management. But I confess that the State Lunatic Asylum gave me a genuine surprise, and if the civilization of Arkansas were to be judged by it, it would take high rank among the States. It is a very fine building, well constructed and admirably planned, on a site commanding a noble view, with eighty acres of forest and garden. More land is needed to carry out the superintendent's idea of labor, and to furnish supplies for the patients, of whom there are 450, the men and women, colored and white, in separate wings. The builders seem to have taken advantage of all the Eastern experience and shunned the Eastern mistakes, and the result is an establishment with all the modern improvements and conveniences, conducted in the most enlightened spirit. I do not know a better large State asylum in the United States. Of the State penitentiary nothing good can be said. Arkansas is still struggling with the wretched lease system, the frightful abuses of which she is beginning to appreciate. The penitentiary is a sort of depot for convicts, who are distributed about the

State by the contractors. At the time of my visit a considerable number were there, more or less crippled and sick, who had been rescued from barbarous treatment in one of the mines. A gang were breaking stones in the yard, a few were making cigars, and the dozen women in the women's ward were doing laundry-work. But nothing appeared to be done to improve the condition of the inmates. In Southern prisons I notice comparatively few of the "professional" class which so largely make the population of Northern penitentiaries, and I always fancy that in the rather easy-going management, wanting the cast-iron discipline, the lot of the prisoners is not so hard. Thus far among the colored people not much odium attaches to one of their race who has been in prison.

The public-school system of the State is slowly improving, hampered by want of constitutional power to raise money for the schools. By the constitution, State taxes are limited to one per cent.; county taxes to one-half of one per cent., with an addition of one-half of one per cent. to pay debts existing when the constitution was adopted in 1874; city taxes the same as county; in addition, for the support of common schools, the Assembly may lay a tax not to exceed two mills on the dollar on the taxable property of the State, and an annual *per capita* tax of one dollar on every male inhabitant over the age of twenty-one years; and it may also authorize each school district to raise for itself, by vote of its electors, a tax for school purposes not to exceed five mills on the dollar. The towns generally vote this additional tax, but in most of the country districts schools are not maintained for more than three months in the year. The population of the State is about 1,000,000, in an area of 53,045 square miles. The scholastic population enrolled has increased steadily for several years, and in 1886 was 164,757, of which 122,296 were white and 42,461 were colored. The total population of school age (including the enrolled) was 358,006, of which 266,188 were white and 91,818 colored. The school fund available for that year was \$1,327,710. The increased revenue and enrolment are encouraging, but it is admitted that the schools of the State (sparsely settled as it is) cannot be what they should be without more money to build decent school-houses, employ competent

teachers, and have longer sessions. Little Rock has fourteen school-houses, only one or two of which are commendable. The High-School, with 50 pupils and 2 teachers, is held in a district building. The colored people have their fair proportion of schools, with teachers of their own race. Little Rock is abundantly able to tax itself for better schools, as it is for better pavements. In all the schools most attention seems to be paid to mathematics, and it is noticeable how proficient colored children under twelve are in figures.

The most important school in the State, which I did not see, is the Industrial University at Fayetteville, which received the Congressional land grant and is a State beneficiary; its property, including endowments and the university farm, is reckoned at \$300,000. The general intention is to give a practical industrial education. The collegiate department, a course of three years, has 77 pupils; in the preparatory department are about 200; but the catalogue, including special students in art and music, the medical department at Little Rock of 60, and the Normal School at Pine Bluff of 215, foots up about 600 students. The university is situated in a part of the State most attractive in its scenery and most healthful, and offers a chance for every sort of mental and manual training.

The most widely famous place in the State is the Hot Springs. I should like to have seen it when it was in a state of nature; I should like to see it when it gets the civilization of a European bath place. It has been a popular and even crowded resort for several years, and the medical treatment which can be given there in connection with the use of the waters is so nearly a specific for certain serious diseases, and going there is so much a necessity for many invalids, that access to it ought by this time to be easy. But it is not. It is fifty-five miles southwest of Little Rock, but to reach it the traveller must leave the Iron Mountain Road at Malvern for a ride over a branch line of some twenty miles. Unfortunately this is a narrow-gauge road, and however ill a person may be, a change of cars must be made at Malvern. This is a serious annoyance, and it is a wonder that the main railways and the hotel and bath keepers have not united to rid themselves of the monopoly of the narrow-gauge road.

The valley of the Springs is over seven hundred feet above the sea; the country is rough and broken; the hills, clad with small pines and hard-wood, which rise on either side of the valley to the height of two to three hundred feet, make an agreeable impression of greenness, and the place is capable, by reason of its irregularity, of becoming beautiful as well as picturesque. It is still in the cheap cottage and raw brick stage. The situation suggests Carlsbad, which is also jammed into a narrow valley. The Hot Springs Mountain—that is, the mountain from the side of which all the hot springs (about seventy) flow—is a government reservation. Nothing is permitted to be built on it except the government hospital for soldiers and sailors, the public bath-houses along the foot, and one hotel, which holds over on the reserved land. The government has enclosed and piped the springs, built a couple of cement reservoirs, and lets the bath privileges to private parties at thirty dollars a tub, the number of tubs being limited. The rent money the government is supposed to devote to the improvement of the mountain. This has now a private lookout tower on the summit, from which a most extensive view is had over the well-wooded State, and it can be made a lovely park. There is a good deal of criticism about favoritism in letting the bath privileges, and the words “ring” and “syndicate” are constantly heard. Before improvements were made the hot water discharged into a creek at the base of the hill. This creek is now arched over and become a street, with the bath-houses on one side and shops and shanties on the other. Difficulty about obtaining a good title to land has until recently stood in the way of permanent improvements. All claims have now been adjudicated upon, the government is prepared to give a perfect title to all its own land, except the mountain, forever reserved, and purchasers can be sure of peaceful occupation.

Opposite the Hot Springs Mountain rises the long sharp ridge of West Mountain, from which the government does not permit the foliage to be stripped. The city runs around and back of this mountain, follows the winding valley to the north, climbs up all the irregular ridges in the neighborhood, and spreads itself over the valley on the south, near the

Ouachita River. It is estimated that there are 10,000 residents in this rapidly growing town. Houses stick on the sides of the hills, perch on terraces, nestle in the ravines. Nothing is regular, nothing is as might have been expected, but it is all interesting, and promising of something pleasing and picturesque in the future. All the springs, except one, on Hot Springs Mountain are hot, with a temperature ranging from 93° to 157° Fahrenheit; there are plenty of springs in and among the other hills, but they are all cold. It is estimated that the present quantity of hot water, much of which runs to waste, would supply about 19,000 persons daily with 25 gallons each. The water is perfectly clear, has no odor, and is very agreeable for bathing. That remarkable cures are performed here the evidence does not permit one to doubt, nor can one question the wonderfully rejuvenating effect upon the system of a course of its waters.

It is necessary to suggest, however, that the value of the springs to invalids and to all visitors would be greatly enhanced by such regulations as those that govern Carlsbad and Marienbad in Bohemia. The success of those great “cures” depends largely upon the regimen enforced there, the impossibility of indulging in an improper diet, and the prevailing regularity of habits as to diet, sleep, and exercise. There is need at Hot Springs for more hotel accommodation of the sort that will make comfortable invalids accustomed to luxury at home, and at least one new and very large hotel is promised soon to supply this demand; but what Hot Springs needs is the comforts of life, and not means of indulgence at table or otherwise. Perhaps it is impossible for the American public, even the sick part of it, to submit itself to discipline, but we never will have the full benefit of our many curative springs until it consents to do so. Patients, no doubt, try to follow the varying regimen imposed by different doctors, but it is difficult to do so amid all the temptations of a go-as-you-please bath place. A general regimen of diet applicable to all visitors is the only safe rule. Under such enlightened rules as prevail at Marienbad, and with the opportunity for mild entertainment in pretty shops, agreeable walks and drives, with music and the hundred devices to make the time pass pleasantly, Hot Springs would become one of the

most important sanitary resorts in the world. It is now in a very crude state; but it has the water, the climate, the hills and woods; good saddle-horses are to be had, and it is an interesting country to ride over; those who frequent the place are attached to it; and time and taste and money will, no doubt, transform it into a place of beauty.

Arkansas surprised the world by the exhibition it made of itself at New Orleans, not only for its natural resources, but for the range and variety of its productions. That it is second to no other State in its adaptability to cotton raising was known; that it had magnificent forests and large coal fields and valuable minerals in its mountains was known; but that it raised fruit superior to any other in the Southwest, and quite equal to any in the North, was a revelation. The mountainous part of the State, where some of the hills rise to the altitude of 2500 feet, gives as good apples, pears, and peaches as are raised in any portion of the Union; indeed, this fruit has taken the first prize in exhibitions from Massachusetts to Texas. It is as remarkable for flavor and firmness as it is for size and beauty. This region is also a good vineyard country. The State boasts more miles of navigable waters than any other, it has variety of soil and of surface to fit it for every crop in the temperate latitudes, and it has a very good climate. The range of northern mountains protects it from "northers," and its elevated portions have cold enough for a tonic. Of course the low and swampy lands are subject to malaria. The State has just begun to appreciate itself, and has organized efforts to promote immigration. It has employed a competent State geologist, who is doing excellent service. The United States has still a large quantity of valuable land in the State open to settlement under the homestead and pre-emption laws. The State itself has over 2,000,000 acres of land, forfeited and granted to it in various ways; of this, the land forfeited for taxes will be given to actual settlers in tracts of 160 acres to each person, and the rest can be purchased at a low price. I cannot go into all the details, but the reader may be assured that the immigration committee make an exceedingly good showing for settlers who wish to engage in farming, fruit raising, mining, or lumbering. The constitution of the State is very democratic, the statute

laws are stringent in morality, the limitations upon town and city indebtedness are severe, the rate of taxation is very low, and the State debt is small. The State, in short, is in a good condition for a vigorous development of its resources.

There is a popular notion that Arkansas is a "bowie-knife" State, a lawless and an ignorant State. I shared this before I went there. I cannot disprove the ignorance of the country districts. As I said, more money is needed to make the public-school system effective. But in its general aspect the State is as orderly and moral as any. The laws against carrying concealed weapons are strict, and are enforced. It is a fairly temperate State. Under the high license and local option laws, prohibition prevails in two-thirds of the State, and the popular vote is strictly enforced. In forty-eight of the seventy-five counties no license is granted, in other counties only a single town votes license, and in many of the remaining counties many towns refuse it. In five counties only is liquor perfectly free. A special law prohibits liquor selling within five miles of a college; within three miles of a church or school, a majority of the adult inhabitants can prohibit it. With regard to liquor selling, woman suffrage practically exists. The law says that on petition of a majority of the adult population in any district the county judge must refuse license. The women, therefore, without going into politics, sign the petitions and create prohibition.

The street-cars and railways make no discrimination as to color of passengers. Everywhere I went I noticed that the intercourse between the two races was friendly. There is much good land on the railway between Little Rock and Arkansas City, heavily timbered, especially with the clean-boled, stately gum-trees. At Pine Bluff, which has a population of 5000, there is a good colored Normal School, and the town has many prosperous negroes, who support a race-track of their own, and keep up a county fair. I was told that the most enterprising man in the place, the largest street-railway owner, is black as a coal. Further down the road the country is not so good, the houses are mostly poor shanties, and the population, largely colored, appears to be of a shiftless character. Arkansas City itself, low-lying on the Mississippi, has a bad reputation.

Little Rock, already a railway centre of importance, is prosperous and rapidly improving. It has the settled, temperate, orderly society of an Eastern town, but democratic in its habits, and with a cordial hospitality which is more provincial than fashionable. I heard there a good chamber concert of stringed instruments, one of a series which had been kept up by subscription all winter, and would continue the coming winter. The performers were young Bohemians. The gentleman at whose pleasant, old-fashioned house I was entertained, a leading

lawyer and jurist in the Southwest, was a good linguist, had travelled in most parts of the civilized globe, had on his table the current literature of France, England, Germany, and America, a daily Paris newspaper, one New York journal (to give its name might impugn his good taste in the judgment of every other New York journal), and a very large and well-selected library, two-thirds of which was French, and nearly half of the remainder German. This was one of the many things I found in Arkansas which I did not expect to find.

THE MASTER AND THE REAPERS.

BY ZOE DANA UNDERHILL.

THE master called to his reapers:
 "Make scythe and sickle keen,
 And bring me the grain from the uplands,
 And the grass from the meadows green;
 And from off of the mist-clad marshes,
 Where the salt waves fret and foam,
 Ye shall gather the rustling sedges
 To furnish the harvest-home."

Then the laborers cried: "O master,
 We will bring thee the yellow grain
 That waves on the windy hill-side,
 And the tender grass from the plain;
 But that which springs on the marshes
 Is dry and harsh and thin,
 Unlike the sweet field grasses,
 So we will not gather it in."

But the master said: "O foolish!
 For many a weary day,
 Through storm and drought, ye have labored
 For the grain and the fragrant hay.
 The generous earth is fruitful,
 And breezes of summer blow
 Where these, in the sun and the dews of heaven,
 Have ripened soft and slow."

"But out on the wide bleak marsh-land
 Hath never a plough been set,
 And with rapine and rage of hungry waves
 The shivering soil is wet.
 There flower the pale green sedges,
 And the tides that ebb and flow,
 And the biting breath of the sea-wind,
 Are the only care they know."

"They have drunken of bitter waters,
 Their food hath been sharp sea-sand,
 And yet they have yielded a harvest
 Unto the master's hand.
 So shall ye all, O reapers,
 Honor them now the more,
 And garner in gladness, with songs of praise,
 The grass from the desolate shore."



I.—A GERMAN TAPESTRY OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.—SCENE FROM THE CANTICLES.

THE NEW GALLERY OF TAPESTRIES AT FLORENCE.

"And he made a hanging for the tabernacle door of blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine twined linen, of needle-work."—*Exodus*, xxxvi. 37.

"With cherubim of cunning work shalt thou make them."—*Exodus*, xxvi. 1.

PAINING in textile fabrics, or the art of producing figures by the loom, is almost as ancient as that of painting on a wall or panel. The art existed on the banks of the Nile many thousands of years before our era. In Eastern Asia and in Greece we meet with it simultaneously with the first signs of a general civilization. In those different regions the decorative roll of tapestry asserts itself at a very early period. To nomadic tribes it furnished the principal element of ornamentation of their tents. Dwellers in towns made use of them to complete the arrangement or to heighten the splendor of their temples or their palaces. Semper says that in primitive architecture the most important part, the generating element, belongs to stuffs. According to him, drapery is the principle which dominates the art of building, and which presides over its development, each new material of textile art giving birth to form and color, sources of perpetual modification, and that one has but to examine the plan of an ancient house to discover that it was only inhabitable thanks to the hangings, which in the absence of walls served as the necessary divisions, and also as protection against heat and cold.

The loom is one of the oldest inventions. Those used by the ancient Egyptians, pictures of which are painted and sculptured upon some of their monuments, are of similar form to those of

the Hindoo and Chinese, and the form was not very essentially varied in the looms used by Western nations in their development toward modern civilization for several thousands of years. In Egypt weaving was an important branch of industry, cotton and flax being indigenous; it is uncertain whether silk was used. Stuffs were woven in large manufactories under the superintendence of the priests, who had a monopoly of all the cloths used for sacred purposes, especially for the mummies. The stuffs were generally dyed in the wool, and many of them embroidered with threads of gold and silver wire. Some of them are striped, others stained or flowered, and the colors of all exhibit those dazzling hues of the East which we are unable to rival in Europe.

The art of embroidering cloth with needle-work is said to have been first invented by the Phrygians; the interweaving of gold, by King Attalus; the interweaving of different colors, by the Babylonians; the raising of several threads at once, by the people of Alexandria, in Egypt, which produced a cloth similar to the Babylonian, called *polymita*, wrought, as weavers say, with a many-leaved comb. The art of mixing silver in cloth was not invented till the time of the Greek emperors. Spinning and weaving constituted the chief employment of the ancient Greek and Roman women, hence the frequent allusions to it in the poets. Hector, when he sees Andromache overwhelmed with



II.—HENRY II. AND CATHERINE DE MEDICIS WITNESSING GAMES.—A FLEMISH TAPESTRY OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.



III.—CHRIST WASHING THE APOSTLES' FEET.—A SIXTEENTH CENTURY TAPESTRY.

terror, sends her for consolation to the loom and the distaff (*Iliad*, vi.).

Herod besieged Jerusalem and took it in 37 B.C.; he restored the Temple on a more magnificent scale than Solomon's, and hung it with Babylonian tapestries. We read, too, that Nero spent £32,281 for hangings and furniture of Babylonian tapestries for his dining-room alone. The tapestries Rome possessed at that time were imported. Rome ruled the world, and her soldiers brought back with them spoils from every country. The works of the Grecian artists became the first object of proconsular rapacity, and the astonishing number which Verres had acquired during his government of Sicily formed one of the most striking features of the invectives of Cicero, who asserted that throughout that whole province of Sicily, so distinguished by the taste and

riches of its inhabitants, there was not a single statue or figure, either of bronze, marble, or ivory, not a picture or *piece of tapestry*, that Verres had not appropriated and brought back to Rome with him.

In those days tapestries were not only used for the interior decoration of palaces, temples, and villas, but they were used also to convert public highways and squares into the guise of galleries or rooms to add splendor during the solemnity of a civic or religious festival, to which they lent themselves in a marvellous manner. Such, however, was the devastation which took place in Italy during the Middle Ages, age of superstition and barbarian invasion, that of the innumerable works of art collected by the Roman conquerors, scarcely a specimen was to be found in the beginning of the fifteenth century.

There is not a vestige, perhaps, to be discovered in Europe for several generations of any considerable manufacture: I mean of fabricating articles of common utility to an extent beyond what the necessities of an adjacent district required. Rich men kept domestic artisans among their servants; even kings in the ninth century had their clothes made by the women

upon their farms; but there was no extended traffic. The insecurity of movable wealth, and difficulty of accumulating it, the ignorance of mutual wants, the peril of robbery in conveying merchandise, and the certainty of extortion, are sufficient explanation why manufactures did not flourish; and before any manufactures were established in Europe, her commer-



IV.—A HOME INTERIOR OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

cial intercourse with Egypt and Asia must have been very trifling, because, whatever inclination she might feel to enjoy the luxuries of those genial regions, she wanted the means of obtaining them. It is not, therefore, necessary to rest the miserable conditions of Oriental commerce upon the Saracen conquest, because the poverty of Europe is an adequate cause, and in fact what little traffic remained was carried on with no material inconvenience through the channel of Constantinople; but imports from the East beginning to fail, the inhabitants of the different states of western Europe began to consider their local resources and to develop them.

We read that the art of weaving tapestry was introduced into France about the ninth century, but it was not generally introduced into Europe until the time of the Crusades; and the workmen employed in the manufacture were originally called *sarazins* and *sarazinois*, indicating the origin of the art as derived from the Saracens. But the fabrication of tapestry with the needle had always been a favorite occupation for ladies of the highest rank. The famous Bayeux tapestry is supposed to have been done by Matilda, wife of William the Conqueror, and the ladies of her court; it is a wonderful piece of pictorial needle-work, representing the events connected with the conquest of England. It is worked like a sampler, in woollen thread of different colors.

It is only from the end of the fourteenth century, in the reign of Charles V., surnamed the Wise—for he was one of the most useful of French kings in promoting all kinds of industries—that we can follow the developments of the art. The tapestries of Arras were so famous about that time that the name generally given to this species of hangings (*arras*, French; *arazzo*, Italian) is said to have been derived from the name of the town. At Bruges in 1430 Philip the Good instituted the order of the Golden Fleece, in honor of the prosperity of the woollen trade of the town. Bruges had then a large share of the commerce of the globe, while its manufactures, especially in tapestry, excelled all others. It is supposed that Flemish workmen went to Constantinople to learn the secrets of the art of weaving tapestry, for they were at that time superior to all other workmen, and were sought for all over Europe. The famous Gobelin estab-

lishment in Paris derives its name from the brothers Jehan and Gilles Gobelin, who came from Holland about 1470, and erected a building in the Faubourg St.-Marcel, upon the Bièvre, as they believed that the water of the little stream possessed qualities advantageous to their art. Louis XIV. purchased it in 1667, and ever since it has belonged to the French government.

The first tapestries made in Italy were manufactured at Mantua, in 1419, by Flemish workmen, but it was not until 1545 that Cosmo I. de' Medici created an establishment in Florence. Cosmo I. turned his especial attention to the encouragement of all arts and industries, and wished the Florentine factory to surpass all others. The founders of the factory were Nicolo Karches and Giovanni vander Roost, who were already celebrated by their works in the factory at Ferrara. They were tempted to Florence by the princely offer of the Grand-duke Cosmo. They bound themselves to teach the secrets of their art in all its branches to a stated number of Florentines, in return for which, commodious quarters were placed at their disposal, and a sum of 600 gold scudi yearly. The work that was done for the house of Medici was paid apart. They were also at liberty to execute private commissions, but were obliged to keep 24 tapestries in hand as examples and instruction for the students.

This new Gallery of Tapestry in Florence was opened in February, 1884, and is the first and only institution of its kind in Italy; it contains specimens of the different developments of tapestry, and represents in a special manner its history in Tuscany. There are about 124 pieces of tapestry, made from designs of celebrated artists, and woven by foreign and domestic workmen.

This wealth of tapestries was scattered about in the palaces of Florence, Pisa, and Siena, and in the grand-ducal villas, until brought together by the care of Baron Ricasoli, who had them placed temporarily in the gallery that unites the Uffizi and Pitti palaces, where they remained from 1865 to 1882; then the collection was removed to its present abode, on the second floor of the Palazzo della Crocetta (the Egyptian Museum is on the first floor), and a quantity of forgotten tapestries were brought to light from the store-rooms of the Uffizi, and now the whole collection is carefully and systematically



V.—GOBELINS TAPESTRY OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.



VI.—THE FALL OF PHAETON.—AN ITALIAN TAPESTRY OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

arranged; it forms an almost complete history of Tuscan tapestry, besides containing some beautiful specimens of Gobelins and German and Flemish work.

There is no specimen earlier than the fourteenth century. The engravings Nos. I. and VII. illustrate two of a series of very interesting German works of that date, representing scenes from the Canticles of Solomon. The colors are still

rich and beautiful, deep in tone, and in the days when those tapestries were made each different material employed had its particular signification. Colors were symbolical, white representing purity of morals; red, charity; green, contemplation; black, mortification of the flesh; livid colors (*les lividæ*), tribulation. Guillaume Durand, Bishop of Mende, in his treatise upon tapestry, written at the end of the

thirteenth century, defined with accurate precision all their details.

No. II. is a Flemish tapestry of the sixteenth century, depicting Henry II. and Catherine de Medicis, with the ladies of their court, witnessing games given in their honor. The dresses of the ladies are wonderful. It also forms one of a series of most beautiful and interesting tapestries, perhaps the most interesting in the gallery.

In the beginning of the seventeenth century this industry did not flourish in Florence, for the Grand-duke Ferdinand I. divided his patronage, being more interested in mosaic work, in *pietra dura*, than in tapestries, and it was not until Ferdinand II. came to the throne, and induced Pietro Fevère to leave a high position in Paris, that the factory began to flourish again. Very little seventeenth century work is interesting or worth dwelling upon.

No. III. is a hanging executed at the Florentine factory by Papini between 1591 and 1609, from a cartoon of Alessandro Allori—Christ washing the Apostles'

Feet—one of the most interesting and beautiful tapestries of the collection: exquisite in design: every detail of the intricate border is worthy of study.

No. IV. is a tapestry hanging executed by Fevère about 1640, representing an interior in winter. It is interesting as depicting a home scene in the seventeenth century.

No. V. is an exceedingly pretty Gobelin of the seventeenth century.

In the beginning of the eighteenth century Bronconi was at the head of the Florence works. Under him were the celebrated workmen Bernini and Demigott, to whom are due the beautiful tapestries of the Four Quarters of the Globe. The Fall of Phaeton (No. VI.) and the Rape of Proserpine each took Bernini and his workmen two years of constant work; and they are the last specimens of the Florentine factory, as in the year 1737 Gian Gastine de' Medici died, and it was decided to close the factory. Instituted and supported in Tuscany by the Medici, it lived and died in the reign of that illustrious and munificent family.



VII.—GERMAN TAPESTRY OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.—SCENE FROM THE CANTICLES.

THE BELFRY CHIMES.

BY JOHN MUIR.

HARK! a merry peal we're ringing,
 With joyous clash we cleave the air,
 God's peace and blessing gayly flinging
 O'er a happy bridal pair.
 Slowly down the aisle they're passing,
 Proudly 'neath the archway gay,
 Far above sweet music's crashing—
 Heed the warning now we say.
 Time for sorrow, time for song—
 Comes and goes the fleeting breath;
 Time for sorrow, time for song—
 Life to-day, to-morrow death.

Now changed our note, so soft and low,
 As they turn the burial sod,
 And bowed the mourners weeping go,
 For a soul returned to God.
 With muffled sob we clang so slowly,
 As round the grave they kneel and pray,
 And mingled with those words so holy,
 Sad our warning still we say:
 Time for sorrow, time for song—
 Comes and goes the fleeting breath;
 Time for sorrow, time for song—
 Life to-day, to-morrow death.

ANNIE KILBURN.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

XIII.

IN the process of that expansion from a New England village to an American town of which Putney spoke, Hatboro' had suffered one kind of deterioration which Annie could not help noticing. She remembered a distinctly intellectual life, which might still exist in its elements, but which certainly no longer had as definite expression. There used to be houses in which people, maiden aunts and hale grandmothers, took a keen interest in literature, and read the new books and discussed them, some time after they had ceased to be new in the publishing centres, but whilst they were still not old. But now the grandmothers had died out, and the maiden aunts had faded in, and she could not find just such houses anywhere in Hatboro'. The decay of the Unitarians as a sect perhaps had something to do with the literary lapse of the place: their highly intellectualized belief had favored taste in a direction where the more ritualistic and emotional religions did not promote it: and it is certain that they were no longer the leading people.

It would have been hard to say just who these leading people were. The old political and juristic pre-eminence which the lawyers had, once enjoyed was a tradition; the learned professions yielded in distinction to the growing wealth and plutocratic influence of the prosperous manufacturers; the situation might be summed up in the fact that Colonel Marvin of the shoe interest and Mr. Wilmington now filled the place once held by Judge Kilburn and Squire Putney. The social life in private houses had undoubtedly shrunk; but it had expanded in the direction of church socials, and it had become much more ecclesiastical in every way, without becoming more religious. As formerly, some people were acceptable, and some were not; but it was, as everywhere else, more a question of money; there was an aristocracy and a commonalty, but there was a confusion and a more ready convertibility in the materials of each.

The social authority of such a person as Mrs. Gerrish was not the only change that bewildered Annie, and the effort to

extend her relations with the village people was one from which she shrank till her consciousness had more perfectly adjusted itself to the new conditions. Meanwhile Dr. Morrell came to call the night after their tea at the Putneys', and he fell into the habit of coming several nights in the week, and staying late. Sometimes he was sent for at her house by sick people, and he must have left word at his office where he was to be found.

He had spent part of his student life in Europe, and he looked back to his travel there with a fondness that the Old World inspires less and less in Americans. Apparently he found it droll that a woman of her acquaintance with a larger life should be willing to live in Hatboro' at all, and he seemed incredulous about her staying after summer was over. She felt that she mystified him, and sometimes she felt the pursuit of a curiosity which was a little too like a psychical diagnosis. He had a way of sitting beside her table and playing with her paper-cutter, while he submitted with a quizzical smile to her endeavors to turn him to account. She did not mind his laughing at her eagerness (a woman is willing enough to join a man in making fun of her femininity if she believes that he respects her), and she tried to make him talk about Hatboro', and tell her how she could be of use among the working people. She would have liked very much to know whether he gave his medical service gratis among them, and whether he found it a pleasure and a privilege to do so. There was one moment when she would have liked to ask him to let her be at the charges of his more indigent patients, but with the words behind her lips she perceived that it would not do. At the best, it would be taking his opportunity from him and making it hers. She began to see that one ought to have a conscience about doing good.

She let the chance of proposing this impossibility go by; and after a little silence Dr. Morrell seemed to revert, in her interest, to the economical situation in Hatboro'.

"You know that most of the hands in the hat shops are from the farms around;

* Begun in June number, 1888.

and some of them own property here in the village. I know the owner of three small houses, who's always worked in the shops. You couldn't very well offer help to a landed proprietor like that?"

"No," said Annie, abashed in view of him.

"I suppose you ought to go to a factory town like Fall River, if you really wanted to deal with overwork and squalor."

"I'm beginning to think there's no such thing anywhere," she said, desperately.

The doctor's eyes twinkled sympathetically. "I don't know whether Benson earned his three houses altogether in the hat shops. He 'likes a good horse,' as he says; and he likes to trade it for a better; I know that from experience. But he's a great friend of mine. Well, then, there are more women than men in the shops, and they earn more. I suppose that's rather disappointing too."

"It is, rather."

"But, on the other hand, the work only lasts eight months of the year, and that cuts wages down to an average of a dollar a day."

"Ah!" cried Annie. "There's some hope in *that*! What do they do when the work stops?"

"Oh, they go back to their country-seats."

"All?"

"Perhaps not all."

"I *thought* so!"

"Well, you'd better look round among those that stay."

Even among these she looked in vain for destitution; she could find that in satisfactory degree only in straggling veterans of the great army of tramps which once overran country places in the summer.

She would have preferred not to see or know the objects of her charity, and because she preferred this she forced herself to face their distasteful misery. Mrs. Bolton had orders to send no one from the door who asked for food or work, but to call Annie and let her judge the case. She knew that it was folly, and she was afraid it was worse, but she could not send the homeless creatures away as hungry or poor as they came. They filled her gentlewoman's soul with loathing; but if she kept beyond the range of the powerful corporeal odor that enveloped them, she could experience the luxury of

pity for them. The filthy rags that caricatured them, their sick or sodden faces, always frowzed with a week's beard, represented typical poverty to her, and accused her comfortable state with a poignant contrast; and she consoled herself as far as she could with the superstition that in meeting them she was fulfilling a duty sacred in proportion to the disgust she felt in the encounter.

The work at the hat shops fell off after the spring orders, and did not revive till the beginning of August. If there was less money among the hands and their families who remained than there was in time of full work, the weather made less demand upon their resources. The children lived mostly out-of-doors, and seemed to have always what they wanted of the season's fruit and vegetables. They got these too late from the decaying lots at the provision stores, and too early from the nearest orchards; and Dr. Morrell admitted that there was a good deal of sickness, especially among the little ones, from this diet. Annie wondered whether she ought not to offer herself as nurse among them; she asked him whether she could not be of use in that way, and had to confess that she knew nothing about the prevailing disease.

"Then I don't think you'd better undertake it," he said. "There are too many nurses there already, such as they are. It's the dull time in most of the shops, you know, and the women have plenty of leisure. There are about five volunteer nurses for every patient, not counting the grandmothers on both sides. I think they would resent any outside aid."

"Ah, I'm always on the outside! But can't I send—I mean carry—them any thing nourishing, any little dishes—"

"Arrowroot is about all the convalescents can manage." She made a note of it. "But jelly and chicken broth are always relished by their friends."

"Dr. Morrell, I must ask you not to turn me into ridicule, if you please. I cannot permit it."

"I beg your pardon—I do indeed, Miss Kilburn. I didn't mean to ridicule you. I began seriously, but I was led astray by remembering what becomes of most of the good things sent to sick people."

"I know," she said, breaking into a laugh. "I have eaten lots of them for my father. And is arrow-root the only thing?"

The doctor reflected, gravely. "Why, no. There's a poor little life now and then that might be saved by the sea-air. Yes, if you care to send some of my patients, with a mother and a grandmother apiece, to the sea-side—"

"Don't say another word, doctor," cried Annie. "You make me so happy! I will—I will send their whole families. And you won't, you *won't* let a case escape, will you, doctor?" It was a break in the iron wall of uselessness which had closed her in; she behaved like a young girl with an invitation to a ball.

When the first patient came back well from the sea-side her rejoicing overflowed in exultation before the friends to whom she confessed her agency in the affair. Putney pretended that he could not see what pleasure she could reasonably take in restoring the child to the sort of life it had been born to; but that was a matter she would not consider, theoretically or practically.

She began to go outside of Dr. Morrell's authority; she looked up two cases herself, and upon advising with their grandmothers, sent them to the sea-side, and she was at the station when the train came in with the young mother and the still younger aunt of one of the sick children. She did not see the baby, and the mother passed her with a stare of impassioned reproach, and fell sobbing on the neck of her husband, waiting for her on the platform. Annie felt the blood drop back upon her heart. She caught at the girl's aunt, who was looking about her with a sense of the interest which attached to herself as a party to this spectacle.

"Oh, Rebecca, where is the child?"

"Well, there, Miss Kilburn, I'm *ril* sorry to tell you, but I guess the sea-air didn't do it a great deal of good, if any. I tell Maria she'll see it in the right light after a while, but of course she can't, first off. Well, there! *Somebody's* got to look after it. You'll excuse *me*, Miss Kilburn."

Annie saw her run off to the baggage-car, from which the baggage-man was handing out a narrow box. The ground reeled under her feet; she got the public depot carriage and drove home.

She sent for Dr. Morrell, and poured out the confession of her error upon him before he could speak. "I am a murderess," she ended, hysterically. "Don't deny it!"

"I think you can be got off on the ground of insanity, Miss Kilburn, if you go on in this way," he answered.

Her desperation broke in tears. "Oh, what shall I do—what shall I do? I've killed the child!"

"Oh no, you haven't," he retorted. "I know the case. The only hope for it was the sea-air; I was going to ask you to send it—"

She took down her handkerchief and gave him a piercing look. "Dr. Morrell, if you are lying to me—"

"I'm not lying, Miss Kilburn," he answered. "You've done a very unwarrantable thing in both of the cases that you sent to the sea-side on your own responsibility. One of them I certainly shouldn't have advised sending, but it's turned out well. You've no more credit for it, though, than for this that died; and you won't think I'm lying, perhaps, when I say you're equally to blame in both instances."

"I—I beg your pardon," she faltered, with dawning comfort in his severity. "I didn't mean—I didn't intend to say—"

"I know it," said Dr. Morrell, allowing himself to smile. "Just remember that you blundered into doing the only thing left to be done for Mrs. Savor's child; and—don't try it again. That's all."

He smiled once more, and at some permissive light in her face, he began even to laugh.

"You—you're horrible!"

"Oh no, I'm not," he gasped. "All the tears in the world wouldn't help; and my laughing hurts nobody. I'm sorry for you, and I'm sorry for the mother; but I've told you the truth—I have indeed; and you *must* believe me."

The child's father came to see her the next night. "Rebecca she seemed to think that you felt kind of bad, maybe, because Maria wouldn't speak to you when she first got off the cars yesterday, and I don't say she done exactly right, myself. The way I look at it, and the way I tell Maria *she'd* ought to, is like this: You done what you done for the best, and we wa'n't *obliged* to take your advice anyway. But of course Maria she'd kind of set her heart on savin' it, and she can't seem to get over it right away." He talked on much longer to the same effect, tilted back in his chair, and looking down, while he covered and uncovered one of his knees with his straw hat. He had the usual

rustic difficulty in getting away, but Annie was glad to keep him, in her gratitude for his kindness. Besides, she could not let him go without satisfying a suspicion she had.

"And Dr. Morrell—have you seen him for Mrs. Savor—have you—" She stopped, for shame of her hypocrisy.

"No, 'm. We hain't seen him *sence*. I guess she'll get along."

It needed this stroke to complete her humiliation before the single-hearted fellow.

"I—I suppose," she stammered out, "that you—your wife, wouldn't like me to come to the—I can understand that; but oh! if there is anything I can do for you—flowers—or my carriage—or helping anyway—"

Mr. Savor stood up. "I'm much obliged to *you*, Miss Kilburn; but we thought we hadn't better wait, well not a great while, and—the funeral was this afternoon. Well, I wish you good-evening."

She met the mother, a few days after, in the street; with an impulse to cross over to the other side she advanced straight upon her.

"Mrs. Savor! What can I say to you?"

"Oh, I don't presume but what you meant for the best, Miss Kilburn. But I guess I shall know what to do next time. I kind of felt the whole while that it was a resk. But it's all right now."

Annie realized, in her resentment of the poor thing's uncouth sorrow, that she had spoken to her with the hope of getting, not giving, comfort.

"Yes, yes," she confessed. "I was to blame." The bereaved mother did not gainsay her, and she felt that, whatever was the justice of the case, she had met her present deserts.

She had to bear the discredit into which the sea-side fell with the mothers of all the other sick children. She tried to bring Dr. Morrell once to the consideration of her culpability in the case of those who might have lived if the case of Mrs. Savor's baby had not frightened their mothers from sending them to the sea-side; but he refused to grapple with the problem. She was obliged to believe him when he said he should not have advised sending any of the recent cases there; that the disease was changing its character, and such a course could have done no good.

"Look here, Miss Kilburn," he said, after scanning her face sharply, "I'm going to leave you a little tonic. I think you're rather run down."

"Well," she said, passively.

XIV.

It was in her revulsion from the direct beneficence which had proved so dangerous that Annie was able to give herself to the more general interests of the Social Union. She had not the courage to test her influence for it among the work-people whom it was to entertain and elevate, and whose co-operation Mr. Peck had thought important; but she went about among the other classes, and found a degree of favor and deference which surprised her, and an ignorance of what lay so heavy on her heart which was still more comforting. She was nowhere treated as the guilty wretch she called herself; some who knew of the facts had got them wrong; and she discovered what must always astonish the inquirer below the pretentious surface of our democracy—an indifference and an incredulity concerning the feelings of people of lower station which could not be surpassed in another civilization. Her concern for Mrs. Savor was treated as a great trial for Miss Kilburn; but the mother's bereavement was regarded as something those people were used to, and got over more easily than one could imagine.

Annie's mission took her to the ministers of the various denominations, and she was able to overcome any scruples they might have about the theatricals by urging the excellence of their object. As a Unitarian, she was not prepared for the liberality with which the matter was considered; the Episcopalians of course were with her; but the Universalist minister himself was not more friendly than the young Methodist preacher, who volunteered to call with her on the pastor of the Baptist church, and help present the affair in the right light; she had expected a degree of narrow-mindedness, of bigotry, which her sect learned to attribute to others in the militant period before they had imbibed so much of its own tolerance.

But the recollection of what had passed with Mr. Peck remained a reproach in her mind, and nothing that she accomplished for the Social Union with the other ministers was important. In her vivid reveries

she often met him, and combated his peculiar ideas, while she admitted a wrong in her own position, and made every expression of regret, and parted from him on the best terms, esteemed and complimented in high degree; in reality she saw him seldom, and still more rarely spoke to him, and then with a distance and consciousness altogether different from the effects dramatized in her fancy. Sometimes during the period of her interest in the sick children of the hands, she saw him in their houses, or coming and going outside; but she had no chance to speak with him, or else said to herself that she had none, because she was ashamed before him. She thought he avoided her; but this was probably only a phase of the impersonality which seemed characteristic of him in everything. At these times she felt a strange pathos in the lonely man whom she knew to be at odds with many of his own people, and she longed to interpret herself more sympathetically to him, but actually confronted with him she was sensible of something cold and even hard in the nimbus her compassion cast about him. Yet even this added to the mystery that piqued her, and that loosed her fancy to play, as soon as they parted, in conjecture about his past life, his marriage, and the mad wife who had left him with the child he seemed so ill-fitted to care for. Then, the next time they met she was abashed with the recollection of having unwarrantably romanced the plain, simple, homely little man, and she added an embarrassment of her own to that shyness of his which kept them apart.

Except for what she had heard Putney say, and what she learned casually from the people themselves, she could not have believed he ever did anything for them. He came and went so elusively, as far as Annie was concerned, that she knew of his presence in the houses of sickness and death usually by his little girl, whom she found playing about in the street before the door with the children of the hands. She seemed to hold her own among the others in their plays and their squabbles; if she tried to make up to her, Idella smiled, but she would not be approached, and Annie's heart went out to the little mischief in as helpless good-will as toward the minister himself.

She used to hear his voice through the summer-open windows when he called

upon the Boltons, and wondered if some accident would not bring them together, but she had to send for Mrs. Bolton at last, and bid her tell Mr. Peck that she would like to see him before he went away, one night. He came, and then she began a parrying parley of preliminary nothings before she could say that she supposed he knew the ladies were going on with their scheme for the establishment of the Social Union; he admitted vaguely that he had heard something to that effect, and she added that the invited dance and supper had been given up.

He remained apparently indifferent to the fact, and she hurried on: "And I ought to say, Mr. Peck, that nearly every one—every one whose opinion you would value—agreed with you that it would have been extremely ill-advised, and—and shocking. And I'm quite ashamed that I should not have seen it from the beginning; and I hope—I hope you will forgive me if I said things in my—my excitement that must have—I mean not only what I said to you, but what I said to others; and I assure you that I regret them, and—"

She went on and repeated herself at length, and he listened patiently, but as if the matter had not really concerned either of them personally. She had to conclude that what she had said of him had not reached him, and she ended by confessing that she had clung to the Social Union project because it seemed the only thing in which her attempts to do good were not mischievous.

Mr. Peck's thin face kindled with a friendlier interest than it had shown while the question at all related to himself, and a light of something that she took for humorous compassion came into his large, pale blue eyes. At least it was intelligence; and perhaps the woman nature craves this as much as it is supposed to crave sympathy; perhaps the two are finally one.

"I want to tell you something, Mr. Peck—an experience of mine," she said, abruptly, and without trying to connect it obviously with what had gone before, she told him the story of her ill-fated beneficence to the Savors. He listened intently, and at the end he said: "I understand. But that is sorrow you have caused, not evil; and what we intend in good-will must not rest a burden on the conscience, no matter how it turns out. Otherwise

the moral world is no better than a crazy dream, without plan or sequence. You might as well rejoice in an evil deed because good happened to come of it."

"Oh, *I thank you!*" she gasped. "You don't know what a load you have lifted from me!"

Her words feebly expressed the sense of deliverance which overflowed her heart. Her strength failed her like that of a person suddenly relieved from some great physical stress or peril; but she felt that he had given her the truth, and she held fast by it while she went on.

"If you knew, or if any one knew, how difficult it is, what a responsibility, to do the least thing for others! And once it seemed so simple! And it seems all the more difficult, the more means you have of doing good. The poor people seem to help one another without doing any harm, but if *I* try it—"

"Yes," said the minister, "it is difficult to help others when we cease to need help ourselves. A man begins poor, or his father or grandfather before him—it doesn't matter how far back he begins—and then he is in accord and full understanding with all the other poor in the world; but as he prospers he withdraws from them and loses their point of view. Then, when he offers help, it is not as a brother of those who need it, but a patron, an agent of the false state of things in which want is possible; and his help is not an impulse of the love that ought to bind us all together, but a compromise proposed by iniquitous social conditions, a peace-offering to his own guilty consciousness of his share in the wrong."

"Yes," said Annie, too grateful for the comfort he had given her to question words whose full purport had not perhaps reached her. "And I assure you, Mr. Peck, I feel very differently about these things since I first talked with you. And I wish to tell you, in justice to myself, that I had no idea then that—that—you were speaking from your own experience when you—you said how working people looked at things. I didn't know that you had been—that is, that—"

"Yes," said the minister, coming to her relief, "I once worked in a cotton-mill. Then," he continued, dismissing the personal concern, "it seems to me that I saw things in their right light, as I have never been able to see them since—"

"And how brutal," she broke in, "how

cruel and vulgar, what I said must have seemed to you!"

"I fancied," he continued, evasively, "that I had authority to set myself apart from my fellow-workmen, to be a teacher and guide to the true life. But it was a great error. The true life was the life of work, and no one ever had authority to turn from it. Christ himself came as a laboring-man."

"That is true," said Annie; and the words transfigured the man who spoke them, so that her heart turned reverently toward him. "But if you had been meant to work in a mill all your life," she pursued, "would you have been given the powers you have, and that you have just used to save me from despair?"

The minister rose, and said, with a sigh: "No one was meant to work in a mill all his life. Good-night."

She would have liked to keep him longer, but she could not think how, at once. As he turned to go out through the Boltons' part of the house, "Won't you go out through my door?" she asked, with a helpless effort at hospitality.

"Oh, if you wish," he answered, submissively.

When she had closed the door upon him she went to speak with Mrs. Bolton. She was in the kitchen mixing flour to make bread, and Annie traced her by following the lamp-light through the open door. It discovered Bolton sitting in the outer doorway, his back against one jamb and his feet resting against the base of the other.

"Mrs. Bolton," Annie began at once, making herself free of one of the hard kitchen chairs, "how is Mr. Peck getting on in Hatboro'?"

"I d' know as I know just what you mean, Miss Kilburn," said Mrs. Bolton, on the defensive.

"I mean, is there a party against him in his church? Is he unpopular?"

Mrs. Bolton took some flour and sprinkled it on her bread-board; then she lifted the mass of dough out of the trough before her, and let it sink softly upon the board.

"I d' know as you can say he's unpopular. He ain't poplah with some. Yes, there's a party—the Gerrish party."

"Is it a strong one?"

"It's pretty strong."

"Do you think it will prevail?"

"Well, most o' folks don't know *what*

they want; and if there's some folks that know what they *don't* want, they can generally keep from havin' it."

Bolton made a soft husky prefatory noise of protest in his throat, which seemed to stimulate his wife to a more definite assertion, and she cut in before he could speak:

"I should say that unless them that stood Mr. Peck's friends first off, and got him here, done something to keep him, his enemies wa'n't goin' to take up his cause."

Annie divined a personal reproach for Bolton in the apparent abstraction.

"Oh, now, you'll see it 'll all come out right in the end, Pauliny," he mildly opposed. "There ain't any such great feelin' about Mr. Peck; nothin' but what 'll work itself off perfec'ly natural, give it time. It's goin' to come out all right."

"Yes, at the day o' jedgment," Mrs. Bolton assented, plunging her fists into the dough, and beginning to work a contempt for her husband's optimism into it.

"Yes, an' a good deal before," he returned. "There ain't any real feelin' agin Mr. Peck. There's always somethin' to objec' to every minister; we ain't any of us perfect, and Mr. Peck's got his failin's; he hain't built up the church quite so much as some on 'em expected but what he would; and there's some that don't like his prayers; and some of 'em thinks he ain't doctrinal enough. But I guess, take it all round, he suits pretty well. It 'll come out all right, Pauliny. You'll see."

A pause ensued, of which Annie felt the awfulness. It seemed to her that Mrs. Bolton's impatience with this intolerable hopefulness must burst violently. She hastened to interpose. "I think the trouble is that people don't fully understand Mr. Peck at first. But they do finally."

"Yes; take time," said Bolton.

"Take eternity, I guess, for some," retorted his wife. "If you think William B. Gerrish is goin' to work round with time—" She stopped for want of some sufficiently rejectional phrase, and did not go on.

"The way I look at it," said Bolton, with incorrigible courage, "is like this: When it comes to anything like askin' Mr. Peck to resign, it 'll develop his strength. You can't tell how strong he is without you try to git red of him. I 'most wish it would come, once, fair and square."

"I'm sure you're right, Mr. Bolton," said Annie. "I don't believe that your church would let such a man go when it really came to it. Don't they all feel that he has great ability?"

"Oh, I guess they appreciate him as far forth as ability goes. Some on 'em complains that he's a little *too* intellectual, if anything. But I tell 'em it's a good fault; it's a thing that can be got over in time."

Mrs. Bolton had ceased to take part in the discussion. She finished kneading her dough, and having fitted it into two baking pans and dusted it with flour, she laid a clean towel over both. But when Annie rose she took the lamp from the mantel-shelf, where it stood, and held it up for her to find her way back to her own door.

Annie went to bed with a spirit lightened as well as chastened, and kept saying over the words of Mr. Peck, so as to keep fast hold of the consolation they had given her. They humbled her with a sense of his wisdom and insight; the thought of them kept her awake. She remembered the tonic that Dr. Morrell had left with her, and after questioning whether she really needed it now, she made sure by getting up and taking it.

XV.

The spring had filled and flushed into summer. Bolton had gone over the grass on the slope before the house, and it was growing thick again, dark green above the yellow of its stubble, and the young generation of robins was foraging in it for the callow grasshoppers. Some boughs of the maples were beginning to lose the elastic upward lift of their prime, and to hang looser and limper with the burden of their foliage. The elms drooped lower toward the grass, and swept the straggling tops left standing in their shade.

The early part of September had been fixed for the theatricals. Annie refused to have anything to do with them, and the preparations remained altogether with Brandreth. "The minuet," he said to her one afternoon, when he had come to report to her as a co-ordinate authority, "is going to be something exquisite, I assure you. A good many of the ladies studied it in the Continental times, you know, when we had all those Martha Washington parties—or, I forgot you were out of the country—and it will be done perfectly. We're going to have the

ball-room scene on the tennis-court just in front of the evergreens, don't you know, and then the balcony scene in the same place. We have to cut some of the business between Romeo and Juliet because it's too long, you know, and some of it's too—too passionate; we couldn't do it properly, and we've decided to leave it out. But we sketch along through the play, and we have Friar Laurence coming with Juliet out of his cell onto the tennis-court and meeting Romeo; so that tells the story of the marriage. You can't imagine what a Mercutio Mr. Putney makes; he throws himself into it heart and soul, especially where he fights with Tybalt and gets killed. I give him lines there out of other scenes too; the tennis-court sets that part admirably; they come out of a street at the side. I think the scenery will surprise you, Miss Kilburn. Well, and then we have the Nurse and Juliet, and the poison scene—we put it into the garden, on the tennis-court, and we condense the different acts so as to give an idea of all that's happened, with Romeo banished, and all that. Then he comes back from Mantua, and we have the tomb scene set at one side of the tennis-court just opposite the street scene; and he fights with Paris; and then we have Juliet come to the door of the tomb—it's a liberty, of course; but we couldn't arrange the light inside—and she stabs herself and falls on Romeo's body, and that ends the play. You see, it gives a notion of the whole action, and tells the story pretty well. I think you'll be pleased."

"I've no doubt I shall," said Annie. "Did you make the adaptation yourself, Mr. Brandreth?"

"Well, yes, I did," Mr. Brandreth modestly admitted. "It's been a good deal of work, but it's been a pleasure too. You know how that is, Miss Kilburn, in your charities."

"Don't speak of my charities, Mr. Brandreth. I'm not a charitable person."

"You won't get people to believe *that*," said Mr. Brandreth. "Everybody knows how much good you do. But, as I was saying, my idea was to give a notion of the whole play in a series of passages or tableaux. Some of my friends think I've succeeded so well in telling the story, don't you know, without a change of scene, that they're urging me to publish my arrangement for the use of out-of-door theatricals."

"I should think it would be a very good idea," said Annie. "I suppose Mr. Chapley would do it?"

"Well, I don't know—I don't know," Mr. Brandreth answered, with a note of trouble in his voice. "I'm afraid not," he added, sadly. "Miss Kilburn, I've been put in a very unfair position by Miss Northwick's changing her mind about Juliet, after the part had been offered to Miss Chapley. I've been made the means of a seeming slight to Miss Chapley, when, if it hadn't been for the cause, I'd rather have thrown up the whole affair. She gave up the part instantly when she heard that Miss Northwick wished to change her mind, but all the same I know—"

He stopped, and Annie said, encouragingly: "Yes, I see. But perhaps she doesn't really care."

"That's what she said," returned Mr. Brandreth, ruefully. "But I don't know. I have never spoken of it with her since I went to tell her about it, after I got Miss Northwick's note."

"Well, Mr. Brandreth, I think you've really been victimized; and I don't believe the Social Union will ever be worth what it's costing."

"I was sure you would appreciate—would understand;" and Mr. Brandreth pressed her hand gratefully in leave-taking.

She heard him talking with some one at the gate, whose sharp, "All right, my son!" identified Putney.

She ran to the door to welcome him.

"Oh, you're *both* here!" she rejoiced at sight of Mrs. Putney too.

"I can send Ellen home," suggested Putney.

"Oh, *no*, indeed!" said Annie, with single-mindedness at which she laughed with Mrs. Putney. "Only it seemed too good to have you both," she explained, kissing Mrs. Putney. "I'm so glad to see you!"

"Well, what's the reason?" Putney dropped into a chair and began to rock nervously. "Don't be ashamed: we're *all* selfish. Has Brandreth been putting up any more jobs on you?"

"No, no! Only giving me a hint of his troubles and sorrows with those wretched Social Union theatricals. Poor young fellow! I'm sorry for him. He is really very sweet and unselfish. I like him."

"Yes, Brandreth is one of the most

lady-like young fellows I ever saw," said Putney. "That Juliet business has pretty near been the death of him. I told him to offer Miss Chapley some other part—Rosaline, the part of the young lady who was dropped; but he couldn't seem to see it. Well, and how come on the good works, Annie?"

"The good works! Ralph, tell me: do people think me a charitable person? Do they suppose I've done or can do any good whatever?" She looked from Putney to his wife, and back again with comic entreaty.

"Why, aren't you a charitable person? Don't you do any good?" he asked.

"No!" she shouted. "Not the least in the world!"

"It is pretty rough," said Putney, taking out a cigar for a dry smoke; "and nobody will believe me when I report what you say, Annie. Mrs. Munger is telling round that she don't see how you can live through the summer at the rate you're going. She's got it down pretty cold about your taking Brother Peck's idea of the invited dance and supper, and joining hands with him to save the vanity of the self-respecting poor. She says that your suppression of that one unpopular feature has done more than anything else to promote the success of the Social Union. You ought to be glad Brother Peck is coming to the show."

"To the theatricals?"

Putney nodded his head. "That's what he says. I believe Brother Peck is coming to see how the upper classes amuse themselves when they really try to benefit the lower classes."

Annie would not laugh at his joke. "Ralph," she asked, "is it true that Mr. Peck is so unpopular in his church? Is he really going to be turned out—dismissed?"

"Oh, I don't know about that. But they'll bounce him if they can."

"And can nothing be done? Can't his friends unite?"

"Oh, they're united enough now; what they're afraid of is that they're not numerous enough. Why don't you buy in, Annie, and help control the stock? That old Unitarian concern of yours isn't ever going to get into running order again, and if you owned a pew in Ellen's church you could have a vote in church meeting, after a while, and you could lend Brother Peck your moral support now."

"I never liked that sort of thing, Ralph. I shouldn't believe with your people."

"Ellen's people, please. I don't believe with them either. But I always vote right. Now you think it over."

"No, I shall not think it over. I don't approve of it. If I should take a pew in your church it would be simply to hear Mr. Peck preach, and contribute toward his—"

"Salary? Yes, that's the way to look at it in the beginning. I knew you'd work round. Why, Annie, in a year's time you'd be trying to *buy* votes for Brother Peck."

"I should *never* vote," she retorted. "And I shall keep myself out of all temptation by not going to your church."

"Ellen's church," Putney corrected.

She went the next Sunday to hear Mr. Peck preach, and Putney, who seemed to see her the moment she entered the church, rose, as the sexton was showing her up the aisle, and opened the door of his pew for her with ironical welcome.

"You can always have a seat with us, Annie," he mocked, on their way out of church together.

"Thank you, Ralph," she answered, boldly. "I'm going to speak to the sexton for a pew."

XVI.

A wire had been carried from the village to the scene of the play at South Hatboro', and electric globes fizzed and hissed overhead, flooding the open tennis-court with the radiance of sharper moonlight, and stamping the thick velvety shadows of the shrubbery and tree-tops deep into the raw green of the grass along its borders.

The spectators were seated on the verandas and terraced turf at the rear of the house, and they crowded the sides of the court up to a certain point, where a cord stretched across it kept them from encroaching upon the space intended for the action. Another rope enclosed an area all round them, where chairs and benches were placed for those who had tickets. After the rejection of the exclusive feature of the original plan, Mrs. Munger had liberalized more and more; she caused it to be known that all who could get into her grounds would be welcome on the outside of that rope, even though they did not pay anything; but a large number of tickets had been sold to

the hands, as well as to the other villagers, and the area within the rope was closely packed. Some of the boys climbed the neighboring trees, where from time to time the town authorities threatened them, but did not really dislodge them.

Annie, with other friends of Mrs. Munger, gained a reserved seat on the veranda through the drawing-room windows; but once there, she found herself in the midst of a sufficiently mixed company.

"How do, Miss Kilburn? That you? Well, I declare!" said a voice that she seemed to know, in a key of nervous excitement. Mrs. Savor's husband leaned across his wife's lap and shook hands with Annie. "William thought I better come," Mrs. Savor seemed called upon to explain. "I got to do *something*. Ain't it just too cute for anything the way they got them screens worked into the shrubbery down they-ar? It's like the cycloraymy to Boston; you can't tell where the ground ends and the paintin' commences. Oh, I do want 'em to *begin*!"

Mr. Savor laughed at his wife's impatience, and she said, playfully: "What you laughin' at? I guess you're full as excited as what I be, when all's said and done."

There were other acquaintances of Annie's from Over the Track, in the group about her, and upon the example of the Savors they all greeted her. The wives and sweethearts tittered with self-derisive expectation; the men were gravely jocose, like all Americans in unwonted circumstances, but they were respectful to the coming performance, perhaps as a tribute to Annie. She wondered how some of them came to have those seats, which were reserved at an extra price; she did not allow for that self-respect which causes the American workman to supply himself with the best his money can buy while his money lasts.

She turned to see who was on her other hand. A row of three small children stretched from her to Mrs. Gerrish, whom she did not recognize at first. "Oh, Emmeline!" she said; and then, for want of something else, she added, "Where is Mr. Gerrish? Isn't he coming?"

"He was detained at the store," said Mrs. Gerrish, with cold importance; "but he will be here. May I ask, Annie," she pursued, solemnly, "how you got here?"

"How did I get here? Why, through the windows. Didn't you?"

"May I ask who had charge of the arrangements?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," said Annie. "I suppose Mrs. Munger."

A burst of music came from the dense shadow into which the group of evergreens at the bottom of the tennis-court deepened away from the glister of the electric lights. There was a deeper hush; then a slight jarring and scraping of a chair beyond Mrs. Gerrish, who leaned across her children and said, "He's come, Annie—right through the parlor window!" Her voice was lifted to carry above the music, and all the people near were able to share the fact that righted Mrs. Gerrish in her own esteem.

From the covert of the low pines in the middle of the scene Miss Northwick and Mr. Brandreth appeared hand in hand, and then the place filled with figures from other apertures of the little grove and through the artificial wings at the sides, and walked the minuet. Mr. Fellows, the painter, had helped with the costumes, supplying some from his own artistic properties, and mediævalizing others; the Boston costumers had been drawn upon by the men; and they all moved through the stately figures with a security which discipline had given them. The broad solid colors which they wore took the light and shadow with picturesque effectiveness; the masks contributed a sense of mystery novel in Hatboro', and kept the friends of the dancers in exciting doubt of their identity; the strangeness of the audience to all spectacles of the sort held its judgment in suspense. The minuet was encored, and had to be given again, and it was some time before the applause of the repetition allowed the characters to be heard when the partners of the minuet began to move about arm in arm, and the drama properly began. When the applause died away it was still not easy to hear; a boy in one of the trees called, "Louder!" and made some of the people laugh, but for the rest they were very orderly throughout.

Toward the end of the fourth act Annie was startled by a child dashing itself against her knees, and breaking into a gurgling laugh as children do.

"Why, you little witch!" she said to the uplifted face of Idella Peck. "Where is your father?"

"Oh, somewhere," said the child, with entire ease of mind.

"And your hat?" said Annie, putting her hand on the curly bare head—"where's your hat?"

"On the ground."

"On the ground—where?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Idella, lightly, as if the pursuit bored her.

Annie pulled her up on her lap. "Well, now, you stay here with me, if you please, till your papa or your hat comes after you."

"My—hat—can't—come—after—me!" said the child, turning back her head, so as to laugh her sense of the joke in Annie's face.

"No matter; your papa can, and I'm going to keep you."

Idella let her head fall back against Annie's breast, and began to finger the rings on the hand which Annie laid across her lap to keep her.

"For goodness gracious!" said Mrs. Savor, "who you got there, Miss Kilburn?"

"Mr. Peck's little girl."

"Where'd she spring from?"

Mrs. Gerrish leaned forward and spoke across the six legs of her children, who were all three standing up in their chairs: "You don't mean to say that's Idella Peck? Where's her father?"

"Somewhere, she says," said Annie, willing to answer Mrs. Gerrish with the child's nonchalance.

"Well, that's great!" said Mrs. Gerrish. "I should think he better be looking after her—or some one."

The music ceased, and the last act of the play began. Before it ended, Idella had fallen asleep, and Annie sat still with her after the crowd around her began to break up. Mrs. Savor kept her seat beside Annie. She said, "Don't you want I should spell you a little while, Miss Kilburn?" She leaned over the face of the sleeping child. "Why, she ain't much more than a baby! William, you go and see if you can't find Mr. Peck. I'm goin' to stay here with Miss Kilburn." Her husband humored her whim, and made his way through the knots and clumps of people toward the rope enclosing the tennis-court. "Won't you let me hold her, Miss Kilburn?" she pleaded again.

"No, no; she isn't heavy; I like to hold her," replied Annie. Then something occurred to her, and she started in amazement at herself.

"Or yes, Mrs. Savor, you *may* take her awhile;" and she put the child into the arms of the bereaved creature, who had fallen desolately back in her chair. She hugged Idella up to her breast, and hungrily mumbled her with kisses, and moaned out over her. "Oh dear! Oh my! Oh my!"

XVII.

The people beyond the rope had nearly all gone away, and Mr. Savor was coming back across the court with Mr. Peck. The players appeared from the grove at the other end of the court in their vivid costumes, chatting and laughing with their friends, who went down from the piazzas and terraces to congratulate them. Mrs. Munger hurried about among them, saying something to each group. She caught sight of Mr. Peck and Mr. Savor, and she ran after them, arriving with them where Annie sat.

"I hope you were not anxious about Idella," Annie said, laughing.

"No; I didn't miss her at once," said the minister, simply; "and then I thought she had merely gone off with some of the other children who were playing about."

"You shall talk all that over later," said Mrs. Munger. "Now, Miss Kilburn, I want you and Mr. Peck and Mr. and Mrs. Savor to stay for a cup of coffee that I'm going to give our friends out there. Don't you think they deserve it? Wasn't it a wonderful success? They must be frightfully exhausted. Just go right out to them. I'll be with you in one moment. Oh yes, the child! Well, bring her into the house, Mrs. Savor; I'll find a place for her, and then you can go out with me."

"I guess you won't get Maria away from her very easy," said Mr. Savor, laughing. His wife stood with the child's cheek pressed tight against hers.

"Oh, I'll manage that," said Mrs. Munger. "I'm counting on Mrs. Savor." She added in a hurried under-tone to Annie: "I've asked a number of the work-people to stay—representative work-people, the foremen in the different shops and their families—and you'll find your friends of all classes together. It's a great day for the Social Union!" she said aloud. "I'm sure *you* must feel that, Mr. Peck. Miss Kilburn and I have to thank you for saving us from a great mistake at the outset, and now your staying," she continued, "will give it just the appearance we want. I'm going

to keep your little girl as a hostage, and you shall not go till I let you. Come, Mrs. Savor!" She bustled away with Mrs. Savor, and Mr. Peck reluctantly accompanied Annie down over the lawn.

He was silent, but Mr. Savor was hilarious. "Well, Mr. Putney," he said, when they joined the group of which Putney was the centre, "you done that in apple-pie order. I never see anything much better than the way you carried on with Mrs. Wilmington."

"Thank you, Mr. Savor," said Putney; "I'm glad you liked it. You couldn't say I was trying to flatter her up much, anyway."

"No, no!" Mr. Savor assented, with delight in the joke.

"Well, Annie," said Putney. He shook hands with her, and Mrs. Putney, who was there with Dr. Morrell, asked her where she had sat.

"We kept looking all round for you."

"Yes," said Putney, with his hand on his boy's shoulder, "we wanted to know how you liked the Mercutio."

"Ralph, it was incomparable!"

"Well, that will do for a beginning. It's a little cold, but it's in the right spirit. You mean that the Mercutio wasn't comparable to the Nurse."

"Oh, Lyra was wonderful!" said Annie. "Don't you think so, Ellen?"

"She was Lyra," said Mrs. Putney, definitively.

"No; she wasn't Lyra at all!" retorted Annie. "That was the marvel of it. She was Juliet's nurse."

"Perhaps she was a little of both," suggested Putney. "What did you think of the performance, Mr. Peck? I don't want a personal tribute, but if you offer it, I shall not be ungrateful."

"I have been very much interested," said the minister. "It was all very new to me. I realized for the first time in my life the great power that the theatre must be. I felt how much the drama could do—how much good."

"Well, that's what we're after," said Putney. "We had no personal motive; good, right straight along, was our motto. Nobody wanted to outshine anybody else. I kept my Mercutio down all through, so's not to get ahead of Romeo or Tybalt in the public esteem. Did our friends outside the rope catch on to my idea?" Mr. Peck smiled at the banter, but he seemed not to know just what to say, and

Putney went on: "That's why I made it so bad. I didn't want anybody to go home feeling sorry Mercutio was killed. I don't suppose Winthrop could have slept."

"You won't sleep yourself to-night, I'm afraid," said his wife.

"Oh, Mrs. Munger has promised me a particularly weak cup of coffee. She has got us all in, it seems, for a sort of supper, in spite of everything. I understand it includes representatives of all the stations and conditions present except the outcasts beyond the rope. I don't see what you're doing here, Mr. Peck."

"Was Mr. Peck really outside the rope?" Annie asked Dr. Morrell, as they dropped apart from the others a little.

"I believe he gave his chair to one of the women from the outside," said the doctor.

Annie moved with him toward Lyra, who was joking with some of the hands.

With all her good-nature, she had the effect of patronizing them, as she stood talking about the play with them in her drawl, which she had got back to again. They were admiring her, in her dress of the querulous old nurse, and told her how they never would have known her. But there was an insincerity in the effusion of some of the more nervous women, and in the reticence of the others, who were holding back out of self-respect.

She met Annie and Morrell with eager relief. "Well, Annie?"

"Perfect!"

"Well, now, that's very nice; you can't go beyond perfect, you know. I *did* do it pretty well, didn't I? Poor Mr. Brandreth! Have you seen him? You must say something comforting to him. He's really been sacrificed in this business. You know he wanted Miss Chapley. She would have made a lovely Juliet. Of course she blames him for it. She thinks he wanted to make up to Miss Northwick, when Miss Northwick was just flinging herself at Jack. Look at her!"

Jack Wilmington and Miss Sue Northwick were standing together near her father and a party of her friends, and she was smiling and talking at him. Eyes, lips, gestures, attitude expressed in the proud girl a fawning eagerness to please the man, who received her homage rather as if it bored him. His indifferent manner may have been one secret of his power over her, and perhaps she was not capable

of all the suffering she was capable of inflicting.

Lyra turned to walk toward the house, deflecting a little in the direction of her nephew and Miss Northwick. "Jack!" she drawled over the shoulder next them as she passed, "I wish you'd bring your aunty's wrap to her on the piazza."

"Why, stay here!" Putney called after her. "They're going to fetch the refreshments out here."

"Yes, but I'm tired, Ralph, and I can't sit on the grass, at my age."

She moved on, with her sweeping, lounging pace, and Jack Wilmington, after a moment's hesitation, bowed to Miss Northwick and went after her.

The girl remained apart from her friends, as if expecting his return.

Silhouetted against the bright windows, Lyra waited till Jack Wilmington reappeared with a shawl and laid it on her shoulders. Then she sank into a chair. The young man stood beside her talking down upon her. Something restive and insistent expressed itself in their respective attitudes. He sat down at her side.

Miss Northwick joined her friends carelessly.

"Ah, Miss Kilburn," said Mr. Brandreth's voice at Annie's ear, "I'm glad to find you. I've just run home with mother—she feels the night air—and I was afraid you would slip through our fingers before I got back. This little business of the refreshments was an after-thought of Mrs. Munger's, and we meant it for a surprise—we knew you'd approve of it in the form it took." He looked round at the straggling work-people, who represented the harmonization of classes, keeping to themselves as if they had been there alone.

"Yes," Annie was obliged to say; "it's very pleasant." She added: "You must all be rather hungry, Mr. Brandreth. If the Social Union ever gets on its feet, it will have *you* to thank more than any one."

"Oh, don't speak of me, Miss Kilburn! Do you know, we've netted about two hundred dollars. Isn't that pretty good, doctor?"

"Very," said the doctor. "Hadn't we better follow Mrs. Wilmington's example, and get up under the piazza roof? I'm afraid you'll be the worse for the night air, Miss Kilburn. Putney," he called to his friend, "we're going up to the house."

"All right. I guess that's a good idea."

The doctor called to the different knots and groups, telling them to come up to the house. Some of the work-people slipped away through the grounds and did not come. The Northwicks and their friends moved toward the house.

Mrs. Munger came down the lawn to meet her guests. "Ah, that's right. It's much better in-doors. I was just coming for you." She addressed herself more particularly to the Northwicks. "Coffee will be ready in a few moments. We've met with a little delay."

"I'm afraid we must say good-night at once," said Mr. Northwick. "We had arranged to have our friends and some other guests with us at home. And we're quite late now."

Mrs. Munger protested. "Take our Juliet from us! Oh, Miss Northwick, how can I thank you enough? The whole play turned upon you!"

"It's just as well," she said to Annie, as the Northwicks and their friends walked across the lawn to the gate, where they had carriages waiting. "They'd have been difficult to manage, and everybody else will feel a little more at home without them. Poor Mr. Brandreth, I'm sure *you* will! I did pity you so, with such a Juliet on your hands!"

In-doors the representatives of the lower classes were less at ease than they were without. Some of the ministers mingled with them, and tried to form a bond between them and the other villagers. Mr. Peck took no part in this work; he stood holding his elbows with his hands, and talking with a perfunctory air to an old lady of his congregation.

The young ladies of South Hatboro', as Mrs. Munger's assistants, went about impartially to high and low with trays of refreshments. Annie saw Putney, where he stood with his wife and boy, refuse coffee, and she watched him anxiously when the claret-cup came. He waved his hand over it, and said, "No; I'll take some of the lemonade." As he lifted a glass of it toward his lips he stopped and made as if to put it down again, and his hand shook so that he spilled some of it. Then he dashed it off, and reached for another glass. "I want some more," he said, with a laugh; "I'm thirsty." He drank a second glass, and when he saw a tray coming toward Annie, where Dr. Morrell had

joined her, he came over and exchanged his empty glass for a full one.

"Not much to brag of as lemonade," he said, "but first-rate rum punch."

"Look here, Putney," whispered the doctor, laying his hand on his arm, "don't you take any more of that. Give me that glass!"

"Oh, all right!" laughed Putney, dashing it off. "You're welcome to the tumbler, if you want it, Doc."

XVIII.

Mrs. Munger's guests kept on talking and laughing. With the coffee and the punch there began to be a little more freedom. Some prohibitionists among the working people went away when they found that the lemonade was punch; but Mrs. Munger did not know it, and she saw the ideal of a Social Union figuratively accomplished in her own house. She stirred about among her guests till she produced a fleeting, empty good-fellowship among them. One of the shoe-shop hands, with an inextinguishable scent of leather and the character of a droll, seconded her efforts with noisy jokes. He proposed games, and would not be snubbed by the refusal of his boss to countenance him, he had the applause of so many others. Mrs. Munger approved of the idea.

"Don't you think it would be great fun, Mrs. Gerrish?" she asked.

"Well, now, if Squire Putney would lead off," said the joker, looking round.

Putney could not be found, nor Dr. Morrell.

"They're off somewhere for a smoke," said Mrs. Munger. "Well, that's right. I want everybody to feel that my house is their own to night, and to come and go just as they like. Do you suppose Mr. Peck is offended?" she asked, under her breath, as she passed Annie. "He *couldn't* feel that this is the same thing; but I can't see him anywhere. He wouldn't go without taking leave, you don't suppose?"

Annie joined Mrs. Putney. They talked at first with those who came to ask where Putney and the doctor were; but finally they withdrew into a little alcove from the parlor, where Mrs. Munger approved of their being when she discovered them; they must be very tired, and ought to rest on the lounge there. Her theory of the exhaustion of those who had taken part in the play embraced their families.

The time wore on toward midnight, and her guests got themselves away with more or less difficulty as they attempted the formality of leave-taking or not. Some of the hands who thought this necessary found it a serious affair; but most of them slipped off without saying good-night to Mrs. Munger or expressing that rapture with the whole evening from beginning to end which the ladies of South Hatboro' professed. The ladies of South Hatboro' and Old Hatboro' had met in a general intimacy not approached before, and they parted with a flow of mutual esteem. The Gerrish children had dropped asleep in nooks and corners, from which Mr. Gerrish hunted them up and put them together for departure, while his wife remained with Mrs. Munger, unable to stop talking, and no longer amenable to the looks with which he governed her in public.

Lyra came down-stairs, hooded and wrapped for departure, with Jack Wilmington by her side. "Why, *Ellen*!" she said, looking into the little alcove from the hall. "Are you here yet? And Annie! Where in the world is Ralph?" At the pleading look with which Mrs. Putney replied, she exclaimed: "Oh, it's what I was afraid of! I don't see what the woman could have been about! But of course she didn't think of poor Ralph. Ellen, let me take you and Winthrop home! Dr. Morrell will be sure to bring Ralph."

"Well," said Mrs. Putney, passively, but without rising.

"Annie can come too. There's plenty of room. Jack can walk."

Jack Wilmington joined Lyra in urging Annie to take his place. He said to her, apart, "Young Munger has been telling me that Putney got at the sideboard and carried off the rum. I'll stay and help look after him."

A crazy laugh came into the parlor from the piazza outside, and the group in the alcove started forward. Putney stood at a window, resting one arm on the bar of the long lower sash, which was raised to its full height, and looking ironically in upon Mrs. Munger and her remaining guests. He was still in his Mercutio dress, but he had lost his plumed cap, and was bareheaded. A pace or two behind him stood Mr. Peck, regarding the effect of this apparition upon the company with the same dreamy, indrawn presence he had in the pulpit.

"Well, Mrs. Munger, I'm glad I got back in time to tell you how much I've enjoyed it. Brother Peck wanted me to go home, but I told him, Not till I've thanked Mrs. Munger, Brother Peck; not till I've drunk her health in her own old particular Jamaica." He put to his lips the black bottle which he had been holding in his right hand behind him; then he took it away, looked at it, and flung it rolling along the piazza floor. "Didn't get hold of the inexhaustible bottle that time; never do. But it's a good article; a better article than you used to sell on the sly, Bill Gerrish. You'll excuse my helping myself, Mrs. Munger; I knew you'd want me to. Well, it's been a great occasion, Mrs. Munger." He winked at the hostess. "You've had your little invited supper, after all. You're a manager, Mrs. Munger. You've made even the wrath of Brother Peck to praise you."

The ladies involuntarily shrank backward as Putney suddenly entered through the window and gained the corner of the piano at a dash. He stayed himself against it, slightly swaying, and turned his flaming eyes from one to another, as if questioning whom he should attack next.

Except for the wild look in them, which was not so much wilder than they wore in all times of excitement, and an occasional halt at a difficult word, he gave no sign of being drunk. The liquor had as yet merely intensified him.

Mrs. Munger had the inspiration to treat him as one caresses a dangerous lunatic. "I'm sure you're very kind, Mr. Putney, to come back. Do sit down!"

"Why?" demanded Putney. "Everybody else standing."

"That's true," said Mrs. Munger. "I'm sure I don't know why—"

"Oh yes, you do, Mrs. Munger. It's because they want to have a good view of a man who's made a fool of himself—"

"Oh, now, Mr. Putney!" said Mrs. Munger, with hospitable deprecation. "I'm sure no one wants to do anything of the kind." She looked round at the company for corroboration, but no one cared to attract Putney's attention by any sound or sign.

"But I'll tell you what," said Putney, with a savage burst, "that a woman who puts hell-fire before a poor devil who can't keep out of it when he sees it, is better worth looking at."

"Mr. Putney, I assure you," said Mrs. Munger, "that it was the *mildest* punch! And I really didn't think—I didn't remember—"

She turned toward Mrs. Putney with her explanation, but Putney seemed to have forgotten her, and he turned upon Mr. Gerrish, "How's that drunkard's grave getting along that you've dug for your porter?" Gerrish remained prudently silent. "I know you, Billy. You're all right. You've got the pull on your conscience; we all have, one way or another. Here's Annie Kilburn, come back from Rome, where she couldn't seem to fix it up with hers to suit her, and she's trying to get round it in Hatboro' with good works. Why, there isn't any occasion for good works in Hatboro'. I could have told you that before you came," he said, addressing Annie directly. "What we want is faith, and lots of it. The church is going to pieces because we haven't got any faith."

His hand slipped from the piano, and he dropped heavily back upon a chair that stood near. The concussion seemed to complete in his brain the transition from his normal dispositions to their opposite, which had already begun. "Bill Gerrish has done more for Hatboro' than any other man in the place. He's the only man that holds the church together, because he knows the value of *faith*." He said this without a trace of irony, glaring at Annie with fierce defiance. "You come back here, and try to set up for a saint in a town where William B. Gerrish has done—has done more to establish the dry-goods business on a metro-metro-politan basis than any other man out of New York or Boston."

He stopped and looked round, mystified, as if this were not the point which he had been aiming at.

Lyra broke into a spluttering laugh, and suddenly checked herself. Putney smiled slightly. "Pretty good, eh? Say, where was I?" he asked, slyly. Lyra hid her face behind Annie's shoulder. "What's that dress you got on? What's all this about, anyway? Oh yes, I know. *Romeo and Juliet*—Social Union. Well," he resumed, with a frown, "there's too much *Romeo and Juliet*, too much Social Union, in this town already." He stopped, and seemed preparing to launch some deadly phrase at Mrs. Wilmington, but he only said, "You're all right, Lyra."

"Mrs. Munger," said Mr. Gerrish, "we must be going. Good-night, ma'am. Mrs. Gerrish, it's time the children were at home."

"Of course it is," said Putney, watching the Gerrishes getting their children together. He waved his hand after them, and called out, "William Gerrish, you're a man; I honor you."

He laid hold of the piano and pulled himself to his feet, and seemed to become aware, for the first time, of his wife, where she stood with their boy beside her.

"What you doing here with that child at this time of night?" he shouted at her, all that was left of the man in his eyes changing into the glare of a pitiless brute. "Why don't you go home? You want to show people what I did to him? You want to publish my shame, do you? Is that it? Look here!"

He began to work himself along toward her by help of the piano. A step was heard on the piazza without, and Dr. Morrell entered through the open window.

"Come now, Putney," he said, gently. The other men closed round them.

Putney stopped. "What's this? Interfering in family matters? You better go home and look after your own wives, if you got any. Get out the way, 'n' you mind your own business, Doc Morrell. You meddle too much." His speech was thickening and breaking. "You think science going do everything—evolution! Talk me about evolution! What's evolution done for Hatboro'? 'Volved Gerrish's store. One day of Christianity—real Christianity—Where's that boy? If I get hold of him—"

He lunged forward, and Jack Wilmington and young Munger stepped before him.

Mrs. Putney had not moved, nor lost the look of sad, passive vigilance which she had worn since her husband reappeared.

She pushed the men aside.

"Ralph, behave yourself! *Here's* Winthrop, and we want you to take us home. Come now!" She passed her arm through his, and the boy took his other hand. The action, so full of fearless custom and wonted affection from them both, seemed with her words to operate another total change in his mood.

"All right; I'm going, Ellen. Got to say good-night Mrs. Munger, that's all." He managed to get to her, with his wife on

his arm and his boy at his side. "Want to thank you for a pleasant evening, Mrs. Munger—want to thank you—"

"And *I* want to thank you *too*, Mrs. Munger," said Mrs. Putney, with an intensity of bitterness no repetition of the words could give. "It's been a pleasant evening for *me*!"

Putney wished to stop and explain, but his wife pulled him away.

Dr. Morrell and Annie followed to get them safely into the carriage; he went with them, and when she came back Mrs. Munger was saying: "I will leave it to Mr. Wilmington, or any one, if I'm to blame. It had quite gone out of my head about Mr. Putney. There was plenty of coffee, besides, and if everything that could harm particular persons had to be kept out of the way, society couldn't go on. We ought to consider the greatest good of the greatest number." She looked round from one to another for support. No one said anything, and Mrs. Munger, trembling on the verge of a collapse, made a direct appeal: "Don't you think so, Mr. Peck?"

The minister broke his silence with reluctance. "It's sometimes best to have the effect of error unmistakable. Then we are sure it's error."

Mrs. Munger gave a sob of relief into her handkerchief. "Yes, that's just what I say."

Lyra bent her face on her arm, and Jack Wilmington put his head out of the window where he stood.

Mr. Peck remained staring at Mrs. Munger, as if doubtful what to do. Then he said: "You seem not to have understood me, ma'am. I should be to blame if I left you in doubt. You have been guilty of forgetting your brother's weakness, and if the consequence has promptly followed in his shame, it is for you to realize it. I wish you a good-evening."

He went out with a dignity that thrilled Annie. Lyra leaned toward her and said, choking with laughter, "He's left Idella asleep upstairs. We haven't *any* of us got *perfect* memories, have we?"

"Run after him!" Annie said to Jack Wilmington, in under-tone, "and get him into my carriage. I'll get the little girl. Lyra, *don't* speak of it."

"Never!" said Mrs. Wilmington, with delight. "I'm solid for Mr. Peck every time."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



HELENA, LOOKING SOUTH.

TWO MONTANA CITIES.

BY EDWARDS ROBERTS.

I.—HELENA.

THE Territory of Montana is in itself an empire. It was given Territorial rights in 1864, and since then has increased rapidly both in wealth and population. Fabulously rich in mines, already having an annual output of nearly \$26,000,000, it is famous for its vast areas of grazing land, and is becoming widely known as an agricultural country. With a total area of 93,000,000 acres of land, of which 16,000,000 are agricultural, 38,000,000 grazing, 12,000,000 timber, 5,000,000 mineral, and 22,000,000 mountainous, it is the source of the Columbia and the Missouri, and has an almost innumerable number of smaller streams, whose presence in the mountain cañons and in the valleys gives the Territory a charming picturesqueness. Within a distance of from twenty to forty miles of Helena are thousands of mining claims yet to be developed, any one of which may prove as rich as the richest of those that are now productive. If the several agricultural valleys were placed in a continuous line, they would form a belt 4000 miles long, and averaging four miles in width. Every year the number of farms increases. In the Gallatin, Prickly-Pear, Yellowstone, Bitter Root, Sun River, and other

valleys, one no longer sees neglected fields.

But if one were to write in detail of Montana and its resources, he would find the task an arduous one. There are so many valleys, each with its own claims and characteristics, so many mines and towns and districts, that a volume might be devoted to each. There is great and general buoyancy among the people, and local prejudice runs high.

Regarding Helena and Butte, however, there is almost a unanimity of feeling. The two places are looked upon as perfect illustrations of what has been accomplished in the Territory since the age of development began.

To the younger generation Helena is a Parisian-like centre which he hopes in time to see. Capitalists may make their money at Butte or elsewhere, but are moderately sure to spend it at Helena; and the miner or ranchman is never so happy as when he finds himself in what, without question, is the metropolis of the Territory. I know of no city in the extreme middle West that could so well satisfy one who had learned to appreciate Western life as Helena. Its climate, its surroundings, even its society, largely composed of Eastern and college-bred men and young wives fresh from



HELENA, LOOKING DOWN BROADWAY.

older centres, are delightfully prominent features. The city has a population of nearly 15,000, and considering its great wealth, it is not surprising that it should have electric lights, a horse-car line, and excellent schools.

Thanks to the railways, which have had and are continuing to have so important an effect upon the country overlooked by the Rocky Mountains, Montana's isolation is now a thing of the past. Two railroad routes connect it with the East and Pacific West, and there is still the Missouri, navigable from St. Louis to the Great Falls, within easy reach of Helena.

The early history of Helena, which fortunately may still be gathered from living witnesses, is a striking illustration of the fact that chance and luck were once the two most important factors of ultimate success in the Territory. None who came into Montana in early days were systematic discoverers. The majority of them knew little of the theory of mining. What success they had was due to luck. The paying properties they found were nearly all discovered by chance. When John Cowan and Robert Stanley grew dissat-

isfied with the amount of room afforded them in the overcrowded camps of Alder Gulch, they resolved to push northward to Kootanie, where rich diggings had been reported. In July, 1864, the two men and their friends reached a tributary of the Prickly-Pear. There the supply of food they had brought ran low, and further progress northward was impossible. In despair, the party made camp and began to dig for gold. Luckily finding it, they named their diggings the Last Chance Mines, and their district Rattlesnake, the latter word being suggested, no doubt, by the presence of earlier settlers than they themselves. In September Cowan and Stanley built their cabins, and thus had the honor of being the first residents of a camp that in after-years became the present city of Helena.

From the very first, Last Chance Gulch fulfilled its first promise. Soon after Cowan's cabin was completed a Minnesota wagon train reached the valley, and brought an increase of population to the young camp, the fame of which had gone broadcast over the land. Fabulous stories were told of its great wealth, and during the winter of 1864-5 there was a

wild stampede to it from all directions. But still the infant Helena was without a name. The first Territorial election had already been held, and on the 12th of December the first Legislature assembled at Bannack. In view of this progress, the miners of Last Chance decided that their camp must no longer go unchristened. At a meeting held in the cabin of Uncle John Somerville the name Helena was accepted, and given without dissent to the collection of rudely built huts in which the miners lived.

Helena then entered upon its eventful and prosperous career. Discovery followed discovery, and the town, unsightly with its main streets occupied by sluice-boxes and gravel heaps, became the centre of a mining district that proved richer every day. In the summer of 1865 the first newspaper was printed. The press was brought in over the mountains on the backs of pack-mules, and many of the earlier editions were printed on yellow wrapping paper.

In 1869 the township of Helena was entered from the general government. In a period of seven years the placer claims near Helena yielded \$20,000,000, and although far removed from the outside world, the city, as a mining centre, was of great importance, and may be said to have enjoyed an uninterrupted period of success.

Helena, regarded from a local standpoint, is the geographical, commercial, monetary, political, railroad, and social centre of Montana. Its trade is larger and more extended than that of any other city or town in the Territory, and therefore its commercial supremacy is unquestioned. The Helena banks, rich in deposits and many in number, may well entitle the city to its claim as the monetary centre. The terminus of the lately completed Manitoba system, and having the Northern Pacific as an outlet to the east, west, and south, it has several branch roads to the important mining camps of Wickes, Marysville, and Rimini, and is promised others which are to aid in developing the rich districts scattered about the surrounding country.

Helena, in the truest sense of the word, is cosmopolitan. Let one walk the streets at any hour of the day or night, and he will be sure to notice the peculiarity. Crowding the sidewalks are miners, picturesque in red shirts and top-boots; long-haired Missourians, waiting, like Micawber, for something to "turn up"; ranchmen, standing beside their heavily loaded wagons; trappers; tourists; men of business. Chinamen and Indians, Germans and Hebrews, whites and blacks, the prosperous and the needy, the representatives of every State in the Union, Englishmen and Irishmen, all make Helena their home. No traditions, no old family influence, no past social eminence, hamper the restless spirit of the busy workers. There is a long list of daily visitors, and the city is never without its sight-seers. Invalids seek it for its climatic advantages.

The site of Helena, though the railway station is a mile from the heart of the town, was most happily chosen. It could not have been better had Cowan and his *confrères* foreseen the future size and importance of the camp they founded. The city faces toward the north. Behind it rise the mountains of the main range, the noble isolated peaks, bare, brown, and of every varying shape and size, forming a background of which one never tires. The old camp was gathered into the narrow quarters of the winding gulch that extends from the mountains to the open valley of the Prickly-Pear. The present city has outgrown



POURING GOLD—ASSAY OFFICE, HELENA.



COUNTY COURT-HOUSE, HELENA.

such limitations, and from the gulch, down which the leading business street runs, has spread over the confining hills, and to-day proudly looks out upon the broad valley, and far beyond it, to the peaks that mark the course of the great Missouri. Directly overshadowing the city is Mount Helena. From it the view is broadest, grandest, most complete. At one's feet is the town of rapid growth. You can see the houses scattered at random over the low, bare elevations, and in the old ravine, the source of so much wealth, the scene of such strange stories, are the flat-roofed business blocks in which Helena takes such justifiable pride. It is no mere frontier town that you look upon. It is a city rather—a city compactly built, and evidently vigorous and growing. On its outskirts, crowning slightly eminences or clinging to the steep hill-sides, are the new houses of those upon whom fortune has smiled, and far out upon the levels are scattered groups of buildings that every day draw

nearer to the railway that has come from the outside world to lend Helena a helping hand.

Leaving the hotel in the very heart of the town, and following Main Street to its upper end, we find ourselves in the oldest part of the city. Nothing here is modern or suggestive of wealth. At your side are rudely built log cabins, with gravel roofs and dingy windows. They are time-stained and weather-beaten now. Chickens scratch upon the roofs; half-fed dogs slink away at your approach. A Chinaman has taken this for his home, and has hung his gaudy red sign of "Wah Sing" over the low doorway; and in this live those who have failed to find in Helena their El Dorado, and now are reduced to living Heaven only knows how. But in years gone past, when the city was a camp, who scoffed at a cabin of logs? These huts were the homes of future capitalists.

We pass once more into Main Street, and from it into Broadway, that climbs a steep hill-slope, and brings us to the government Assay Office. It is a plain two-storied brick building with stone trimmings, and occupies a little square by itself. Within, all is order and neatness. To the right of the main hall are the rooms where the miners' gold-dust and silver ore are melted and poured in molten streams from the red-hot crucibles. Bars and bricks of the precious metals



TWO OLD-TIMERS, HELENA.

are shown, and in the vaults they are stacked in glittering array. Every room has its interest. In one the accounts are kept by the assayer; in another are rows of delicate scales, in which the smallest particles of ore are weighed to determine the purity of the moulds packed away in the strongly guarded vaults.

As the ore is received it is tested, weighed, and melted. From the retorts it is run

cellaneous), the Historical Society, and the Legislature. The walls are of Montana granite, quarried near Helena, and the trimmings, of red sandstone, came from Bayfield, on Lake Superior. The building is 132 feet long by 80 wide, and with the basement is three stories high.

To the left of the main entrance is a Norman tower. From it is had one of those views for which Helena is so fa-



A STREET SCENE IN WICKES.

into moulds, which, after being properly valued and marked, are placed in vaults or shipped to the government Mint at Philadelphia. An ordinary gold brick is a trifle larger than the common clay brick. One was shown us which measured 9 inches long, $3\frac{1}{2}$ wide, and $2\frac{1}{2}$ high. Its actual weight was $509\frac{25}{100}$ ounces, the component parts being (basis 1000) 667.2 gold, 294 silver, and 29.2 baser metals. The cash value of the mould was \$7373.

The County Court-house, costing \$200,000, is one of the most conspicuous objects of the city. Besides affording accommodation for all the courts and officers of the county, it has rooms for the Governor and other Territorial officials, the Montana Library (both law and mis-

mous—a view of city, valley, mountains. We are nearly 5000 feet above sea-level, and the air is clear and rarefied. Swiftly flows the blood through our veins, and our lungs are all expanded. No wonder the people love their city. Never is the weather sultry, never is the heat oppressive. In winter, a month of snow and terrible cold; then an early spring, with wild flowers in March, and green grasses in April.

From the Court-house our way is through a succession of residence streets. All are wide, long, and straight. On either side grows a row of cotton-wood-trees, the leaves turning now, and some of them dropping to the ground, on this September day. Behind the trees are

cottages, some of wood, others of bright red brick; and before and around each house is a bit of lawn, with a few shade trees, and a flower bed tucked away in some sunny corner. Here a riding party is ready for a canter out into the valley or to the mountain trails; and there stands a pony phaeton, upstart successor of the old canvas-covered wagons that twenty years ago were the only vehicles to be seen in this far-off land.

The newer and more pretentious houses in Helena are on Madison Avenue, a wide thoroughfare nearly parallel to Main

will descend the hill to Main Street once more, and crossing the city, climb to this popular boulevard. Far away, across the valley, are seen the purple peaks of the Beet Range, out of which rises a huge cone known as Bear's Tooth. At its base the Missouri takes its plunge into the Gate of the Mountains. For more than a hundred miles the view is unobstructed. Mountains are everywhere; piled together here; broken, snow-capped, and isolated in other directions. No wonder that the people have selected the plateau as the site of their best houses. In no other city of the



SMELTING-WORKS, WICKES.

Street, but having a much higher elevation and more commanding outlook. A few years ago the plateau which may now be regarded as the "court end" of Helena was without a tree or house. It now presents an entirely different appearance. Madison Avenue in itself would claim attention in any city, while the residences that face it afford striking evidence of the fact that Helena is fast outgrowing all provincialism, and to-day deserves the encomiums that one is inclined to bestow upon it.

Leaving the cottage-lined streets, we

far West is there to be had a more extended or a more interesting view.

Benton Avenue is another favorite residence street. Walking down its shaded length, passing the houses that are springing into existence as though by magic, we gain a still deeper insight into the life and attractions of the city. Are we interested in churches? If so, they are here, Episcopal and Congregationalist, Baptist, Methodist, and Catholic. Scattered at random about the city, and in no instance being more than well suited to present needs, they still give Helena its proper tone, and

show by their presence that a new life has crept into the old camp of reckless mining days.

The Helena Board of Trade was organized in 1887, and on the 1st of January, 1888, issued its first annual report. Many interesting facts regarding the growth of the city are given in the pamphlet. The assessable wealth of Helena in 1887, according to the Secretary of the Board, is \$8,000,000, or, estimating the population at 13,000, over \$615 *per capita*. The assessed valuation of Lewis and Clarke County for 1887 was \$11,000,000, while its actual wealth was \$75,000,000. There were 388 new buildings erected in Helena and its several additions in 1886 and '87, the total cost of which was \$2,037,000.

The chief social organization in Helena is the Helena Club. Among its members are men prominent in all business circles, and in such industries as cattle-raising and mining. The club-rooms are fully supplied with current literature, and are the popular resort during the late afternoon and early evening. A stranger in Helena is moderately sure of finding whomsoever he wishes to meet at the club, and I am sure the hospitalities of the organization are always gladly extended.

In her schools and other public institutions Helena is fully abreast of the times. There are five brick school-houses in the city, and money for their support is raised by direct taxation on property. School lands cannot be sold in Montana until the Territory becomes a State. Then, however, there will be 5,000,000 acres available for the establishment of a fund that will relieve the tax-payers from their present burden.

Besides the public schools there are other institutions, maintained by the Catholic sisters, and a business college with an enrolment already of nearly 500 scholars.

The two library associations of Helena, namely, the City Library and the Historical Society's Library, were both destroyed by fire in 1874, but have since been replaced by collections that are large, varied, and valuable. The Law Library contains nearly 4000 volumes of reports, text-books, and laws. The last Legislature appropriated \$3000 to its use. The Historical Society's Library consists of original MSS., old historical works, home pamphlets and maps, and contains 5000 volumes. The society occupies two rooms in the Court-house, and last year



THOMAS CRUSE.

From photograph by R. H. Beckwith, Helena.

was given \$400 by the Legislature. The object of the officers is to collect and preserve such original letters, diaries, and accounts of travel in Montana as shall serve as the material from which a comprehensive history of the Territory may be gathered. The Helena Free Library contains 2500 carefully selected books of miscellaneous reading, and is supported by a city tax of one-half mill on each dollar of valuation. The income from such source was \$2600 in 1886. Still another library is that belonging to the Young Men's Christian Association.

Sufferers from pulmonary troubles are often greatly benefited by living at Helena. The air is dry and bracing, and acts as a tonic to those who have not much natural energy. It would be unwise to advise all who are ill to try living at Helena. No one can select a new home for a patient without first knowing his particular trouble. But I have no doubt that one who takes his case in hand before disease does more than suggest its presence, and goes to Montana prepared to live in the open air, will be able to build up his constitution and begin life anew.

But having seen the city, let us now visit Wickes, and glance for a moment at one of the regions from which the people draw the revenue that they have poured

so freely forth for the public good. Making an early start, we will drive down Main Street to the station, and taking the train there, ride down the Prickly-Pear Valley to the Junction, and then on toward the southeast to our destination. On one side rise the mountains, with cool, inviting-looking cañons, hemmed in by high hills, and leading into the heart of the range; on the other is the valley, extending far away to the hills in the east. Grasses are brown, and the pines deep green. For an hour the Montana of old is ours to enjoy: isolated, quiet, just as nature fashioned it.

And then comes Wickes: an unsightly town; a mining camp; a place with many saloons and no churches; wooden shanties; wavering streets; groups of men, flannel-shirted, unshaven; a background of mountains. This is the picture. We can hear the heavy pounding of the crushers in the works; the air at times is heavy with the smoke of the furnaces. The town is not inviting. It is, as Helena once was, rough, uncouth, repellent almost; but it is rich.

Not rich in itself perhaps, but unquestionably so in its surroundings. The largest works at Wickes are those of the Helena Mining and Reduction Company. The town is the creation of this company, and the works bring together the throng that greets us. The product of the smelter in 1886 had a money value of \$1,105,190 76. Nearly 500 men are employed, and ore from Idaho as well as from the mines near the town is treated. Standing anywhere in the main street, we look upon a country fairly riddled with mines. Some of them are famous producers; others are but just opened. One can scarcely realize the possible future of the region. Every day brings its progress; every year the output is greater. As we walk through the dimly lighted buildings, stopping now to watch the crushers and again to listen while the guide explains the process of reduction, one begins to form a just estimate of Helena's claims, for all this district is at her very doors, and the more money Wickes produces, the more brilliant become the prospects of the Territorial capital.

Marysville, nearly thirty miles from Helena, is a second Wickes in appearance, but when one remembers the wealth of the mines which have created the town, he forgets the ugliness of the streets, and

ceases to notice the dilapidation of the rudely built cabins. Marysville is chiefly famous as the site of the Drum Lummon, but does not depend on this mine alone for its support. The town is the chief seat of an extremely rich district, already well developed, and is an important suburb of Helena. It is connected by rail with the latter city, and will eventually be the terminus of a branch of the Manitoba road.

The discoverer of the Drum Lummon was Mr. Thomas Cruse. In the days before he sold his property and returned to Helena a much honored millionaire, Mr. Cruse was locally known as "old Tommy," and was looked upon as a somewhat visionary man. None questioned after a time that his mine, where he lived and labored alone, was valuable, but few placed its worth so high as did the patient owner. When he refused half a million for his mine, the people of Helena called him foolish, and when he turned away from the offer of a million, they called him a fool. But the miner was wiser than his friends, and eventually received his price, \$11,500,000, and a goodly number of shares in the new company. Then, as so often is the case, the old familiarity was dropped, and the "Tommy" of by-gone days became Mr. Thomas Cruse, "capitalist." A kind, thoroughly honest man, of whom all who know him are ready to say a good word, he is a familiar figure on the streets of Helena, and to-day is president of a savings-bank in the city where a few years ago he was not sure of getting trusted for enough to keep himself alive. As an illustration of the ups and downs of a miner's life he is a notable example.

Mining, fascinating as it seems to one who learns only its brighter side, must not be thought the only industry from which Helena derives its revenue. It is undoubtedly the chief occupation of the people, but fortunes have been made and are now being made in that other great Montana industry, stock-raising. In his last report, the Governor of Montana estimated that there were then in the Territory:

Cattle	1,400,000
Horses	190,000
Sheep	2,000,000

Sheep-raising is a most profitable business. The Montana grasses are abundant and nutritious, and a vast area of country

is available for pasturage. Montana wool has a ready sale in Eastern markets. The clip for 1887 is estimated at 5,771,420 pounds. Cattle suffered severely in the winter of 1886-7, and the industry was badly crippled, although not by any means annihilated. Millions of Helena capital are invested both in sheep and cattle, and it is an open question which have been the more successful, the miners or the stockmen. "Cattle kings," as the men who have made fortunes out of stock are facetiously called, are by no means a rarity in the city. The possessions of many of them are enormous. I doubt if even the men themselves know exactly how many sheep or cattle they own.

east Helena is seen nestled in its winding gulch, and creeping out upon the low-browed hills. The air is so clear that objects fifty miles away seem close at hand. By degrees the grade becomes steeper, and leaving the valley, one finds himself among the gigantic cliffs and buttresses



STREET IN BUTTE, AND COURT-HOUSE.

II.—BUTTE.

From Helena to Butte is only a half-day's ride. Leaving the one early in the morning, you are at the other by noon. The journey is extremely interesting. The route is westward, by the Northern Pacific, over the main divide of the Rocky Mountains to Garrison, and from there southward, through the fertile Deer Lodge Valley, to the city of mines, smelteries, and steep hills. For an hour after leaving Helena the road traverses the Prickly-Pear Valley. Westward rise the Rockies, seemingly impossible, and in the south-

of granite that form the foundations of the huge natural wall that stretches north and south from British Columbia to the borders of old Mexico. Then comes the Mullan Tunnel, long and dark, through which the train passes to the western side of the divide, where the slopes have a pastoral beauty in strange contrast to the appearance of those on the east. At last we are literally among the mountains. Tall peaks surround us; the pines choke the winding valleys that we follow; clear streams of water flow past us; we enter park after park. The coloring is exquisite, and so varied that one cries out with

delight. Strangely fashioned monuments of red and yellow sandstone, grim cliffs of dark basaltic rock, rich green masses of firs and pines, surrounded by dull brown grasses, and scattered over the slopes the bright patches of the quaking-asp, colored by the early frosts, and as beautiful as the New England maples after their first encounter with the chilly nights of fall.

The Deer Lodge Valley is of varying width, and contains a large area of agricultural and natural hay lands. The chief towns are Deer Lodge and Anaconda, the latter having a population of 5000. The smelting-works at Anaconda are said to be the largest in the world, and cover nearly fifteen acres of land.

The city of Butte does not claim to be picturesque. It is an interesting place, however, as one so rich and productive and energetic must be, and from the top of its high hills the view of distant mountains does much toward making one forget the disagreeable features of the city itself. The very activity of Butte is sometimes wearisome. It never ceases. By day and night the tall chimneys at the mills are pouring forth their smoke and flame; the streets at all hours of the day and night are filled with moving throngs. Money-making is the evident passion of the day. In the race for it all else is forgotten. The city covers the slope of a steep, rocky hill, overlooked by a bare butte, from which the town derives its name, and for the most part the houses are set down at random, and present a heterogeneous collection of wooden cabins and high brick blocks. There is everywhere a sign of haste and uncertainty. No trees are to be seen; the streets take a bold plunge from heights above to the levels below. There is nothing soft or winning to the side which nature shows. By some great convulsion the hills have been created, and man has occupied them with all their crudities.

Silver Bow County, of which Butte is the county-seat, has the smallest superficial area, but the largest population, of any county in Montana. It was originally a part of Deer Lodge County, but in 1881 achieved its independence by reason of the discovery of the great copper and silver leads at Butte and vicinity. Mining is the main industry in the county, which so early as 1870 contained the locations of 981 gulch claims and 226 bar and hill

claims. The total cost of ditches at that time was \$106,000. Gulch mining prospered until 1871, when it collapsed.

Butte is the centre of what is known as the Summit Mountain District, and has an elevation of 5800 feet. The city is virtually the county of Silver Bow. Under the general title of Butte are included Butte proper, South Butte, Walkerville, Centreville, and Meadesville; the several towns form the largest and richest mining camp in the world. The district of which Butte is the natural centre is three miles square, and contains more than 5000 mineral claims, 2000 of which are held under United States patents. The product of the camp for 1886 was \$13,246,500, divided as follows:

Fine bullion per express.....	\$5,856,500
Copper (55,000,000 pounds, at 10 cents)	5,500,000
Silver ore shipments.....	650,000
Silver in matte.....	1,240,000
Total.....	\$13,246,500

In 1881 the output amounted to only \$1,247,600. For 1887 the returns show an increase over the product of 1886 of over \$3,000,000. Nearly 5000 men are employed in the various stamp-mills and smelteries, and the monthly pay-roll amounts to \$500,000.

The post-office at Butte pays a net profit to the government of \$23,000 a year. The city is well supplied with banks, carrying check deposits aggregating over \$2,000,000, and has an assessed property valuation of from \$8,000,000 to \$9,000,000. On the business streets are a number of buildings of great size and solidity, and elsewhere are several private houses built by those who have made princely fortunes since coming to Butte. Particularly noticeable are the public buildings, such as the schools and Court-house. The latter cost \$150,000, and on the former more than \$100,000 have been expended. Gas and electricity are used in lighting; the retail trade is large; and as a rule Butte is a well-regulated city, enjoying a majority of the modern improvements, and happy in the knowledge that its fame is world-wide, and its prestige as a mining centre undisputed.

Quartz locations were made on and near the present site of Butte as early as 1864. In 1867 the town site was laid out, and Butte had a population of nearly 500 souls. The early comers were only moderately successful in their ventures, however, and in time the placer claims were exhausted.



THE PANS.

In 1875 came the startling discovery that the "black ledges of Butte" were rich with silver. The news spread rapidly. Old claims were relocated, and smelteries and mills erected. The camp grew rapidly. In a year the Utah and Northern road reached the place, and the present era of wealth and progress was fully inaugurated. This, in brief, is the history of Butte. All its trials and disappointments came at an early day, and when once overcome, never returned. Today the Utah and Northern furnishes its southern outlet, and the Montana, Union, and Northern Pacific its eastern and western. Before another year passes the Manitoba will give it still another direct connection with the outside world, and with other local lines will bring it into closer communication with Helena and the various districts of Montana.

The mines of Butte are of two classes—one silver, the other copper-bearing. The silver ores vary in richness from fifteen to eighty ounces of silver per ton. Most of the silver veins also contain from \$4 to \$12 per ton gold. Some of the copper mines carry silver, but the percentage is small. The principal copper ores are copper glance, erubescite, and pyrites. The rough ore assays from 8 to 60 per cent copper, and most of it bears a concentration from two to two

and one-half tons into one, with a small loss in lastings.

The process of mining as practised at Butte is of too complicated a nature to be properly described by a layman, and I therefore quote from an expert. "The silver ores," he says, "are either free or base. In the first the silver contents are extracted after the ore has been stamped by simply mixing it with mercury in water, the precious metal amalgamating readily with the quicksilver. In base ores, however, the process is more expensive and complex. After the ore has been hoisted from the mine, it is conveyed in hand-cars to the upper part of the mill, where it is put through large iron

crushers, which reduce it to about the size of walnuts. From the crushers it drops to the drying floor, where all the moisture it contains is evaporated, and where it is mixed with a proportion of salt varying from 8 to 10 per cent. of its weight, the amount of salt depending on the baseness of the ore. When thoroughly dried it is shovelled under the stamps—large perpendicular iron bars weighing 900 pounds—which are raised by machinery and permitted to drop on the ore below at the rate of about fifty strokes per minute. The effect, of course, is to crush the ore to powder, in which condition it is taken automatically to the roasters. These are huge hollow cylinders, revolving slowly,



THE SETTLERS.

and filled with flames of intense heat, conveyed from the furnaces below by means of a draught. As the cylinders revolve, the action of the heat drives off the sulphur in the ore, liberates the chlorine in the salt, and a chemical change takes place in the nature of the silver in the ore, making a chloride of what was formerly a sulphide of silver, and rendering it susceptible of amalgamation with quicksilver, just like the silver in the 'free' ore mentioned. From the roasters the pulp is then conveyed by tramway to the pans—large tubs filled with water, in which quicksilver is placed with the pulp. The mass is then violently agitated, so that every particle of the silver chloride comes in contact with the quicksilver, by which it is taken up. The whole is then conveyed to the settlers—another series of tubs in which the water settles, and from which the metal is drawn in the form of amalgam. This is afterward subjected to heat, volatilizing the quicksilver, which is afterward condensed for use again by means of cold-water pipes, leaving the silver in a pure metallic state, to be melted into bars and shipped for coinage."

Copper ores are somewhat more simply smelted. They are of a sulphurous composition, and must be roasted before the metal contents are put in marketable shape. They are either desulphurized by "heat roasting," or by being run through "reverberatory furnaces." After this initial treatment, the ore, previously crushed and rolled to the fineness of sand, is dumped into the matting furnaces, whence, so far as possible, the worthless ingredients are reduced to a molten state to separate them from the metal base. The metal is then drawn off into sand cavities, similar to the drawing off of pig-iron, where the metal cools and becomes copper matte. This matte usually assays from 55 to 65 per cent. of copper, besides the silver it contains. Silver-copper matte is a desirable matte. The Parrott Company, by an adaptation of the Bessemer converter process, produces a copper matte carrying only two per cent. of impurities. The process is a very interesting one, and probably the cheapest in use in this camp, all things considered. Some of the Butte companies, whose ore carries from 49 to 79 per cent. of copper, ship their product in a crude state—some to Eastern smelters, others to England

and Wales. The high per cent. of copper returns a handsome profit.

Our hotel at Butte was in nearly the centre of the city. Close by ran the main street, with its ever-changing pictures, and from the upper end of which we could look down upon the famous camp. The sight was novel in the extreme. On every hand were tall smoke-stacks pouring forth smoke and flames like miniature volcanoes, and great heaps of mineral refuse were scattered around promiscuously. There was nothing to see but stamp-mills and smelteries, nothing to do but visit them. Mines and mining were the talk of the hour. No one thought of anything else. The very ground seemed honey-combed, and we knew that by day and night an army of men was at work in the dimly lighted "cross-cuts," industriously searching for the treasures nature so long refused to disclose. Rough-looking, pale, worn, and haggard are these miners of Butte. Many of them have lived the greater part of their lives in the horrible chambers that, lined as they are with precious metals, have still no charm for their inmates. Life in the mines is modern slavery. The looks of the men prove this; the wan faces of the children bear painful evidence of the fact.

Above the city proper, on the road to Walkerville, were grouped the cabins of these laborers. Nothing more desolate than their appearance can be imagined. Perched on rocky ledges, crowded into narrow gulches, unpainted, blacked by the smoke, unrelieved by tree or shrub or grass-plot, they bore not even the suggestion of home, but were more like hovels—untidy, neglected, and oppressive to look upon.

There are 340 stamps in operation at Butte, and the amount of ore treated every day amounts to 500 tons, or 15,000 tons per month. Besides the stamp-mills there are seven smelteries, with a capacity of 1250 tons.

A majority of the mines have their own mills and smelteries, equipped with every modern appliance for the rapid and saving reduction of ore, and all are rich producers. Viewing the many properties, acquainted with their figures, one wonders how copper can ever be "cornered," and how long it will be before silver is a drug upon the market.

SUNSET ON THE ALLEGHANY.

BY MARGARET DELAND.

WHEN to its gracious heart has been confest
The whispered wanderings of a hundred rills,
The river saunters slowly toward the west,
Watched by the rounded, grassy-shouldered hills.

Close to its edge the meadows bask and dream,
All hazy where the level sunshine lies;
The distant fields seem drinking from the stream,
Till, far away, it melts in reddening skies.

Slowly, as though reluctant yet to go,
The river stops with fringing trees to play,
Or fills some brook's mouth with its hidden flow,
And in a pasture makes a shining bay.

Faintly it splashes 'mid the grass and sedge
That half conceal a fallen sycamore.
But, save a murmur at the water's edge,
The evening stillness broods along the shore,

Till, like a vision, dim at first, then clear,
From out the shadowy east a raft floats slow,
And as it nears us, soft and sweet we hear
The toiling raftsmen singing as they row.

Still to the rhythm of their song they push
The heavy oar from side to side again,
And breaking through the sunset glow and hush,
Comes suddenly the ringing, glad refrain:

"From up above	"No girl's so sweet,
My raft drifts down	Up in the Pine,
To you! to you!	As you! as you!
And, oh, my love,	Say, when you meet
Your sweetheart brown	This raft of mine,
Is true! is true!	'I'm true! I'm true!'"

When they are past, the slowly creaking oar
Still jars the silence that is closing round;
The wrinkled water trembles toward the shore,
And reeds and grasses stir with faintest sound.

The soft, uncertain, hurried wind of night,
That rises when the cool gray shadows close,
Skims slowly, with a backward ripple light,
The ruffled river's deepening repose.

It strikes the water with a dim white line,
Or makes its brown breast dappled like a cloud;
It trails the raftsmen's voices far and fine,
Then on a sudden brings them clear and loud.

It holds a lingering cadence sweet and far—
A line perhaps, or but a word or two—
And then lets silence, like a mellow bar,
Break off the song, until we hear, "To you!"

"No girl's so sweet." The wind conceals the rest,
Till, growing fainter, comes, "I'm true! I'm true!"
Then they are lost within the yellow west,
And evening settles with its dusk and dew.



OME, Roger and Nell;
Come, Simkin and Bell;
Each lad with his lass hither come,
With singing and dancing,
In pleasure advancing
To celebrate harvest-home.
'Tis Ceres bids play
And keep holiday
To celebrate harvest-home.

Our labour is o'er,
And our barns in full store
Now swell with rich gifts of the land.
Let each man then take,
For the prong and the rake,
His can and his lass in his hand.
'Tis Ceres bids play
And keep holiday
To celebrate harvest-home.

No courtiers can be
So happy as we
In innocent pastime and mirth,
While thus we carouse
With our sweetheart or spouse,
And rejoice o'er the fruits of the earth.





'Tis Ceres bids play
And keep holiday
To celebrate harvest-home.



IN FAR LOCHABER.*

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER XVII.

IN EXTREMITY.

THE evening after-glow had deepened and richened in its marvellous intensity of light and color; for while in the shining skies overhead there hung masses of crimson cloud that were soft and ethereal in their reposeful majesty and calm, down here the wide waters of the loch were all of a lambent ruddy-purple, broken everywhere by multitudinous swift-glancing ripples—black shuttles they seemed to be, darting transversely hither and thither through the rose-violet fire. And yet, despite this final glory in sky and sea, a sombre darkness was gathering over the western hills behind which the sun had gone down, and the profound and hushed silence prevailing everywhere seemed to tell of the coming of the night.

And it was under these still shining heavens and by the side of these lustrous waters that Alison and her lover walked slowly to and fro, he earnestly pleading with her, she almost too distraught to make answer; for the meaning of that letter was plain enough. The end had come.

"Ludovick," she said at length, between her only half-concealed sobs, "since ever we two met it has been one good-by after another, but this is the last; and it is better it should be the last. It was all a mistake from the beginning. And I have been the one to blame, I know that. I should have discovered you were a Catholic; and then—and then, after knowing it, I should never have come back to Fort William. I thought it would be easy enough. I thought we could be friends. But I am the one that is to blame; and I—I shall have to bear the punishment; for you are a man—you will forget it all in a year or two; but I am a woman—it will go with me through life."

"Come, don't talk like that, Alison!" he said to her, but very gently. "Things are not so bad as that. But they are bad enough; and I will tell you what it is I fear. You see, when you are left to your own judgment, when you are removed from certain influences, when you are here in the Highlands, in short, I do be-

lieve you are the most clear-sighted, courageous, self-possessed woman I have ever met; but as soon as you go back to that town you surrender yourself and become quite a different being. You are afraid of the congregation; the elders' wives are all-important to you; why, you even seem to owe some mysterious duty to those ancient Blairs of Moss End—who were no doubt worthy old gentlemen in their own day, walking according to their lights, just as you should do now, without being tyrannized over by them or their ghosts. Here in the Highlands you are bright and merry and talkative, and happy as the day is long; there you are a timorous frightened creature, who will hardly hold out your hand when a friend calls on you. I don't know whether it's the moral atmosphere of the place, or the physical, or both; but what I fear is that when you go back there you will lose your self-possession, you will let them do with you what they like, and then what will be the end? Why, that you and I may never see each other again in this world."

"Ludovick, what else is there?" she said, piteously.

"I wish you had never gone back to that town!" he exclaimed, almost angrily.

"Why was I such a fool as to let you go back last summer?—why am I such a fool as to let you go back now?"

"Ludovick," said she, with an accent of reproach, "would you have the door of my father's house shut against me forever?"

"Well, I know what will happen," he said. "I know it to a certainty. I tell you, Alison, I do believe I understand you better than you understand yourself. I have reasoned it all out many a time—after what Flora told me. Many a night I used to lie awake in the dahabeeyah we had on the Nile—a fine place for thinking it was, the hammock slung in the small cabin, and hardly a whisper heard of the water outside—and I went over again and again all Flora's explanations, and I got to see pretty well how you were situated. And haven't I told you before now that you are a far more human kind of being in the Highlands—that you show all your frank qualities of mind and disposition—

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that, in fact, you are the Alison that all of us up here have got to be so fond of? But what are you in Kirk o' Shields?—the Minister's daughter, a cowed creature, superstitious, timorous, with all your natural gayety crushed out of you by the fear of the congregation. Oh, upon my soul, it's too bad!" he exclaimed, in his hot impetuosity. "It's too bad! You—who have the spirit of a lark—who are naturally as light-hearted as a bird—and—and merry—for you to be chained down—to be shut up in that dungeon—that hole—it's too bad!"

But this indignant and incoherent protest brought no light of direction with it.

"It isn't every one who can choose," she made answer, rather sadly. "And it's all very well for you, Ludovick, to make light of duties; but the duties are there; and it would be better not to live at all than to live with a conscience that would always be reproaching you."

"Oh, now you're beginning to talk like Kirk o' Shields!" he said, roughly. "I wish you would talk like our Alison—like the Alison we know."

"And what would you have me say, Ludovick, except good-by?"

The question was a simple one, not to say a pathetic one, but it received no answer. His soul within him was chafing against these unseen bonds, that were all the more vexatious that they were impalpable and not to be seized and broken asunder. He walked on in silence by her side, his brows knit, his eyes fixed mostly on the ground. As for her, she was regarding the now fading glories of sea and sky with the knowledge that, here at least, she should never look on them again. She was taking farewell of them, as it were. She was Princess Deirdri, gazing for the last time on the land where she had been beloved and happy.

"Alison," said he, presently, "have you definitely resolved to go back to Kirk o' Shields to-morrow?"

"What else can I do, Ludovick?" she said. "I cannot have my father's house shut against me. I must go back."

"Then, as I say, I know what will happen. Here and now you might make a resolution—I might even claim a promise from you; but there you would soon be under the power of old influences and associations, and you would let yourself be led. Do you forget what your aunt Gilchrist told me?—that you were very near-

ly being induced to marry that wretched creature of a divinity student—"

"But that was different, Ludovick!" she exclaimed, in eager self-justification. "I—I thought it was all over between you and me—I knew it was—and I didn't seem to care what happened—"

"And won't the same thing occur again?" he said. "The moment you go back you will be forbidden to have any communication with such a frightful monster as a Catholic; and the years will go by, and some fine day I shall hear of my Alison being married to that stickit minister, as your aunt calls him. That will be a pleasant thing for me to hear!"

"I don't think you ever will, Ludovick," she said, in rather a low voice.

"You don't think so now, because you are here, on the shores of Loch Eil; but you may think differently when two or three years of living in Kirk o' Shields, among all those people, have changed you. And I wonder what Mrs. James Cowan—that is the name you will be wearing then, isn't it?—I wonder what Mrs. James Cowan will be saying to herself when she sees in the newspaper that the Ludovick she used to know in other days has got married too? I wonder what she will be thinking then? or will she think at all? I suppose she will have forgotten there ever was such a person, or that she was ever in such a place as Lochaber."

"You are not—not very kind to me to-night, Ludovick," she said, in tremulous tones, "and—and I am going away to-morrow."

He suddenly stopped (a gray twilight lay over the land now, and these two figures were dark against the wan lilac of the water), and he took both her hands in his, and held them tight.

"Sweetheart," said he, in a very different voice, "don't heed what I have been saying. The very idea of losing you altogether maddens me. I can't bear your going away—when I think of what may happen, with distance and perhaps years separating us; and when I see you standing here so close to me, and not very happy, I suppose—you, my own Alison, that should be mine always—and yet you are going away from me—well, I was too impatient, and you will forgive me!"

These appealing sentences had to cease; some belated traveller was coming along the road, and they had to resume their

walk in silence until he had passed. Then he said:

"You see, Alison, what I was thinking of is this: it is so easy for two young people to say they will never marry if they cannot marry each other; and they make promises and vows, and they separate quite sure of each other's constancy. It's the commonest thing in the world. But circumstances are strong; you can never tell what may happen in absence; misrepresentations may be made, or false rumors get about; and friends and relatives may be urgent until—well, until one of the lovers forgets what she has promised, or is perhaps piqued by false reports into marrying some one else; and the other one—well, he is miserable enough for a time, but he gives up the dreams of his youth, and by-and-by consoles himself as best he may. Oh, I assure you," he continued (and now the whole twilight world was to themselves, and there was not a sound but the monotonous plash of the ripples along the sea-weed), "I could preach to you for an hour on that subject, for I've been preached to again and again, and in very similar circumstances. I should like to tell you the story, Alison; perhaps you would care to know what the two sweethearts did?"

He paused in his walk, while she stopped too. He was regarding her curiously; her eyes were downcast; probably she was listening with sadly wandering thoughts—for how could a story interest one who was about to say good-by forever to the man she loved?

"They were both friends of mine," Ludovick continued, cheerfully enough, though he never for a moment removed his eyes from her downcast face. "One of them, indeed, was my chum—Ogilvie his name. Well, at that time his regiment was stationed at Fort George, and it was at the Northern Counties Ball at Inverness that he met the youngest of the Ramsay girls—the Ramsays of Kilcoultrie—Lilias I think her name was, but I've often heard her called the Flower of Strath-glas—and the two of them took such a fancy for each other that they were like Romeo and Juliet over again. He was quite daft about her, managed to get invitations to any country-house she might be stopping at, and worried his colonel's life out for leave. But the Ramsay family wouldn't hear of it: they are very

wealthy; and besides, she had become quite a famous beauty; and young Ogilvie had little beyond his pay. At last they forbade him to have any communication with her; and as they found that wasn't enough, they resolved upon sending the Flower of Strath-glas to the south of Ireland, where she had some relatives, to live there for an indefinite time. Ogilvie came to me. I got preached at, as I tell you. He was quite pathetic, and magnified all the dangers of the threatened separation; but I don't think I would have intermeddled on his account, if the young lady had not come and appealed to me as well. That finished me; I couldn't refuse; and when I found out what pluck she had, I became party to a little scheme, though the Ramsay family have no idea until this day that I had anything to do with it. The short and the long of it was that one fine morning these two young people, without saying by your leave or with your leave, got quietly married in Inverness, and no one knew anything about it for nearly three years thereafter."

"They got married?" Alison repeated, rather faintly, and she raised her face with asking eyes.

He was regarding her intently; her raised eyes were seeking, and fearing, to read the meaning in his.

"But that is not what I would have done," he said, slowly. "I would have no secret marriage—not a bit. If I were in a position like that, and if the girl had courage enough, and if there was a chance of our being separated forever, then I might ask her to go through a form of civil marriage before the sheriff, because that could be done instantly, and there could be no chance of interference; but immediately it was over, I should want everybody to know who cared to know. I should want to be able to say, 'She is mine; you can't touch her now; she may go back to her own home, if she thinks her duty lies that way, but she is mine: absence and threats and persuasion are of no avail now; sooner or later we shall come together again; in the mean time we will wait, if there is reason for waiting, but you cannot divide us the one from the other any more.' Alison," he said, "what is your answer?"

She uttered a little cry, and buried her face in his bosom.

"Oh, Ludovick!" was all she could say.

"Understand," he continued, "I don't want to drag you into any secret marriage—any hole-and-corner marriage. I want everybody to know who has the right to know. I should like you to go right back now, and let me tell Hugh and Flora, and Mr. and Mrs. Munro, and your aunt Gilchrist, what we are going to do to-morrow morning; and after we have been to the sheriff's chambers, then you are free to go back to Kirk o' Shields. Isn't it simple, Alison? You are mine; but I want you to be safely mine, that is all!"

She withdrew herself from his embrace.

"It is late," she said; "they will be wondering."

Indeed she hardly seemed to know what she said; and when they turned to walk back to the outskirts of the little town—where the orange lamps were beginning to appear in the dusk—he led her by the hand, as if she had been a child, while he was persuading her that this step he was urging her to take was reasonable and natural and justifiable. She listened in silence. Once only, in the midst of his earnest, his almost passionate, pleadings, she stopped him.

"Ludovick," she said, "if—if I hesitate—don't think it is because I do not love you, or am afraid to trust you. I have trusted you; I have given myself to you; what more can I do than that? But—but this is so sudden."

And then again he said, very gently:

"I know, dearest Alison, that it is a very startling thing; but the circumstances are imperative. You are going away to-morrow morning: it is a question of hours. But if you are so alarmed, wouldn't you ask the advice of your friends? Wouldn't you ask Flora and Hugh and Mrs. Gilchrist? They can only wish for your good. I don't quite say you should ask the Doctor and Mrs. Munro; for, you see, you are staying in their house, and they are in a way responsible for you to your father; but your aunt Gilchrist, she knows how you are situated, she is exceedingly fond of you; why not ask her? In any case you would have to give her some reason for your going away so suddenly; why not give her the true reason, and tell her what I want you to do?"

"Yes—yes—perhaps," Alison answered, absently: her thoughts were flying far afield.

But as it chanced it was Hugh and Flora who were first called into counsel. As Ludovick and his companion were getting back to the small garden-enclosed villas they perceived two dark figures coming along the road toward them, and as these drew near they could be made out to be Alison's cousins.

"Why, where have you two been?" Flora cried, with good-humored reproach.

"I will apologize to your mother the moment we get back," Ludovick said, at once, "for having kept Alison out so late; but the fact is something serious has happened, and we had many matters to talk over that could only be spoken of between ourselves. She is going back to Kirk o' Shields to-morrow morning."

"What! Alison?" cried Flora; and instinctively the girl seized hold of her cousin's hand, as if she would detain her there and then, and prevent any such spiriting away. "What do you mean, Ludovick?"

"It is for Alison herself to say how much I am to tell you," he answered.

She hesitated only for a moment.

"Everything, Ludovick—everything," she said.

Well, thereupon Captain Ludovick told his two friends the whole story of the engagement (which was hardly news, perhaps), of Alison's hopes that her friends in Kirk o' Shields might perchance be brought to sanction the marriage, of the peremptory letter received that evening, and also of his daring proposal for the morrow morning; and he hinted that Alison was looking to them for some advice and assistance in the straits in which she found herself.

"Well, look here, Ludovick," Hugh said, frankly, "I for one am dead against it. I can foresee nothing but trouble—for Alison first, and for both of you after. You would land yourself in for you don't know what. But in any case where is the use of talking? You couldn't get married in that hasty fashion if you tried. How could you get married at an hour or two's notice?"

"The simplest thing in the world," was the confident rejoinder. "My dear lad, I've been through it—as best man, that is; I know all about it. You get a lawyer to draw out a declaration; Alison and I sign it; you have two witnesses—you'll be one, Hugh, and the lawyer the other; then you take it along to the

sheriff-substitute; he reads it over and signs it; you take the warrant along to the registrar, and the ceremony is complete. Simplest thing in the world!"

And then as they were going up through the garden to the open door of the house he told them the story he had told to Alison, in explanation of his knowledge of these particulars.

"But, Ludovick," said Flora, who had not yet expressed either approval or disapproval, "how did that marriage turn out in the end?"

"Why, excellently—excellently!" he said, with unnecessary eagerness. "The Ramsays saw it was no use crying over spilt milk; they made it up with the young people very soon after the truth became known; and I must say the old man behaved very handsomely. As for Major Ogilvie and his wife—well, I went with them as far as Suez last winter, when they were going to India, and I'm sure there wasn't a happier or merrier couple on board."

"Well, I don't know, Ludovick," Hugh said, doubtfully, as they were going into the house, "but I for one wouldn't advise Alison to do anything of that kind."

"Anything of what kind?" Captain Ludovick protested. "This isn't a secret marriage at all! This is as open as the day!"

He could say nothing further at the moment, for they had reached the dining-room door, and Mrs. Munro came out to scold the two recusants (as well as she could scold anybody), and to inform them that they should have to sup by their two selves, as the rest of the family had declined to wait for them.

It was not supper that was in Alison's mind. She asked for her aunt Gilchrist. She was told that the old lady had gone to her own room. Thither, accordingly, Alison repaired—but slowly and thoughtfully, for she did not know how she was to acquaint her with what had happened.

And when she came to the door she paused there, irresolute, that she might gain some composure; for her heart was full. Aunt Gilchrist had been more than kind to her. And now she was come to say good-by; and she did not wish to appear ungrateful. There was something else that was bringing her near to tears; but she was trying to put that aside for the moment.

At last she summoned up courage, and tapped at the door.

"Come in!" called a cheerful voice; and then on entering she found her aunt seated by the little window-table, the gas lit, and an open desk beside her.

"Well, what does my bit lady want?" Aunt Gilchrist asked, encouragingly enough, as she laid aside the legal-looking document she had been reading. "I was just looking at your name, my dear, in that paper there."

The girl went forward, hesitating—not able to speak—and then she sank on to her knees, and buried her head in the old dame's lap, and burst into a passionate fit of crying.

"Oh, you've been so good to me, Aunt Gilchrist—you've been so good to me!" she sobbed. "And I'm going away to-morrow morning; and perhaps they'll never let me come to see you again!"

"Mercy on us, what in all the world is this, now?" exclaimed Aunt Gilchrist, in a swift blaze of anger. "Going away? Who says that? Tell me who says that!"

But Alison could only sob and sob, and made no answer; and pity for the grief-stricken child before her quickly interfered with the old dame's wrath against these persons unknown. She put her hand on the soft brown hair.

"Ailie, my dear," said she, "what's all this, now? Why, I've just been delighted this while back to see you so light-hearted and blithe and merry, and now all of a sudden it's gone, and you're struck down, and crying like a bairn. What is it, my dear? There, now, get up and dry your eyes, and take that chair, and tell me the whole story. I warrant it's none o' your own wrong-doing; I'll be bound for that. But I know there's folk in this world just that contentious and cantankerous that they'll not let things go smoothly on. And to interfere with such an innocent creature as you! I say interfere; for unless faces tell lies ye've been a very happy young madam since ye've been in Fort William this time. Oh, I'm not asking for secrets, never fear; but old as I am I can see what's as plain as a pikestaff to everybody else. Well, now, that's a dear! there's my lamb! you just draw your chair close up, and keep quiet and peaceful, and tell me the whole story."

But Alison could not so quickly recover her self-control; and so, as the simplest key to the whole situation, she took out

the letter that had summoned her to the south, and without a word handed it to her aunt Gilchrist. And no sooner had the little old dame begun to read Agnes's trembling lines than it was quickly apparent she had forgotten those exhortations to peacefulness and calm which she had been impressing on her niece but a moment before. Her eyes began to burn; her teeth were set hard with indignation; and at last she dashed down the letter on the table with her clinched fist.

"It's *that woman*, Alison!" she exclaimed, with suppressed fury. "It's that woman that's at the bottom o't; and I declare to ye she'll never rest until I set my ten nails on her smirking, sniggering, simpering face! I wish I could see that great yellow hogshead o' a husband o' hers take a thick stick to her back; that would teach her to interfere in other folks' affairs. But I've not done wi' her yet—my word, I've not; and for your father to be led away by a cringing, mincing, scheming, double-faced, wicked woman like that—oh, it would drive a saint wild! Has he no eyes? Does he no see that all her concern is to get you to marry that bit o' washed-out rag that they hope to make a minister o'?"

Alison shook her head.

"No, aunt, it—it isn't that has made my father threaten to shut the door on me. Can you remember—in the letter you sent to Mrs. Cowan—whether you happened to say that—that Ludovick was a Catholic?"

"Of course I did!" said Aunt Gilchrist, with rather a triumphant air; "of course I did! I thought I would give her a fright—her and her tallow-faced son! Certainly I told her what *our* notions were as to your probable future, my dear; and I let her know pretty plainly that the probationer was *not* included!"

"Ah, that is it, then," Alison said, sadly enough. "She has taken the letter to my father; and no doubt she made the most of Ludovick's being a Catholic. Well, it does not matter. He would have had to know sooner or later; and I suppose this is what would have been the end in any case."

"And so you are really going away back to-morrow morning, Alison?" the old lady demanded, with a curious look of interrogation.

"Yes; what else can I do?" the girl answered, simply. "And I came to

thank you, dear aunt, or to try to thank you, for all your goodness to me—"

"We'll say nothing about that," Aunt Gilchrist broke in, without ceremony. "This is what I want to know—have ye put all this affair before Captain Ludovick?"

"Oh yes, indeed, aunt."

"And—and what does he say about it?" the old dame inquired, in an off-hand kind of fashion, but still regarding her niece.

Alison hesitated. What was the use of disclosing that wild scheme, when it had already met with Hugh's distinct disapproval, and with Flora's hardly less significant silence? Yet Ludovick had appealed to her to include Aunt Gilchrist also among her counsellors; and so, briefly enough, and with downcast eyes, she told the little dame what it was that Ludovick Macdonell had proposed should be done on the very next morning.

And what a change came over Aunt Gilchrist's face during this recital! At first there was merely surprise; but when she fully understood what was in contemplation she became quite radiant and exultant.

"Well done!—well done!" she cried, with a kind of proud laugh. "There's a proper kind o' man! there's a fellow for ye! there's my brave laddie!—and so *that's* the answer he's sending back to they folk in Kirk o' Shields!" She laughed aloud in her delight. "I declare to ye, Alison, I could take three skips o'er the floor and back again, if it werena for that wee deevil Periphery that's waiting for me! I thought, now, he wouldna be for letting you slip through his fingers! My word, that's a good one! that's the way to carry the war into the enemy's camp! And you—what do you say? Is it to be 'hey the bonny breast-knots' before ye go away by the steamer? Are we to have a wedding sprung on us at a moment's notice? As sure as I'm alive, Alison Blair, if ye get married the morn's morning, I'll dance a reel wi' your good man in the evening, ay, if I die for it!"

Alison smiled a little, and blushed too, and her eyes were averted.

"You see, Aunt Gilchrist, it is not quite easy to say either yes or no, for it has all been so sudden, so unexpected. I have only spoken of it to Hugh and Flora. Hugh is greatly against it; he foresees nothing but trouble."

"Hugh? What's Hugh!" the impetuous small creature exclaimed. "Hugh understands about music and poetry and things o' that kind: what does he know of the practical affairs o' this blessed world we are livin' in?"

"And I imagine Flora thinks the same way, Aunt Gilchrist," Alison said, looking up doubtfully.

"Flora! What right has that impertinent young minx to have an opinion at all? Tell her from me to mind her own business, and keep to her gallivanting with those young fellows she pretends to despise all the time."

"And—and you, Aunt Gilchrist?" Alison said, with some hesitation.

"Come here!"

She took the girl in her arms, and drew down her head, and kissed her very tenderly.

"Ailie, my dear, I've never had a child of my own, and ye've been like a daughter to me. There is nothing in the world I would not do for your welfare. And maybe I was a wee bit thing too hasty, because I was delighted with the spirit o' the lad; and—and I was glad to think o' they folk getting a slap on the cheek; but it's your own heart ye must consult, my lamb; ye must ask yourself what ye've the courage to face; for there may be trouble. But mind this—now mind this, Alison—if ever you are in trouble, ye'll never want for a friend and a warm welcome as long's I'm above the ground. Now go away and think it out for yourself—and ye're a wise kind of creature too—and ye've got decision enough when ye like; think it out for yourself; ask yourself what ye have the courage to do; and then come and tell me—to-night, or as early the morn's morning as ye like."

"Very well, aunt," Alison said, and kissed her, and was about to leave the room, when the little old lady called to her again.

"And just remember this, my dear," Aunt Gilchrist said, in a much blither fashion, "that when I promised ye a home and a warm welcome, I did not mean a Hydropathic. Not one bit. You and I will find for ourselves something snugger than a big hotel filled wi' lunatics drinking water. And if ye do get married the morn's morning, and if by-and-by ye would take up your naitural position in Oyre House, just you tell your Captain Ludovick that his bride will be

provided for on all points, for whenever he asks me I'll come and be a mother-in-law to him for as many weeks together as he likes."

Meanwhile the whole house had been put in commotion by the news that Alison was going away by the next day's steamer; but it was now grown late; and there was not much time left for consideration as to what should happen on the morrow. When Alison went down-stairs, she found that her two cousins and Ludovick had gone out into the garden, for there was a clear moonlight night shining all around—the pale and silvery radiance lighting up the flower beds near at hand, the white road, the gray beach, the still bosom of the loch, and the far slopes and crags of the opposite hills that rose into an almost cloudless sky. She joined that little group of black figures; but she had no definite message for them. Aunt Gilchrist had left the matter to her own decision; and she would take the intervening time to think over it. So Hugh and Flora discreetly bade Ludovick good-night, and slipped into the house, leaving the two lovers to their own farewells. These were not protracted; for Ludovick did not wish to weaken what he had said by any needless repetition; soon Alison had rejoined her cousins, and in a little while thereafter the whole household had retired to rest.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FOR GOOD OR ILL.

LONG into the night, and on toward the morning, she sat at the open window of her room, with this ghostly, silent, moonlit world all around her, not even the whisper of a ripple along the sea-weed margin of the beach, not a breath of wind stirring the wan gray surface of the loch. A kind of phantom world it was, and she the only living thing in it. And as she looked absently and wistfully at the sleeping water, at the silvered crags and slopes that rose afar into the starry skies, at the darker pine woods in the north, and the still more distant and visionary hills beyond Loch Eil, the farewell song of the Princess Deirdri would come again and again into her head, like some recurrent, ineffably sad refrain:

*"Glen Elive, O Glen Elive,
There was raised my earliest home;*

*Beautiful were its woods on rising,
When the sun fell on Glen Etive!*

* * * *

*"Glenorchy, O Glenorchy,
The straight glen of smooth ridges;
No man of his age was so joyful
As my Naos in Glenorchy!"*

* * * *

*"Glenmassan, O Glenmassan,
Long its grass, and fair its woodland glades;
All to ourselves was the place of our repose
On grassy Invermassan!"*

For she was trying to put away from her the momentous decision she would have to face before the morning. It was her leave-taking—this time a final leave-taking—on which her mind was fixed. She had been living in a fool's paradise; Ludovick had warned her of it at Bridge of Roy. And here was the sharp and sudden awakening, and a swift end to all her pleasant day-dreams, and to that joyousness that for the time being she had deemed all-sufficient.

But there were two or three other chance words of Ludovick Macdonell's that haunted her in a curious way. Her imagination would insist on carrying her forward a few years, and showing her a certain thing happening to her. She did not picture herself as Mrs. James Cowan. If her friends pleaded with her, if it was put before her as her bounden duty—well, that might or might not be: it was hardly a matter of concern to her. She might be Mrs. James Cowan, or she might still be Alison Blair; she only knew that the woman she looked forward to and beheld in these coming years was a solitary woman, with hardly anything to hope for, and anxious only to secure forgetfulness of what was by-gone by incessant attention to the trivial duties surrounding her. One morning—this is what Alison saw, regarding herself as another person almost—she is in Kirk o' Shields, and busy as usual with her household cares, when a newspaper arrives. It is addressed to her by some friend in the north; she opens it; there is a mark that attracts her attention—then her startled eyes read the brief announcement of the marriage of Captain Ludovick Macdonell, of Oyre House, Lochaber, to Miss So-and-So, daughter of So-and-So. "And he was once my Ludovick," that solitary woman is saying to herself, as the newspaper drops from her hand, and her memory flies swiftly back to the time when every hour was a delight to her, when kind friends were

around her, and the days shining and clear, and her lover by her side, waiting for a smile and a look, in the far solitudes of Lochaber. And perhaps that Alison, grown callous and indifferent with added years, might dismiss the announcement of Ludovick's marriage with merely a bit of a sigh; but this Alison—here at this window, and with the knowledge that her departure was now but a question of hours—had not so schooled herself. This Alison, with her arms on the sill, and her head bent down on them, was sobbing and sobbing as if her heart would break. The other Alison might say, sadly enough, "He was once my Ludovick." This Alison kept repeating to herself, "He is my Ludovick; and to-morrow I may be looking into his eyes for the last time."

Yet ever and anon the bewildering alternative—that she should go through a hasty and informal marriage ceremony, just before stepping on board the steamer—would reassert itself, and press for a decisive yes or no. Guidance she had none. Even her aunt Gilchrist, who at first had been captivated by the mere audacity of the proposal, had grown doubtful. On the one hand was the girl's own natural dread of so sudden and serious an undertaking, on the other were her lover's eager and impetuous representations. And then, while her heart swayed this way and that, now shrinking back in fear, now grown bold through very desperation, there would come before her once more that vision of the solitary, sad-eyed woman living in Kirk o' Shields—and the newspaper with its laconic announcement—and her knowledge that now she was wholly cast aside and severed and forgotten. It was Ludovick himself who had told her that such was the way of the world. Lovers swore vows of eternal constancy when they were about to part; but absence, the persuasions of friends, perhaps false reports—all these were powerful solvents. She knew now what she had to expect when she went back to Kirk o' Shields: no more illusion was possible on that point. Just as likely as not she would be sternly forbidden to hold any, even the slightest, further communication with this dangerous person who had almost drawn her away from her allegiance to the true Church. And night and day they would be pointing out to her the iniquity of one in her position thinking of marrying a Roman Catholic.

The silence of this sleeping world brought her no counsel; the ineffable beauty of the silvered night had no message for her, unless it were to increase her sadness at the thought of the morrow's farewell. That unspeakable sadness followed her even into the land of dreams; for when at length, worn out by these conflicting anxieties, she flung herself, half undressed, upon the bed, and eventually fell into a troubled and uncertain slumber, behold! she was once more the Princess Deirdri, sailing away from the shores where she had been joyous and beloved. There was a sound of lamentation; her friends were weeping around her; she could see the pleasant garden-land slowly receding from sight, and the dark mountains gradually hemming it in. But what was the song of mourning?—it was no longer a farewell to Glen Etive and Glenorchy and Glenmassan—it was “Lochaber no more! Lochaber no more!” that the very winds and the waves were sighing and calling as the boat sped away to the south. And then still stranger things began to happen. For surely this is no more the Princess Deirdri—this solitary, pale-faced woman, clothed in black, who stands all alone in a pew in the church, with the rest of the congregation pointing at her and murmuring. Then some one reads aloud—and the sound of the reading goes echoing through the silent church—“*And I heard another voice from heaven, saying, Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues. For her sins have reached unto heaven, and God hath remembered her iniquities. Reward her even as she rewarded you, and double unto her double according to her works: in the cup which she hath filled fill to her double. How much she hath glorified herself and lived deliciously, so much torment and sorrow give her: for she saith in her heart, I sit a queen, and am no widow, and shall see no sorrow. Therefore shall her plagues come in one day, death, and mourning, and famine; and she shall be utterly burned with fire: for strong is the Lord God who judgeth her.*” She stands unmoved, and white of face; no one comes near her; the people begin to leave—turning and pointing toward her as they go, and murmuring among themselves—until she is absolutely alone in the empty building.

Darker it grows, and darker. The walls seem to come closer together: why, this is a prison—a dungeon—and she is lost forever to the outer world. And yet she is unmoved; she is like a statue; no prayer rises to her lips, no tears come to her eyes: here in the darkness she remains unheeding; the life seems to have gone from her; she is as stone; she makes no appeal to God or man. And then—but she knows not how long thereafter—a sound strikes her ear—a sound as of distant bells—and a wild desire possesses her to learn what is going on in the world without. In the wall of the dungeon there is a small grating; she climbs up to it; eagerly she clasps two of the iron bars—and lo! a fair and sunlit landscape, with a white beach sloping down to the sea, and pleasant gardens, and dappled and far-receding hills. Breathless she holds on to the bars; for there is a wedding procession coming along—the bride all in white—the bridegroom gay and smiling—the bridesmaids bearing white flowers. Nearer they come—now they are passing by—and in vain, in vain she strives to make herself heard. “Ludovick! Ludovick! have you no word for me?” she calls to him in her extremity of anguish; but he cannot hear. “Ludovick! Ludovick! have you quite forgotten?” she would call to him again; but her voice cannot reach him; the wedding party has passed by; her grasp relaxes; and with a wild cry of despair she falls backward from the light, and knows no more.

It was that despairing cry that awoke her; and when she came into the real world again, behold! the new day was here—the new day that was to see her a bride, or a broken-hearted fugitive and exile. Quickly she went to the window again—to assure herself that she was in no black dungeon, forsaken and alone, with the wedding party going on in its joyful procession, leaving her unheeded in the dark. And if there was anything that could bring peace to her troubled soul, surely it was this tranquil dawn that was now declaring itself over land and sea. Soft and shadowy it was as yet, for the skies were veiled by a net-work of cloud; and strangely still it was—the loch a dead calm, save where the smooth olive-green reflections of the opposite hills were broken by some wandering puff of wind into a shivering silver gray. There was no blaze of morning splendor in this pre-

vailing quietude; the only shaft of sunlight that came into this mysterious half-darkened world caught a solitary distant peak—a shoulder of rose-hued granite that shone clear and wonderful above the shadowed mountains of Ardgour.

Suddenly into this silence and solitude there stepped an apparition—at least, so her frightened eyes at first imagined; but the next instant she had recognized the well-known figure of Ludovick Macdonell, who was coming idly along the road, but with his eyes fixed on the Doctor's house. And the moment he caught sight of her she could see how his face lit up. He waved his hand. She forgot that she was but partly dressed; again and again she returned his salutation—for it seemed so reassuring to have him so near her after those black terrors of the night. But he lingered there in front of the small garden: did he expect her to go down to him? Then swiftly she retreated from the window, dressed herself in a kind of way, thrust her bare feet into slippers, drew a shawl round her head, and presently, with stealthy foot-fall, was making her way down the stairs and through the sleeping house. The heavy lock made something of a noise, but she did not heed that now; Ludovick was there, expecting her. And then the next moment she found herself in the garden—she rosy red, and yet with joy and welcome in her eyes, he hastening to her with a look as glad as her own.

"What have you to say to me, Alison? Is it to be yes?"

He had not to wait for an answer—it was written in her upturned face. He caught her to him, and pushed back the shawl from her forehead, and kissed her again and again.

"So you are going to be brave!" he said to her.

She hid her burning face in his bosom, and murmured:

"Ludovick, I am yours—yours—yours! Tell me what is right."

"But you are all trembling!" he exclaimed.

"I have been so frightened," she said. "There was a terrible dream. I thought I was in a dungeon, and there was one small window, and I looked through it, and saw you—you were going away to be married—"

"And there's a true dream, anyway!" he said, gayly. "Indeed I am going to

be married as soon as ever this blessed town of Fort William wakes up!"

"But why are you here already?" she asked, and she disengaged herself a little, so that they could walk up and down the small gravelled pathways between the beds of flowers, though still his arm was interlinked with hers. "What made you think of coming so early, Ludovick?"

"Oh, well," he said, evasively, "I have just been strolling about."

"Ludovick," she protested, "do you mean that you have never been to bed at all?"

"It was hardly worth while," he said; and then he added: "Well, to tell you the truth, I was determined to have the earliest possible glimpse of you, and I knew you would come to the window some time. And really it was very pleasant. There has been hardly any darkness at all; the moonlight seemed to melt into the first light of the morning. I have been walking up and down in front of the gardens, and wondering whether the good people would be awfully angry if I went in and made up a bouquet of all the prettiest flowers, for the bride to carry in her hand."

"Were you so sure, Ludovick?" she said, slowly, with downcast eyes.

"I was nearly sure."

She was silent for a second or two; then she said, but perhaps merely to hide her embarrassment: "How delicious the morning air is! Don't you think the flowers smell more sweetly before the sun gets at them? That is why I like to sleep with the window open; you can almost tell when the morning begins by the scent of the flowers coming in, and the birds beginning to chirp. I mean when I am living here," she said, rather sadly. "We have neither birds nor flowers in Kirk o' Shields."

"I suppose not," he said, lightly—for he would not allow her to fall into any despondent mood on her wedding morning. "But you are not going to live always in Kirk o' Shields. By-the-way, Alison," he said, in a sort of incidental fashion, "don't you think Oyre House looks very bare outside? I can't see why the gardener shouldn't get some flowering plants trained up the walls. I suppose you don't know whether honeysuckle or a tree-fuchsia would grow most quickly?"

"No, Ludovick, I'm sure I don't know," she said.

"The tree-fuchsia is certainly a beauti-

ful thing," he continued, as they were idly and happily walking together, with interlinked arms, between those beds of flowers, "when you can get it to grow properly. I have seen the whole side of a house covered with it—and the rich crimson bells go so well with the dark-green leaves. But the honeysuckle has the great advantage of scent. Which would you like to have round your window?"

"I?" she said, looking up at this abrupt question.

"Yes. I was just thinking," he said, "that I must try and do something to make Oyre look less forlorn, and I was wondering whether honeysuckle or fuchsias would be best."

"I should think most people would say honeysuckle," Alison made answer, modestly; and then she said, "Now I must go in, Ludovick."

"No, not yet," he pleaded. "We have got the whole world to ourselves; there is no one thinking of stirring yet. I want you to tell me—" (For a moment he could not say what he wanted her to tell him; then he hit upon an excuse for delaying her.) "I want you to tell me what are your favorite flowers for planting out—beds like these, you see—tell me your favorite colors in flowers. You know, I don't think our man at Oyre has much taste—or perhaps it's direction he wants; my father and myself never think of interfering. Aren't you very fond of white moss-roses, Alison? I fancy they are not so common as they used to be, but we've got some bushes—oh yes, we've got some—"

"But I must go in, Ludovick! The fact is," she said, by way of laughing excuse, "the pebbles are hurting my feet—my slippers are so thin."

"Then come and stand on the doorstep," said he.

"But the servants will be about directly."

"Oh no, not at all. You have no idea how early it is yet. Why, don't they say it is unlucky for lovers to meet on their wedding day before the ceremony takes place? But then, you see, this isn't the wedding day yet; this belongs to the night-time; it isn't day at all yet."

"It looks very like it, Ludovick," said she; for now there were stray shafts of sunlight striking on the higher crests of the opposite hills; and the yachts, that had been black as jet on the lilac-gray

water, had now assumed their ordinary color, their riding-lights being no longer distinguishable.

But despite the ever widening and brightening dawn, their leave-taking was a long and lingering one; and even when she had crept silently back to her own room she found he was still in the garden below, waiting for a last look or wave of the hand. So from a jug of flowers that stood on the small table beside her she took a rose and flung it to him, and kissed her finger-tips therewith; then she noiselessly shut the window, so that none in the house should hear. But she did not go back to bed again—there was too much to think of on this eventful morning.

Eventful indeed! For no sooner had Alison's decision become known throughout the household than there was very considerable perturbation, not to say dismay—the elder Munroes having to be told, and the Doctor taking no pains to conceal his strong disapproval of so mad a project.

"Of course you are quite old enough to judge for yourself, Alison," he said at the breakfast-table, when the servant had left the room, "and whatever you will do will be quite legal and proper and correct; but I wish it had not been done from this house. We have had charge of you; your father will put the blame on us. And I for one cannot but think that so sudden and unconsidered a step may lead you into difficulties that you don't anticipate just now—"

"Duncan," his wife interposed, with a quiet smile, "surely you have not forgotten that you wanted me to do exactly the same thing when we were sweethearts?"

"There's a great difference," he said, quickly and uneasily (for the father of a family does not like to have his romantic exploits of past days discussed at his own breakfast-table). "There's a great difference between a medical student without any certain prospects and the young laird of Oyre. Your family were quite right in their opposition—I may say that now; but where can the objection be to young Macdonell—what is the use of this hurry—what is the need of rushing into a hasty marriage—"

"Duncan, my man," interposed Aunt Gilchrist, with but scant courtesy toward her brother, "ye're just hawering. There's plenty of objection to young Macdonell among they folk in Kirk o' Shields; and

if Alison goes back there without some such bond, I doubt whether she will ever see him again. Oh, I'm not responsible for the marriage—ye needna think that! I left it to herself—I left it to herself to say whether she had courage enough; but now that my bit lady has plucked up heart, do ye think I'm going to desert her? Not I! That's not like me, I tell ye! I'll stand by your side, Ailie, my dear; and I've got something to hint to your Captain Ludovick when I get a quiet word wi' him that 'll no disappoint him, I reckon."

"Responsible or no responsible, Jane," said the Doctor, who seemed extremely uncomfortable about this affair, "you are taking act and part in it. And if it were an ordinary marriage, with proper notice given to everybody—but an irregular marriage—"

"Who says it is an irregular marriage?" demanded the little dame, fiercely.

"They are going to be married by declaration and a warrant of the sheriff-substitute—isn't that the proposal?" her brother said.

"What then?"

"But that *is* an irregular marriage," he insisted. "You will find it will have to be so described in the Register."

Then Aunt Gilchrist laughed aloud in her scorn.

"Well, I declare!" she cried. "You do exactly as the law bids ye, and then the law itself tells ye it is irregular! Dod, man, Duncan, the lawyers maun be as daft as the doctors! Never mind, it's a marriage all the same; and if I'm to be at the wedding, I'm going to make myself as splendid as splendid can be, and Alison is coming to help me. And mind," said this imperious small person, as she was leading her niece away with her toward the door, "mind, as this is Alison's wedding day, I'm not going to tramp backward and forward through the streets of Fort William. One of you, Hugh or Flora, you'll just step along to Mr. Carmichael, and say I want the wagonette sent here instanter, and the best pair o' horses in the stable. And if the man has a new suit o' livery, then on wi't at once! Come away, Alison; it's 'hey the bonny, ho the bonny, hey the bonny breast-knots!' and if ye've got no special finery for the wedding, see if I dinna make that up to ye before long—my word for it."

And then again, when the little silver-haired, fresh-complexioned, bright-eyed woman had got her niece into her own room, she placed her at arm's-length before her and regarded her.

"They've no frightened ye, Ailie, my dear?"

"No, aunt, not in the least," Alison answered, quite simply.

"There's self-possession for ye! there's coolness!—there's my bit lady, that would face a regiment of cavalry when her mind's made up!" Aunt Gilchrist said, quite proudly. "That brother o' mine—don't you heed him, Alison! They professional folk are just that timid about what the neighbors may say—they're a' living in glass houses—and they darena call their soul their own. But I thought he might frighten you."

"Well, aunt, this is how it is," Alison made answer. "I was very much troubled and very anxious at first, when I had to consider this—this proposal; but since I have given my promise to Ludovick, it is of no consequence what any one may say—that is all."

"Since you've given your promise to Ludovick!—and when was that, I wonder?"

"This morning."

"This morning?"

"He was in the garden, aunt; I went down and saw him."

"They young folk! they young folk!" exclaimed Aunt Gilchrist, shaking her head mournfully; but she was not deeply displeased, and forthwith she went to her chest of drawers. "Well, Alison, I'll show ye the gown I'm going to wear, and if ye dinna say it's fit for a wedding, I'll call ye an ungrateful hussy."

Indeed, one might have thought it was Aunt Gilchrist herself who was about to be married, from the importance she assumed on this momentous morning. Of course there was a vast amount of hurrying, for the time was short; and yet in the midst of it all Aunt Gilchrist found an opportunity of calming the consciences of the elder Munroes, who were not a little alarmed by what was going on. She pointed out to them that they need not take any part whatsoever in this project, or be in any way responsible for it. What would happen, would happen after Alison had left their house. Her luggage was quite ready; let the lad John convey it down to the quay. Alison would say

good-by to the Doctor and Mrs. Munro at their own door; and if she chose to go through a marriage ceremony with anybody—no matter whom—between that leave-taking and her departure by the steamer, why, that was her own affair, and they need not be supposed to know.

When Ludovick Macdonell came along, a few minutes thereafter, Flora's quick eye perceived that he did not wear his usual happy and careless audacity of manner; he seemed anxious about Alison somehow; he kept looking at her from time to time—though, to be sure, she appeared perfectly calm and self-possessed. He had no opportunity of speaking to her alone until they were going down through the garden to the wagonette, and even then it was only a word.

"Alison," he said, in a low voice, "am I asking too much?"

"No, Ludovick," she answered, simply, and with frank eyes upturned to his.

And indeed there was nothing very exacting or imposing or terrifying about this brief ceremony. When they drove along to the solicitor's office, that functionary drew out a declaration of marriage from particulars he had already received from Captain Ludovick. The two contracting parties signed it, Alison's hand just trembling a little; then two witnesses had to sign, of whom Aunt Gilchrist boldly claimed to be the first. The bridegroom looked doubtfully at Hugh.

"Perhaps you would rather have nothing to do with it, Hugh?" said he.

"Oh, I'm going to stand by you, Ludovick," the younger man answered, promptly, and he took the pen from Aunt Gilchrist and affixed his name.

The next part of the ceremony was equally brief and simple. Armed with this important document, they drove along to the big brown-stone building in which the sheriff's court is held; there they sought out the sheriff-substitute in his chambers. That worthy gentleman read over the declaration, signed it, and handed it back to Captain Ludovick, whom, by-the-way, he chanced to know slightly; and the next minute, when they were out in the open air again, Alison Blair was no longer Alison Blair but Alison Macdonell, whatever the change might bring to her in the coming years.

"And is it really all over, Ludovick?" Flora cried, clinging on to Alison's arm,

and looking a little bit awe-stricken as well as amused; for there was something uncanny about this swift, simple, informal transaction that had in a few minutes so completely transformed the lives of two human beings.

"Well," said the bridegroom, doubtfully, as he pulled out his watch, "there might be time to go to the registrar and get a copy of the entry, if Alison would like to take it with her."

"Ludovick," said Hugh, who was a long-sighted lad, "the steamer has left Corpach."

"Then we'll run no risks," Macdonell said, forthwith. "I'll go to the registrar when I come back in the afternoon; there is no hurry; and we can walk down to the quay now, unless Mrs. Gilchrist would rather drive."

"Oh, I'll go with ye. Periphery will let me go that short way," Aunt Gilchrist responded. "But the wagonette must wait for me. I'm not going home until I see my bit lady fairly started for the south."

And now, as the red-funnelled steamer slows in and stops, picks up its passengers and cargo, and sets forth on its voyage again—and when the last farewells have been waved to the proud little dame still standing at the end of the quay—behold! this is no sad-eyed Princess Deirdri sailing away southward, surrounded by weeping companions. The steeled composure of the morning is no longer necessary; the ordeal is over; now she is ro-seate and happy and glad, as becomes a bride; and her cousins are as kind to her as they can be, though still they must tease her, and pay mock homage to her new estate. As for Captain Ludovick, he holds somewhat aloof; he is her husband, but does not press any claim on her attention; he allows the cousins to monopolize her; he appears indifferent; has he not the part of a husband to play? And is not the day a fair day and fit for a bride? The farther and farther south they go the skies get brighter and brighter, until here, close at hand, along the Appin shore, the sun is shining brilliantly on the sandy bays, on the rocks and crags half covered with ivy, and on the patches of dark-green fir and light-green ash; while away to the west, beyond the glassy plain of the sea, the far hills of Morven and Kingairloch have become of a faint rose-gray, with every

scaur and corrie traced in shadows of purest azure. The throb of the paddle-wheels no longer bids her say a last farewell to Lochaber; kind friends are close and near to her; her lover—her husband—is but a yard or two away, an outstanding guard, as it were; and if there were no marriage bells rung for her in Fort William, they are ringing now in her heart.

Ludovick comes forward.

"I say, Flora," he begins, "don't you think it is rather shabby of me to let Alison go back alone? Don't you think I should go with her, to see her properly established?"

Alison looks up with a smile.

"Well, Ludovick," she says, "I don't know what may happen to me; perhaps something not very pleasant; but I know if you were to go with me, it would be twenty times worse. You talk about your discretion: why, you haven't got any at all! No, you must come back in this steamer with Hugh and Flora; I don't want any one to see you with me in the railway train or anywhere else; that would only make matters worse; and the truth is, Ludovick, perhaps—perhaps it may be better for me not to tell them what has happened—not for a little while anyway, until I see a good chance."

"Then," said he, with an air of surprise, "do you want me to address my letters to Miss Alison Blair?—is that what I'm to call you?"

She looked down.

"Oh yes; why not?" she said.

"Oh, very well," he made answer,

cheerfully enough; "it is of little consequence; only that would hardly be my way; I would tell them straight off, and let them make what they can of it. But just as you like. You see, Flora, I'm going to be a very obedient husband—at first. We'll have to lead her into slavery by gentle degrees. We'll have the rack and the thumb-screw produced later on."

None the less was it somewhat hard that the parting between husband and wife should take place in view of the on-lookers in Oban railway station. The train was pretty full; the best he could do for her was to get her a seat in a compartment in which an elderly lady and her three fair, large, and bright-haired daughters were already installed; therefore, what he had to say to her had to be spoken in parables.

"Remember, Alison"—these were his last words to her as the train was beginning to move out of the station—"remember, you will have to be at Oyre long before the honeysuckle has had time to grow up to the window."

Her eyes were fixed on his: she knew what he meant.

"I am not so sure about that, Ludovick," she answered; but she smiled bravely as long as he was in sight, and even kissed her hand to him again and again, despite the presence of these strangers; and when at last the train tore her away from him, and from the cousins who had been so kind to her, the tears that dimmed her eyes were not such tears of wretchedness after all.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A MIDSUMMER TRIP TO THE WEST INDIES.

BY LAFCADIO HEARN.

Third Paper.

XXII.

A GAINST a hot wind south. Absolute darkness before us, a gloom of thunder-storm; a violet transparency behind, ablaze with stars. Through a sudden rift ahead the Southern Cross sparkles momentarily: then the sable curtain closes again, and overspreads the whole heaven. Wind—a wind that comes in immense sweeps, lifting the water: there universal blackness now, and torrents of slanting rain; the ship pitches wildly. But the tremendous wind is blood-warm.

Between each lovelier island our night journeying seems to become stormier: always vaster heavings, deeper blacknesses, mightier winds, as if Nature sought more and more to daunt us, the nearer our approach to her heart.

With morning, Barbadoes appears, drawing near—a long low land, having no visible kinship with other isles we have seen, no volcanic outlines; it is a level wind-swept burning coral coast—a streak of green, white-edged, against the sea verge. As we near the bay an overhanging cloud

bursts in illuminated rain, through which moored ships seem magnified as through a fog of gold. It ceases as suddenly as it began; the clouds and the luminous mist vanish; and the world-azure is revealed unflecked, dazzling, wondrous, a midsummer tropical noon. The horizon glow at once charms and dazzles the eye; the sea line curves sharp as a razor edge; and motionless upon the level water nearly a hundred ships lie, masts, spars, booms, cordage, nettings, cutting against the amazing blue splendor. Then the island brings out all its beauties, displays all its gradations of color. First comes the long white winding thread line of beach—bright sand and coral; then rises the deep green fringe of tropical vegetation, through which roofs peep and spires rise; and over these quiver the feathery heads of very tall palms with white trunks. The general tone of the foliage is sombre green, although it is full of lustre: there is a glimmer in it as of metal. But just a little above all this coast fringe long undulations of misty green are visible—far slopes of low hill and plain, the loftiest curving line, the spine of the island, bearing a fringe of cocoa-palms, so far away that their stems are finer than spider threads; only the crests are clearly discernible, like arachnidæ dangling between earth and sky. Tamarinds, mangoes, mahoganies, bread-fruit, bananas, fig-trees, plantains, cabbage-palms, peep up here and there among city dwellings; but afar off no woods are visible; the land is a naked green.

Architecturally the city of Bridgetown is almost uninteresting; it has few unique features, no romantic ones; it looks just like a little English town—not an old-time English town, but a new one, modern, plain, commonplace. Even the palms are powerless to lend the place a really tropical look. The streets are narrow without picturesqueness, white as lime roads, and full of glare; the manners, the costumes, the style of living, the system of business, are thoroughly English and modern; the population is black without originality, and its uncommon activity and energy (so oddly at variance with the quiet indolence of other West Indian peoples) appear absolutely unnatural.

The merchants, the officials, the professional men, the storekeepers, soldiers, sailors, and police, are all black. Black regiments march through the streets to

English music, all clad as Zouaves; black policemen in white uniforms and white helmets maintain order; black postmen deliver letters; black hackmen await customers at one shilling per hour. Comely half-breed women, attractive colored girls, do not appear; there is little grace, little beauty, observable.

XXIII.

Night: steaming toward the equator, with Demerara for a goal. A terrific warm wind that compels the taking in of every awning and wind-sail. Driving tepid rain. Blackness intense, broken only by the phosphorescence of the sea, which to-night displays extraordinary radiance.

Our wake is a great broad seething river of fire, whiter than strong moonlight; the glow is bright enough to read by. At its centre the trail is brightest; at the edges it pales cloudily, curling like a smoke of phosphorus. Great sharp lights burst up momentarily through it like meteors. Weirder, however, than this wake of strange light are the long slow fires that keep burning about us, at a distance, out in the dark. Nebulous incandescences arise, change form, and pass; serpentine flames wriggle by; then there are long billowing crests of fire. These seem to be formed of millions of tiny sparks that light up all at the same time, glow brightly awhile, disappear, reappear, and swirl away in a prolonged smouldering.

Morning: steaming still south, through a vast blue day. Deep azure heaven, with bluish-white glow in the horizon; indigo sea.

Then again night, all luminous and very calm. The Southern Cross burns white-ly. We are nearing the enormous shallows of the South American coast.

XXIV.

Morning. The light of an orange-colored sun illuminates, not a blue, but a greenish-yellow, sickly sea—thick, foul, glassy smooth. We are in the shallows. The line-caster keeps calling, hour after hour, "And a half four, sir!" "Quarter less five, sir!" There is little variation in his soundings—always a quarter of a fathom or half a fathom difference. The air has a sickly heaviness, like the air above a swamp.

And a blue sky! The water-green shows olive and brownish tones alternate-

ly; the foam looks viscous and yellow; our wake is ochre-colored, very yellow and very shiny-looking. It seems unnatural that a blue sky should hang over so hideous a waste of water; it seems to demand a gray blind sky, such gray and such green being the colors of a freshwater inundation. We are only five or six degrees north of the equator. Very low the land lies before us; a thin dark green line, suggesting marshiness, miasma, paludal odors; and always the nauseous color of the water deepens.

Even this same ghastly flood washes the great penal colony of Cayenne. There, when a convict dies, the body is borne to the sea, and a great bell is tolled. And then is the viscous, glaucous sea surface furrowed suddenly by fins innumerable, swart, sharp, triangular—the legions of the sharks rushing to the hideous funeral. They know the Bell!

XXV.

As the land draws near, it reveals an extraordinary tropical appearance. The sombre green line brightens color, sharpens into a splendid fringe of fantastic evergreen fronds, bristling with palm crests. Then a mossy sea-wall comes into sight—dull gray stone-work, green-mottled, and green-lined at all its joints. There is a fort. The steamer's whistle is exactly mocked by a queer echo, and the cannon-shot once reverberated—only once: there are no mountains here to multiply a sound. And all the while the water becomes a thicker and more turbid green; the wake looks more and more ochreous, the foam ropier and yellower. Vessels becalmed speck the glass-level of the sea, like insects sticking upon a mirror surface. Boats approach filled with negroes who speak English with a strong old-country accent. We pass through immense government warehouses, and find ourselves in the broad, palm-bordered streets of Georgetown, Demerara.

This is certainly the most tropical-looking city I have yet seen, and its exotic aspect is largely, if not chiefly, due to the palm. For the edifices, the plan, the general idea of the town, is European and modern; the white streets, laid out very broad to the sweep of the sea-breeze, and drained by canals running through their centres, with bridges at the cross streets, display all the value of nineteenth-century knowledge regarding house-building

with a view to coolness as well as to beauty. The architecture is a tropicalized Swiss style—Swiss eaves are developed into veranda roofs, and Swiss porches prolonged and lengthened into beautiful piazzas and balconies. The men who devised these large cool halls, these admirably ventilated rooms, these latticed windows opening to the ceiling, may have lived in India; but the physiognomy of the town also reveals a fine sense of beauty in the designers: all that is rich and strange and beautiful in the vegetation of the tropics has had a place contrived for it, a home prepared for it. Each dwelling has its garden; each garden blazes with singular and lovely color; but everywhere and always tower the palms. There are colonnades of palms, clumps of palms, groves of palms, sago and cabbage and cocoa and fan palms. You can see that the palm is cherished here, is loved for its beauty, like a woman. Everywhere you find palms, in all stages of development, from the first sheaf of tender green plumes rising above the soil to the wonderful colossus that holds its head a hundred feet above the roofs; palms border the garden walks in colonnades; they are grouped in exquisite poise about the basins of fountains; they stand like grand gray pillars at either side of gates; they look into the highest windows of public buildings and hotels.

For miles and miles and miles we drive along vast avenues of palm—avenues leading to opulent cane fields, traversing queer coolie villages. Rising on either side of the road to the same level, the palms present the vista of a long unbroken double colonnade of dead-silver trunks, shining tall pillars with deep green plume-tufted summits, almost touching, almost forming something like the dream of an interminable Moresque arcade. Sometimes for a full mile the trees are only about thirty or forty feet high; then, turning into an older alley, we drive for half a league down a colonnade of giants nearly a hundred feet in altitude. The double perspective lines of their crests, meeting before us and behind us in a bronze-green darkness, betray only at long intervals any variation of color, where some dead leaf droops like an immense yellow feather.

In the tremendous glow that brings out all the rings of their bark the palms seem to move, slowly, stealthily, as if endowed with some sort of subtle fleshy life. They



TRAFALGAR SQUARE, BRIDGETOWN, BARBADOES.

seem more and more alive the longer you look at them, more and more like long, animated, articulated, silver-gray bodies that poise, that undulate, that stretch and elongate serpentwise. And all this beautiful, solemn, silent life upreaching to the sun—seeking for warmth, for color, for power—impresses you at last with an almost terrifying conception of vital energy, of individual effort. The longer one looks, the more is one tempted to suspect that each lithe body is animated by a thinking ghost—that all are watching you with the passionless calm of superior beings. You feel humble, like a mortal for whom some legion of spirits had mercifully opened their ranks to make way.

All through the land round about are other wonders. There are avenues of table-trees, whose foliage seems exaggerated horizontally; alleys of mahogany-trees; lanes of Orinokes, whose fronds coruscate with crimson blossoming. There are

amazing shrubs—orange-colored things; there are plants with glossy leaves speckled in four different colors; there are various plants that look like wigs of green hair, or masses of filiform green sea-weed, set on short sticks; plants with enormous broad leaves, so diaphanous as to seem made of green glass; plants that do not look like real plants, but like idealizations of plants, like the fantasticalities of wood-carvers and stone-cutters animated by witchcraft. There are grasses that look like dwarf palms—tiny arborescent grasses with curving stems and plumed heads. There are flowers of extravagant forms and colors—flowers that possess familiar shapes, but have absurd tints and unfamiliar perfumes, yellow and indigo and green, orange and black and crimson plants. And in all the ponds, covering all the canals, float the green navies of the monster lily, the *Victoria Regia*. Close to shore the leaves are not extraordinarily large; but they in-



INNER BASIN, BRIDGETOWN, BARBADOES.

crease in breadth as they float further out, as if gaining bulk proportionately to the depth of water. A few yards off, they are large as soup plates; further out, they are broad as dinner trays; in the centre of the pond or canal they have surface large as tea-tables. And all have an upturned edge, a perpendicular rim, like a bulwark. Here and there you see the flower—a nonsensical flower, large as a hat. Then there are fiddlewood-trees in multitude, calabash-trees, mangoes, bread-fruits, sago-palms, fig-trees, and a hundred unfamiliar shapes of which I cannot learn the names. And there is the snake-nut tree, bearing a most ghastly fruit. For this swart nut—shaped almost like a clam shell, and halving in the same way along its sharp edges—encloses something incredible. There is a pale envelop about the kernel; remove it, and you find between your fingers a little viper, triangular-headed, coiled thrice upon itself, perfect in every detail of form from skull to tail. Was this marvellous mockery evolved for a protective end? It is no eccentricity: in a hundred nuts the serpent-kernel lies coiled the same.

Yet in spite of these astonishments, of these novel impressions, what a weird delight it is to turn again into an avenue of palms, and to know once more the queer sense of being watched, without

love or hate, by all those silent, gracious, tall, sweet things!

XXVI.

Hindoos; coolies; men, women, and children—standing, walking, or sitting in the sun, under the shadowing of the palms. Men squatting, with hands clasped over their black knees, steadily observe you from under their white turbans—very steadily, with a slight scowl. All these Indian faces have the same set, stern expression, the same knitting of the brows; and the keen, strong gaze is not altogether pleasant. It borders upon hostility; it is the look of measurement—measurement physical and moral. In the mighty swarming of India these have learned the full meaning and force of life's law as we Occidentals rarely learn it. Under the dark forehead with its fixed frown the eye glitters like a serpent's.

Nearly all wear the same Indian dress: the thickly folded turban, usually white, white drawers reaching but half-way down the thigh, leaving the knees and the legs bare, and white jacket. A few don long blue robes, and wear a colored head-dress: these are babagees—priests. All the men look tall; they are lithe, very slender, small-boned, but the limbs are well turned. They are grave—talk in low tones, and seldom smile. Those you see

with very heavy full beards are probably Mussulmans: they have their mosques, and the cry of the muezzin sounds thrice daily over the vast cane fields. Some shave—Buddhists or followers of Hindooism—but the children of Islam never. Very comely some of the women are in their close-clinging soft brief robes and tantalizing veils—a costume leaving shoulders, arms, and ankles bare. The dark arm is always tapered and rounded; the silver-circled ankle always elegantly knit to the light, straight foot. Many of these slim girls, whether standing or walking or in repose, present perpetually studies of grace; their attitude when erect always suggests lightness and suppleness, like the poise of a perfect dancer.

A coolie mother passes, carrying at her hip a very pretty naked baby. It has exquisite delicacy of limb: its tiny ankles are circled by thin bright silver rings; it looks like a little bronze statuette, a statuette of Kama, the Indian Eros. The mother's arms are covered from elbow to wrist with silver bracelets, some flat and decorated, others coarse, round, smooth, with ends hammered into the form of viper heads. She has large flowers of gold in her ears, a small gold flower in her very delicate little nose. This nose ornament does not seem absurd; on these dark

skins the effect is, on the contrary, pleasing, although bizarre. All this jewelry is pure metal; it is thus the coolies carry their savings; they do not learn to trust the banks until they become rich.

There is a woman going to market, a very odd little woman: is she a Chino-blanco—a coolie or a Malay half-breed? I do not know. She represents a type I have never seen before. She wears one loose soft white garment, leaving arms, ankles, and part of back and bosom exposed, like a low-cut sleeveless chemise, but less long. Her whole figure is rounded, compact, admirably knit, and her walk is indescribably light, supple, graceful. But her face is queer: it is an Oriental grotesque, a Chinese dream, oblique eyes and blue-black brows and hair, very high and broad cheek-bones. Singular as it is, this face has the veritable *beauté du diable*; it is a very young and very fresh face, and the uncommonly long, black, silky lashes give her gaze a very pleasing, velvety expression. Still, the most remarkable peculiarity she has is her color, clear and strange, almost exactly the color of a fine ripe lemon.

XXVII.

Evening is brief: all this time the days have been getting shorter; it will be black



VICTORIA REGIA IN THE CANAL, DEMERARA

at 6 P.M. Nature is merciful: such a blaze as the glory of this tropical day is almost too much to endure for even twelve hours. The sun is already very low and very yellow, with a tinge of vermillion—a vast and phantasmal sun. As he falls

scents, aromatic and novel, rise up. Under the trees of our hotel I hear a continuous dripping sound; the drops fall heavily, like bodies of clumsy insects. But it is not dew, nor insects; it is a thick, transparent jelly—a fleshy liquor that falls in



GEORGETOWN, DEMERARA.

between the palms his stare colors the world with an unearthly ruddy hue; such might be the color cast by a nearly burnt-out sun in the senescence of a system. The air is heavy with unfamiliar odors; we pass a flame-colored bush, and an extraordinary perfume—rich, sweet, strange—envelops us; a caress of scent, the soul of a red jasmine.

Down goes the sun; instantly the world is enveloped in indigo shadow, scintillating with star fires. The air grows humid, full of vegetable breath, weighty with vapor; frogs commence to make a queer bubbling noise, as of gargling; and some unknown creature begins in the trees a singular music, not trilling, like the note of our cricket, but one continuous shrill tone, high, keen, as of a thin jet of steam leaking through a valve. Strong vegetal

immense drops. What is it? I do not know. The night grows chill; some monstrous chemistry is going on. This coldness gives you a sensation of the supernatural, such as might precede the advent of a spectre.

We are steaming away from Guiana, northward at last. The horizon glow has a tender green tint, deepening as the sun descends, and there is a lilac tinge in the sky. The sun dips, and the wonderful glow of tropical sunset burns the green to yellow, and the west flames with a light like the conflagration of a world. Only a minute, and the glory is gone; there is no twilight here. We are to touch at other islands as we return.

Morning brings back to us that indigo color of the sea to which we have become accustomed; there is a long swell all day,

and tepid winds. But toward evening the water once more shifts its hue—takes olive tint—the mighty flood of the Orinoco is near.

Over the rim of the sea rise shapes faint pink, faint gray—misty shapes that grow and lengthen as we advance. We are nearing Trinidad.

It first takes definite form as a prolonged, undulating, pale gray mountain chain, the outline of a sierra. Approaching nearer, we discern other hill summits rounding up and shouldering away behind the chain itself. Then the nearest heights begin to turn faint green—very slowly. Right before the first cliff spur, strange rocks are rising sheer from the water—fantastically splintered and reddish-gray where the naked surface remains unclothed by green creepers and shrubs. Between them the sea leaps high and whitens wildly.

Then we begin to steam along a mighty tropical shore, before a grand volcanic billowing of hills all wrapped in forest from sea to sky—astounding forests, dense, impenetrable, sombre; every gap a blackness as of ink. Tremendous palms here and there overtop the denser foliage, and queer green monsters, never seen before, rise over the forest level against the azure, spreading out immense flat crests, from which masses of creepers stream down like huge green rags. This forest front has the solidity of a wall, the loftiness of a mountain; and forty-five miles of it undulate unbrokenly past us, rising by terraces, or projecting in turrets, or shooting up into



COOLIE, DEMERARA.

cathedral forms, or displaying extravagant mockeries of castellated architecture.

There comes a whiff—another, another; then a vast breath begins to blow steadily upon us—the mighty breath of the Orinoco! It is night when we steam at last through the Ape's Mouth, to cast anchor in perhaps the most silent harbor of the world. Over unruffled water the lights of Port-of-Spain shoot long thin motionless yellow beams. The night grows chilly with vapors, frigid with the breath of the enormous woods.

XXVIII.

Sunrise in the harbor of Port-of-Spain. A morning of supernatural beauty; the sky of a fairy tale, the sea of a love poem.

Under a heaven of exquisitely tender



VIEW IN GEORGETOWN, DEMERARA.

blue, the whole smooth sea lies a perfect luminous dove-color, the horizon being filled to a great height with greenish-golden haze, a mist of unspeakably sweet tint, a hue that, imitated in any aquarelle, would be cried out against as an impossibility. As yet the hills are nearly all gray, the forests also enwrapping them are gray and ghostly, for the sun has but just risen above them, and vapors hang like a veil between. Then, over the glassy level of the flood, bands of purple and violet and pale blue and fluid gold begin to shoot and quiver and broaden; these are the currents of the morning, catching varying color with the deepening of the day and the lifting of the tide.

Then, as the sun rises higher, green masses begin to glimmer among the grays; the outlines of the forest summits commence to define themselves through the vapory light, to left and right of the great glow. Only the city still remains invisible; it lies exactly between us and the downpour of solar splendor, and the mists there have caught such radiance that the place seems hidden by a fog of fire. Gradually the gold-green of the

horizon changes to a pure yellow; the hills assume soft, rich, sensuous colors. One of the more remote has turned a marvellous tone—a seemingly diaphanous aureate color, the very ghost of gold. But at last all of them sharpen bluely, show bright folds and wrinkles of green through their haze. The valleys remain awhile clouded, as if filled with something like blue smoke; but the projecting masses of cliff and slope swiftly change their phantom green to a brighter hue. All these tints and colors have a spectral charm, a preternatural loveliness; everything seems subdued, softened, semi-vaporized, the only very sharply defined silhouettes being those of the little becalmed ships sprinkling the western water, all spreading colored wings to catch the morning breeze.

The more the sun ascends, the more rapid the development of the landscape out of vapory blue; the hills all become green-faced, reveal the details of frondage. The wind fills the waiting sails—white, red, yellow—ripples the water, and turns it green. Little fish begin to leap; they spring and fall in glittering showers

like opalescent blown spray. And at last, through the fading vapor, dew-glittering red-tiled roofs reveal themselves: the city is unveiled—a city full of color, somewhat quaint, somewhat Spanish-looking—a little like St. Pierre, a little like New Orleans in the old quarter; everywhere fine tall palms.

XXIX.

Ashore, through a great sable swarming and a tempest of creole chatter, into warm, narrow, yellow streets.

White faces have begun to look almost unearthly; and one feels, in a totally novel way, the dignity of a white skin. When a white face does show itself it usually appears under the shadow of an Indian helmet; it is formidably bearded, austere—the countenance of one accustomed to command. Against the black and fantastic ethnic background of these queer little worlds, this calm, strong, bearded, aquiline English face takes heroic outline, grandiose relief; you involuntarily murmur to yourself, with pride of race, "I also am of such blood as these!"

There is not so much of the picturesque in this black and brown population as one might expect; there is little of real beauty in the town save what verdant Nature has bestowed upon it—arborescent grasses and palms, tree-ferns, shadowing fruit trees of many kinds. We drive out of it, to the nearest coolie village, over smooth white roads rounding high forest-covered hills, or overlooking valleys displaying a hundred shades of green, sometimes traversing perfect arcades formed by interlacings and intercrossings of dense alleys of bamboos. Rising in giant clumps, spreading out sheafwise from the soil toward the sky, the curves of their jointed stems meet at Gothic angles above the way, and at either side of

it form groinings at regular intervals, imitate exactly the beautiful architecture of old Gothic abbey cloisters. Above the road, shadowing the slopes of lofty hills, forests beetle in dizzy precipices of verdure. They are green—burning, flashing green—covered with parasitic green creepers and vines; they show enormous forms, or rather dreams of form, fetichistic and startling. Banana banners flicker and flutter along the way-side; palms shoot up to vast altitudes, like pillars of white metal; and there is a perpetual shifting of foliage color, from yellow-green to orange, from reddish-green to purple, from emerald-green to black-green. But the background color, the dominant tone, is bright, bright green, like the plumage of a green parrot.

We drive into the coolie village, along a narrow white road, lined with plantain-trees, bananas, flamboyants, tropical



BREAD-FRUIT TREE.



ST. JAMES AVENUE, PORT-OF-SPAIN, TRINIDAD.

growths, mostly with very broad, large leaves. Here and there are palms. Beyond the little ditches on either side, occupying cleared openings in the natural hedge, are the dwellings—wooden cabins, widely separated from each other. The narrow lanes that cross the road are also lined with habitations, half concealed by banana-trees. There is a prodigious glare, an intense heat. Around, above the trees and the roofs, rise the far hill shapes, some brightly verdant, some cloudy blue, some gray. The road and the lanes are almost deserted; there is little shade; only at intervals some slender brown girl or naked baby appears at a doorway. The carriage halts before a shed built against a wall—a mere sloping roof of palm thatch supported upon jointed posts of bamboo.

It is a little coolie temple. A few weary Indian laborers slumber in its shadow; pretty naked children, with silver rings round their ankles, are playing there with a white dog. Painted all over the wall surface, in red, yellow, brown, blue, and green designs upon a white ground, are extraordinary figures of gods and goddesses—very rude daubs, unrecognizable.

These seem to refer to avatars—avatars of Siva or Vishnu; they have several pairs of arms, all brandishing mysterious objects; they seem to swagger, to strut, sometimes to dance; they are *naïf*; they are absurd—ugh!—and yet touching; they remind one of the first efforts of a child with the first box of paints, which must be contemplated without a smile. While I am looking at these things, one coolie after another wakes up (these men sleep lightly) and begins to observe me almost as curiously, and I fear much less kindly, than I have been observing the gods. “Where is your priest?” I inquire. No one seems to comprehend my question; the iron gravity of each dark face remains unrelaxed. Yet I would have liked to make an offering unto Siva.

Outside the Indian goldsmith’s cabin, palm shadows are crawling slowly to and fro in the white glare, like shapes of tarantulas. Inside, the heat is augmented by the tiny charcoal furnace which glows beside a ridiculous little anvil set into a wooden block buried level with the soil. Through a rear door come odors of unknown flowers and the cool brilliant green



COOLIES—CALCUTTA TYPES.

of banana leaves. Then the nude-limbed smith enters noiselessly as a spectre, squats down upon his little mat before his little anvil, and turns inquiringly toward us a face half veiled by a black beard, austere, regular, and withal slightly unpleasant in expression. "*Vlé beras*," observes my creole driver, pointing to his client. The turbaned smith lifts his voice, utters the single syllable "*Ra!*" and folds his arms.

Almost immediately a young woman responds to the call, enters, squats down on the earthen floor at the further end of the bench, and turns upon me a pair of the largest black eyes I have ever seen. She is very simply clad, in a coolie robe leaving arms and ankles bare, and cling-

ing about the figure in gracious folds; her color is a clear bright brown—new bronze; her face a perfect oval, and charmingly aquiline. I perceive a little silver ring, in the form of a twisted snake, upon the slender second toe of each bare foot; upon each arm she has at least ten heavy silver rings; there are also large silver rings about her ankles; a gold flower is fixed by a little hook in one nostril, and two immense silver circles, shaped like new moons, shimmer in her ears. The smith mutters something to her in his Indian tongue. She rises, and seating herself on the bench beside me, in an attitude of perfect grace, holds out one beautiful brown arm to me that I may choose a ring.

That arm is much more worthy of attention than the rings; it has the tint, the smoothness, the symmetry, of a fine statuary's work in metal; the upper arm, tattooed with a bluish circle of arabesques, is otherwise unadorned; all the bracelets are on the forearm. Very clumsy and coarse they prove to be on closer examina-

tion: it was the fine dark skin which by color contrast made them look so pretty. I choose the outer one, a round ring with terminations shaped like viper heads; the smith inserts a pair of tongs between these ends, presses outward slowly and strongly, and the ring is off. It has a faint musky odor, not unpleasant, the perfume of the tropical flesh it clung to. The smith snatches it from me, heats it in his little charcoal furnace, hammers it into a perfect circle again, slakes it in an earthen bowl of water, burnishes it.

Then I ask for children's bracelets; and the young mother brings in her baby girl, a little brown beauty just able to walk. She has positively enormous eyes—the



COOLIE SERVANT.

mother's eyes idealized: the father's are small and fierce. I bargain for the single pair of thin rings on her tiny arms: while the father takes them off, the child keeps her extraordinary orbs fixed on my face. Then I observe that the peculiarity of the

eye is the size of the iris rather than the size of the ball. These eyes are not soft like the mother's, after all; they are ungentle, beautiful as they are; they have the dark and splendid flame of the eyes of a great bird—a bird of prey.

She will grow up, this little maid, into a slender, tall, and comely woman, very beautiful, no doubt, perhaps a little sinister, a little dangerous. She will marry, of course: probably she is betrothed even now, according to Indian custom—pledged to some brown boy, the son of a friend. It will not be so many years before the day of their noisy wedding: girls shoot up under this sun with as swift a growth as those broad-leaved beautiful shapes which fill the narrow doorway with quivering emerald light. And surely she will know the witchcraft of those eyes, will feel the temptation to use them, and to smile one of those smiles which have power over life and death. What then?

Ah! then the old coolie story! One day, in the yellowing cane fields, among the swarm of veiled and turbaned workers, a word is overheard, a side glance intercepted; there is the swirling flash of a cutlass blade; a shrieking gathering of brown women about a headless corpse in the sun; and passing cityward, between armed and helmeted men, the vision of an Indian prisoner, blood-crimsoned, walking very steadily, very erect, with the solemnity of a judge, the dry bright gaze of an idol.

XXX.

A frightful volley of reverberations, like a long roll of thunder, replies to the single boom of the steamer's cannon as we drop anchor in the glassy harbor of

St. George, Grenada. Then dead silence. There are heavy damp smells in the warm air as of mould, or of rich wet clay freshly upturned.

This harbor is a deep clear basin, surrounded and shadowed by enormous volcanic hills, all green. The opening by which we entered is cut off from sight by a promontory, and hill shapes beyond the promontory; we seem to be in the innermost ring of a double crater. There is a continuous shimmering and plashing of leaping fish in the shadow of the loftiest height, which reaches half across the water.

Climbing up the base of the huge hill at an almost precipitous angle, the old city can be viewed from the steamer's deck almost as in a bird's-eye view. A senescent city; mostly antiquated Spanish architecture; ponderous archways and earthquake-proof walls. The old yellow buildings fronting us beyond the wharf seem half decayed; they are strangely mottled and streaked with green, look as if they had been long under water. We row ashore, land in a crowd of lazy-looking, silent blacks.

What a quaint, dawdling, sleepy place it is! All these narrow streets are falling into ruin; everywhere the same green stains upon the walls, as of slime left by a flood; everywhere disjointed brickwork, crumbling roofs, pungent odors of mould. Yet this Spanish architecture was built to endure; those yellow, blue, or green walls were constructed with the solidity of fortress-work; the very stairs are stone; the balustrades and the railings of stone balconies were made of good wrought iron. In a Northern clime such edifices would resist the wear and tear of five hundred years. But here the powers of disintegration are extraordinary, and the very air would seem to have the devouring force of an acid. Everywhere surfaces and angles are yielding to the attacks of time, weather, and microscopic organisms; paint peels, stucco falls, tiles tumble, stones slip out of place, and in

every chink tiny green things nestle, propagating themselves through the joints and dislocating the masonry. There is an appalling mouldiness, an exaggerated mossiness—the mystery and the melancholy of a city deserted. Old warehouses



COOLIE MERCHANT.

without signs, vast and void, are opened regularly every day for so many hours; yet the business of the aged merchants within seems to be a problem; you might fancy those gray men were always waiting for ships that sailed away a generation ago, and will never return. You see no customers entering the stores, but only a black mendicant from time to time. And high above all this, overlooking streets too steep for any vehicle, slope the red walls of the mouldering fort, patched with the iridescences of ruin.

By a road leading up beyond the city, you reach the cemetery. The staggering iron gates by which you enter it are almost rusted from their hinges, and the low wall enclosing it is nearly all verdant with mossy growths. Within, you see a wilderness of strange weeds, vines, creepers, fantastic things run mad, with a few palms mounting above the green

rout, and here and there a gleam of tomb slabs with inscriptions half erased. Such as you can read are epitaphs of seamen, dating back to the years 1800, 1802, 1812. Over these lizards are running; undulations in the weeds warn you to beware of snakes; toads leap away as you proceed; and you observe everywhere crickets perched—grass-colored creatures with two ruby specks for eyes. They make a sound shrill as the shriek of machinery bevelling marble. At the further end of the cemetery is a heavy ruin that would seem to have once been part of a church: it is so covered with green vines now that you only distinguish the masonry on close approach, and high trees are growing within it.

There is something in tropical ruin peculiarly and terribly impressive; this luxuriant, evergreen, ever-splendid Nature consumes the results of human endeavor so swiftly, buries memories so profoundly, distorts the labors of generations so grotesquely, that one feels here, as nowhere else, how ephemeral man is, how intense and how tireless the effort necessary to preserve his frail creations even a little while from the vast unconscious forces antagonistic to all stability, to all factitious equilibrium.

A gloomy road winds high around one cliff overlooking the hollow of the bay. Following it, you pass under extraordinarily dark shadows of foliage, and over a blackish soil strewn with pretty bright green fruit that has fallen from above. Do not touch them even with the tip of your finger! Those are manchineel apples; with their milky juice the old Caribs were wont to poison the barbs of their parrot-feathered arrows. Over the mould, swarming among the venomous fruit, innumerable crabs make a sound almost like the murmuring of water. Some are very large, with prodigious stalked eyes, and claws white as ivory, and a red cuirass; others, very small and very swift in their movements, are raspberry-colored; others, again, are apple-green, with queer mottlings of black and white. There is an unpleasant odor of decay in the air—vegetable decay.

Emerging from the shadow of the manchineel-trees, you may follow the road up, up, up, under beetling cliffs of plutonian rock that seem about to topple down upon the pathway. The rock is naked and black near the road; higher, it

is veiled by a heavy green drapery of lianas, curling creepers, unfamiliar vines. All around you are sounds of crawling, dull echoes of dropping; the thick growths far up waver in the breathless air as if something were moving sinuously through them. And always the sickly odor of humid decomposition. Further on, the road looks wilder, sloping up between black rocks, through strange vaultings of foliage and night-black shadows. Its lonesomeness oppresses; one returns without regret, by rusting gateways and tottering walls, back to the old West Indian city rotting under the sun.

Yet Grenada, despite the dilapidation of her capital and the seeming desolation of its environs, is not the least prosperous of the Antilles. Other islands have been less fortunate; the era of depression has almost passed for Grenada; through the rapid development of her secondary cultures—coffee and cocoa—she hopes with good reason to repair some of the vast losses involved by the decay of the sugar industry.

Still, in this silence of mouldering streets, this melancholy of abandoned dwellings, this invasion of mosses, there is a suggestion of what any West Indian port might become when the resources of the island had been exhausted, and all its commerce failed. After all persons of means and energy enough to seek other fields of industry and enterprise had taken their departure, and the plantations had been abandoned, and the warehouses closed up forever, and the voiceless wharves left to rot down into the green water, Nature would soon so veil the place as to obliterate every outward visible sign of the past. In scarcely more than a generation from the time that the cannon signal of the last merchant steamer had wakened the thunders of the hills, some traveller might look for the once populous and busy mart in vain: the forests would have devoured it.

In the mixed English and creole speech of the black population one can discern evidence of a linguistic transition. The original French *patois* is being rapidly forgotten or transformed irretrievably.

Now, in almost every island the negro idiom is different. So often have some of the Antilles changed owners, moreover, that in them the negro has never been able to form a true *patois*. He had scarcely acquired some idea of the language of



CHURCH STREET, ST. GEORGE, GRENADA.

his first masters, when other rulers and another tongue were thrust upon him, and this may have occurred four or five times. The result is a *baragouin* that defies analysis, a totally incoherent agglomeration of speech forms, a bewildering medley, fantastic, astonishing, incomprehensible, almost weird.

XXXI.

Saint Lucia approaches through the aureate morning light: first shaped in misty gold, then in gray, then in blue, changing swiftly to green. Most strangely formed of all this huge volcanic family—an odder beauty, a more singular outline. Far off, the Pitons—twin volcanic peaks—show like two black breasts pointing against the sky.

The harbor of Castries, with its hills, seems of craterine origin. Between the massings of the green peaks about it are deep gaps showing groves of palm beyond. Over the highest summit hangs the invariable cloud. Behind us the harbor mouth seems spanned by broad steel-blue bars—lines of sea currents. The town is still hidden by a blue mist; but everything is sharpening—the haze is clearing off. Away, on either hand, hills

are billowing through varyings of color that range from brightest green through blues and bluish-grays into cloudy gold. In the nearer hollows are beautiful deepening of color—ponded shadows diaphanously blue or purplish.

We remain but a moment, and steam on to another port. Always the same color effects as we proceed, with new and surprising shapes of hills. The near slopes descending to the sea are ever radiantly green, with some streakings and patchings of darker verdure; the further-lying hills gray-blue with green salencies catching light; and yet beyond these there are upheavals of very radiant gray—pearl-gray—sharpened against the silver glow by the horizon. The general impression is one of terrific motion suddenly arrested—earthquake surgings suddenly fixed and petrified: a raging of cones and peaks and monstrous truncated forms. We approach the Pitons.

Seen afar off, they first appeared like twin mammiform peaks, naked and black against the sky; but now they begin to brighten color a little and to change shape: they assume a lilaceous hue, with green and gray lights here and there; and as we draw still nearer they prove dissimi-

lar both in form and tint. Now they separate before us, throwing vast pyramidal shadows across the steamer's path. Then, as they open to our coming, between them a sea bay is revealed—a very lovely curving bay, bounded by hollow cliffs of fiery green. At either side of the gap the Pitons rise like monster pylones. And a charming little settlement, a beautiful sugar plantation, is nesting there between them, on the very edge of the bay.

Out of a bright sea of verdure, speckled with oases of darker foliage, these Pitons from the land side tower in very sombre verdure. Very high up, on the nearest one, amid the forest-shadowed slopes, you can see houses perched; and there are bright breaks in the color there—tiny mountain pastures that look like patches of green silk velvet.

We pass the Pitons, and enter another little craterine harbor, to cast anchor before the village of Choiseul. It lies on a ledge above the beach and under high hills: we land through a surf, running the boat high up on soft yellowish sand. A delicious saline scent of sea-weed.

It is disappointing, the village: it is merely one cross of brief streets, lined with blackening wooden dwellings; there are no buildings worth looking at, except the queer old French church, steep-roofed and bristling with gables that look like extinguishers. Over broad reaches of lava rock a shallow river flows by the village to the sea, gurgling under deep green shadows of tamarind foliage. It passes beside the market-place—a market-place without stalls, benches, sheds, or pavements: meats, fruits, and vegetables are simply fastened to the trees. Women are washing and naked children bathing in the stream; they are bronze-skinned, a fine dark color with a faint tint of red in it. There is nothing else to see: the steep wooded hills cut off the view toward the interior.

But over the verge of the sea there is something strange growing visible, looming up like a beautiful gold-yellow cloud. It is an island, so lofty, so luminous, so phantom-like, that it seems a vision of the Island of the Seven Cities. It is only the form of St. Vincent, bathed in vapory gold by the sun.

Evening at La Soufrière: still another semicircular bay in a hollow of green hills. Glens hold bluish shadows. The color of the heights is very tender; but

there are long streaks and patches of dark green, marking watercourses, and very abrupt surfaces. From the western side immense shadows are pitched brokenly across the valley and over half the roofs of the palmy town. There is a little river flowing down to the bay on the left; and west of it a walled cemetery is visible, out of which one monumental palm rises to a sublime height: its crest still bathes in the sun, above the invading shadow. Night approaches; the shade of the hills inundates all the landscape, rises even over the palm-crest. Then, black-looming over the purple flood, black-towering into the golden glow of sunset, the land loses all its color, all its charm; forms of frondage, variations of tint, become invisible. Saint Lucia becomes a monstrous silhouette; all its billowing hills, its volcanic bays, its amphitheatrical valleys, turn black as ebony.

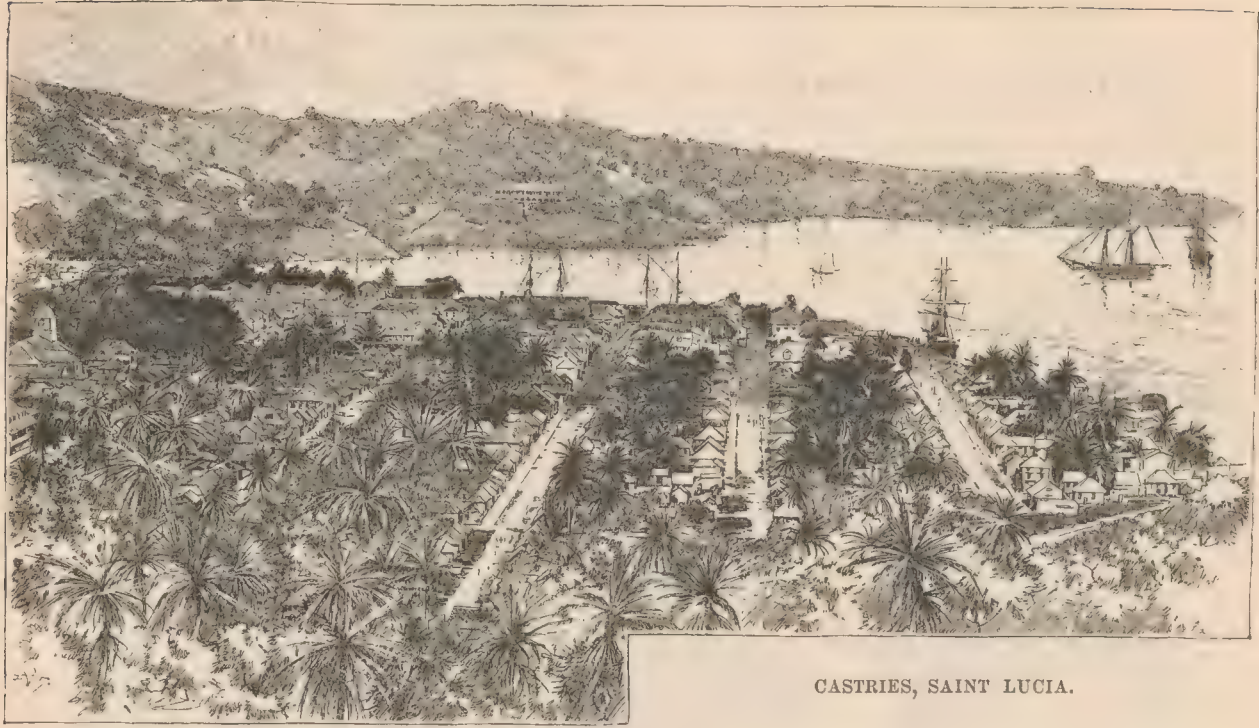
And you behold before you a geological dream, a vision of the primeval sea: the apparition of the land as first brought forth, all peak-tossed and fissured and naked and grim, in the tremendous parturition of an archipelago.

XXXII.

Homeward bound.

Again the enormous poem of azure and emerald unrolls before us, but in order inverse; again is the island-Litany of the Saints repeated for us, but now backward. All the blue bright harbors once more open to receive us; each lovely Shape floats to us again, first golden yellow, then vapory gray, then ghostly purple, but always sharply radiant at last, symmetrically exquisite, as if chiselled out of amethyst and emerald and sapphire. We review the same monstrous wrinkling of volcanic hills, the cities that sit in extinct craters, the woods that tower to heaven, the heights that are forever coiled with radiant cloud, turbaned eternally with folded mist.

Then all the long succession of impressions received—fantastic, sensuous, exotic, unfamiliar—begin to group, to blend, to form homogeneous results, ideas, beliefs. Strongest among these is the conviction that the white race is disappearing from these islands, acquired and held so long, at so vast a cost of blood and treasure. Reasons almost beyond enumeration have been advanced—economical, climatic, ethnical, political—all of which contain truth,



CASTRIES, SAINT LUCIA.

yet no single one of which can wholly explain the fact. Already the white West Indian populations are diminishing at a rate that almost staggers credibility. In the island paradise of Martinique in 1848 there were 25,000 whites; now, against 160,000 blacks and half-breeds, there are less than 8000 creoles left to maintain the ethnic struggle, and the number of these latter is annually growing less. Many of the British islands have been almost deserted by their former cultivators: St. Vincent is becoming desolate; Tobago is a ruin; St. Martin lies half abandoned; St. Christopher is crumbling; Grenada has lost more than half her whites; St. Thomas, once the most prosperous, the most prolific, the most cosmopolitan of West Indian ports, is in full decadence. Perhaps in Trinidad, where immense English capital has been invested, and where the coolie population is intelligent and powerful enough to supplant and master the African, the struggle will be greatly prolonged, and the result less dismal; but elsewhere the slave races of the past seem destined to become, sooner or later, the masters of the future; and the exterminated Indian peoples of the Antilles will eventually be replaced by populations similarly fitted to cope with climatic conditions, in perfect physiological harmony with this tropical Nature—violent, terrible, splendid—which mocks the will and consumes the energies of the races of the North, which swallows up the grandest

results of their labors, which devours all that has been accomplished by their heroisms or their crimes, obliterating their cities, rejecting their civilization.

But with the disappearance of the white populations the ethnical problem would be still unsolved. Between the black and mixed peoples rage hatreds far more enduring and more intense than any race prejudices between masters and freedmen in the past; a new struggle for supremacy could not fail to begin, with the perpetual augmentation of numbers, the ever-increasing competition for existence. And the true black element, more numerically powerful, more fertile, more cunning, better adapted to the conditions of pyrogenic climate and tropical environment, would surely win the contest. All these mixed races, all these beautiful fruit-colored populations, seem doomed to extinction; the future tendency must be to universal blackness, if existing conditions continue—perhaps to universal savagery. Everywhere the sins of the past have borne the same fruit, have furnished the colonies with social enigmas that mock the wisdom of all humane legislators, a drag-on-crop of problems that no modern political science has yet proved competent to deal with. Can it even be hoped that future sociologists will be able to answer them, after Nature—who never forgives—shall have exacted the utmost possible retribution for all the errors and follies of three hundred years?



SPEECHES ONE HAS TO LIVE DOWN.

Hostess. "So sorry to have kept you waiting, Mr. Green."

Visitor. "Oh, don't mention it—the anticipation, you know, is always so much brighter than the reality."

—Drawn by GEORGE DU MAURIER.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE field of Gettysburg is one of the most interesting of American battle-fields for many reasons. Its natural beauty is very great, and makes it a fitting scene of imposing historic associations. From New York it is approached through a rich region of Pennsylvania—a magnificent farming country, which in midsummer has an air of the utmost prosperity and comfort. At Harrisburg the main line of the Pennsylvania Railroad is left by the pilgrim, who then proceeds into the Cumberland Valley. The panorama of the battle which has been on exhibition in New York for some months gives an admirable impression of the general aspect of the landscape from the centre of the Union line upon Cemetery Hill. The battle of three days drifted over a space of many miles from the first engagement of Buford's cavalry with the advance of the Confederate force upon the Chambersburg road, to the Round Tops at the left of the Union line, so that the battle-field is of great extent.

The village of Gettysburg, around which the contest raged, through which the Union forces were driven on the first day, and which remained in possession of the Confederate army until the close of the battle, contains a population of about three thousand persons. It is a farming, market, and county town, extremely quiet, as becomes a secluded Pennsylvania village. Its most noted citizen in the past seems to have been Thaddeus Stevens, who came to reside there soon after he became a citizen of the State, and he remained until he removed to Lancaster in 1842. His law office was in the little square of the town. The most famous building of the neighborhood is the Lutheran Seminary, upon the ridge to the west of the town, along which the Confederate forces lay. The cupola of the seminary at the beginning of the battle was the point from which the Union commanders studied the field, and afterward it was the lookout of General Lee. On the other side of the town is the Pennsylvania College, in whose establishment Mr. Stevens was interested.

The view from the cupola of the seminary is very comprehensive. The land slopes gently both ways, toward the west with the spacious country stretching to

the Blue Ridge, and toward the east with the village and Cemetery Ridge and the familiar points of the second and third days' battle. The ground in every direction is marked with monuments commemorating the position of troops and signal incidents of the encounter. The ground for this purpose has been bought by the various military bodies interested, while the National Cemetery belongs to the government. This is a very beautiful enclosure, sloping from the summit of Cemetery Hill, with fine distant views over the picturesque country. The grounds are planted with shrubs and trees from all the Union States, and they are kept in exquisite condition. At a high point a lofty monument marks the spot upon which Lincoln stood when he made his speech at the dedication of the grounds as the burial-place of the Union soldiers slain in battle. Part of the speech is carved upon the monument.

A citizen of the town who heard the speech says that Mr. Lincoln arrived on the evening before the ceremonies of dedication, and drafted the speech upon a large legal envelop, then copied it upon a fair sheet of paper. To the question whether the audience was aware that it was listening to an utterance which would become immortal, he answered that it was, and that the impression was profound. The sadness of Mr. Lincoln throughout his visit the good citizen described as deeply affecting. A permanent rostrum of stone has been built at a little distance from this monument, which is like a large bower, the columns and roof covered with vines. But the audience on the greensward is exposed in an afternoon of midsummer to a fierce sun.

It was from this platform that the speeches at the late reunion of the blue and the gray veterans of the battle of Gettysburg were delivered. It was an occasion of the most touching significance. There were several corps commanders of the Army of the Potomac, and two of the chief lieutenants of Lee, General Longstreet and General Gordon, with General Hooker from Mississippi, who, however, was not in the battle of Gettysburg. In the crowd there was a large number of ex-Confederate soldiers, some wearing the gray, but usually in citizens' dress. The

spirit of the occasion was that of peace and fraternity. The incident itself was without precedent. General Longstreet, who almost succeeded in turning the left of the Union line on the same afternoon twenty-five years before, was introduced by General Sickles, whose corps held the left, and both spoke as fellow-citizens with a common pride, a common purpose, and a common flag. General Gordon, who was one of the most daring of the Confederate chieftains upon the field, made a speech so manly and emphatic and patriotic that it was heard with acclamations of delight, and illustrated the marvellous change of the situation.

No incident in a history so full of striking incidents as ours is more suggestive than that of the perfectly cordial reunion of the hostile leaders upon the field of Gettysburg. It was the fulfilment of Lincoln's prophecy, and the augury of a Union such as the fathers hoped for, but which the children never saw, and could not see, until now. The little town was overflowed with an enormous temporary increase of its population. But there was no disturbance. Everybody seemed to keep the peace, and to be animated by the same generous spirit of good-will. There was a constant stream of pilgrims along the whole line of the Union army, and a host of old soldiers recalled at every point the adventures of the terrible and famous day.

None of these were pleasanter to hear than those which showed the friendly, human feeling and sympathy which the ardor of battle could not extinguish. On the first day, as General Barlow lay wounded and apparently bleeding to death upon the field, the battle raged over his prostrate and helpless body. As the Union line fell back toward the town, the Confederate line advanced and presently passed him, and as a young Confederate lieutenant came to the spot where Barlow lay he saw that his head was most uncomfortably placed, and as he swept forward with his men he stooped, and picking up a knapsack, placed it under the wounded and apparently dying man's head as a pillow. The story of battle is full of such incidents. The eagerness with which they are seized and cherished in memory illustrates the humanity which is outraged by war in every form, and which stimulates the hope that the progress of the race may yet abolish the last "dread ordeal" of de-

cision between conflicting opinions. This is the dream even of the heroic soldier Sheridan.

ONE public man in a recent angry altercation with another taunted him with elaborately preparing his invective, and some notoriously vituperative speeches are known to have been written out and printed before they were spoken. Such cold venom is undoubtedly as effective in reading as the hot outbreak of the moment, and it may be even more effective in the delivery, since self-command is as useful to the orator as to the actor. But if a man be guilty of a gross offence who upon a dignified scene violates the self-restraint and respect for the company which are not only becoming, but so much assumed that whoever violates the requirement is felt to insult his associates and the public, why do we not consider whether every scene is not too dignified for mature and intelligent men to attempt to rival in blackguardism the traditional fishwives of Billingsgate?

If an orator or a newspaper conducts a discussion without discharging the fiercest and foulest epithets at the opponent, it is often declared to be tame and feeble and indifferent. But to whom and to what does vituperation appeal? When an advocate upon the platform shouts until he is very hot and very red that the supporter of protection is a thief, a robber, a pampered pet of an atrociously diabolical system, he inflames passion and prejudice, indeed, to the highest fury, and he produces a state of mind which is inaccessible to reason, but he does not show in any degree whatever either that protection is inexpedient or how it is unjust. In the same way, to assail an opponent who favors revision of the tariff and incidental protection as a rascally scoundrel who is trying to ruin American industry—as if he could have any purpose of injuring himself materially and fatally—is absurd. The tirade merely injures the cause which the blackguard intends to help. But the man who carries on discussion in this style is described by other professors of the same art as manly and virile and hitting from the shoulder, and he comes perhaps to think himself a doughty champion of the right.

The weapon that demolishes an antagonist and an argument is not rhetoric, but truth. This accumulation of "bad

names" and ingenious combination of scurrility is merely rhetoric. It serves the rhetorical purpose, but it does not convince. It does not show the hearer or reader that one course is more expedient than another, nor give him any reason whatever for any opinion upon the subject. Virility, vigor, masculinity of mind, and essential force in debate are revealed in quite another way. If an American were asked to mention the most powerful speech ever made in the debates of Congress, he would probably mention Mr. Webster's reply to Hayne. It contained the great statement of nationality and the argument for the national interpretation of the Constitution, and it was spoken in the course of a famous controversy. Let any man read it, and ask himself whether it would have gained in power, in effect, in weight, dignity, or character, by personal invective and elaborate vituperation of any kind and any degree whatever.

The truth is that the fury which is supposed to imply force is the conclusive proof of weakness. The familiar advice, "If you have no evidence, abuse the plaintiff's attorney," contains by implication the whole philosophy of what is called the manliness and force of the blackguard. He has no reason, therefore he sneers. He has no argument, therefore he swears. He will get the laugh upon his adversary if he can, forgetting that those who laugh at the clown may also despise him.

Of wit, humor, satire, sarcasm, we are not speaking. The ordinary blackguardism of the political platform and press does not belong to that category. Caricature, however, easily may. There are certain pictures in American caricature which are wit made visible. They are the satire of instructive truth. Indeed, they tell to the eye the indisputable truth as words cannot easily tell it to the ear. In this way caricature is one of the most powerful agents in public discussion. But, like speech or writing, it may be merely blackguard. The incisive wit, the rich humor, the withering satire of speech, gain all their point and effect from the truth. They have no power when they are seen to be false.

So it is with caricature. Nobody can enjoy it more than its subject when it is merely humorous; nobody perceive so surely its pungent touch of truth; no-

body disregard more completely its mere malice and falsehood. True wit and humor, whether in controversial letters or art, whether in the newspaper article or the "cartoon," as we now call it, often reveal to the subject in himself what otherwise he might not have suspected. It is very conceivable that an actor, seeing a really clever burlesque of himself, may become aware of tendencies or peculiarities or faults which otherwise he would not have known, and quietly address himself to their correction.

This sanitary service of humor in every form, as well as that of the honest wrath which shakes many a noble sentence of sinewy English as a mighty man-of-war is shaken by her own broadside, is something wholly apart from the billingsgate and blackguardism which are treated as if they were real forces. Publicity itself, as the Easy Chair has often said, has a certain power, and to call a man a rascal to a hundred thousand persons at once produces an undeniable effect. But we must not mistake it for what it is not. Being false, it is not an effect which endures, nor does it vex the equal mind.

It is the fact that the public often seems to demand that kind of titillation, to enjoy fury instead of force, and ridicule instead of reason, which suggests the inquiry whether, if self-restraint and wise discipline are desirable for every faculty of the mind and body, the tongue and hand alone should be allowed to riot in wanton excess. If even the legitimate superlative must be handled, like dynamite, with extreme caution, blackguardism of every degree is a nuisance to be summarily discountenanced and abated by those who know the difference between grandeur and bigness, between Mercutio and Tony Lumpkin, between fair play and foul.

It was recently said that the censor is a living insult to all other persons because of his self-asserted superiority. There is nothing more unpopular, certainly, than a censorious disposition, and nobody is more disagreeable than the Pharisee who is continually and vociferously grateful that he is not as other men. But it is necessary to discriminate carefully. The man who declines to take a glass of wine in a company where others take it, really censures them by his conduct, and may be said to assert his own superiority.

But ought he therefore to take a glass of wine? Ought he to offend his conscience in order to avoid seeming to censure others and to proclaim his own superiority? A man who tells the truth in a company of liars seems to rebuke them. But to avoid that imputation must he lie also?

If men are to cease to speak their honest thoughts and to walk by the light of their own convictions because their course may seem to reprove those who do differently, human progress will be seriously obstructed. It is a very disagreeable reputation which is expressed by the remark that you set yourself up as being better than other men, and yet any man who does not conform strictly to the company in which he finds himself subjects himself to that reproach. To do at Rome as the Romans do is a maxim which may be easily pushed to a ridiculous extreme. The maxim is said to be an embodiment of good sense and of practical wisdom. But while it is constantly cited, it is obeyed in a very limited and superficial way.

The maxim means only that in the little manners and customs of a place it is better to conform than to protest and resist. If people generally wear their hair long, it is foolish to make yourself conspicuous by wearing your hair short. If people wear white cravats at dinner, it is better not to wear a red one. But it does not mean that because Romans go to mass and confession, you must therefore go to mass and confession. Yet if you do not you become in a sort the censor of those who do. You are a Protestant, and set yourself up in a Catholic country to be wiser than the people of the country. The liar who feels insulted by the man who speaks the truth, and the drunkard who denounces the preacher of sobriety as a censor, are not critics to be seriously heeded. The laugh at the twelfth jurymen who alleged that he had eleven incorrigible colleagues is a laugh at Columbus and Galileo and Jenner. They all insulted the ignorance of their time, and ignorance is generally in the majority.

The charge of insult in such circumstances is generally the cry of the wounded. It is a confession that the shaft has struck home. An arrogant arraigner of other men and of common courses, a man who plainly assumes a personal superiority and merit, is the true Pharisee, who is instantly and instinctively repudiated

by honest men. But Luther was not a Pharisee, nor Sam Adams, nor Garrison. They spoke truths most unwelcome to great multitudes of men—truths which condemned general beliefs and practices. But they had no personal air of censorship. They spoke as John the Baptist spoke, from the fulness of conviction and from the loftiest of motives. The small gibe of "censor" flung at such men expresses merely the jealousy of small men, who are always consciously reprov'd by noble sentiments and generous aspirations.

The gibe, however, is undoubtedly a serious obstacle to many men, and to the advance of good causes. The wisdom of minding your own business is so obvious, and whoever lives by that principle is so generally highly esteemed, that a man is reluctant to expose himself to a sneer which implies that he is trying to mind the business of others. It is better, he thinks, to leave wrongs alone than to acquire a bad name by the effort to remedy them. In another section the Easy Chair makes some observations upon blackguardism. Condemnation as a censor does not fall under that head precisely, but the condemnation aims at the same purpose. It intends to silence or to belittle the man whose words assail or injure our cause.

But if a popular man be false, or an accepted doctrine mischievous, or an agreeable habit dangerous, somebody must say so. In this sense the censor, instead of insulting other men, cheers and helps them. The youth who is so censorious that he will not associate with Lothario, and frankly calls Lovelace a profligate, is a social benefactor, to whom every modest woman and every gentleman is beholden. The merchant who refuses to be associated in the conduct of business with men whom he knows to be unprincipled is a censor of their behavior, but he certainly insults no one. Indeed, the man who is often described as a censor, and therefore an insulter of others, is usually a man who denounces the frauds and humbugs which he sees around him, and who has merely the courage of his opinions and principles.

If censor be understood to be the name of a mere fault-finder, a man who points out faults only to jeer and not to correct, or who cultivates a habit of sneering, and of seeking the worse rather than the bet-

ter aspects of life for the gratification of a morbid taste, he is a nuisance and a pest. Of that there is no dispute. But it is an ill disposition which, inclined to self-indulgence of any kind, rails at the critic as a fault-finding censor, and holds the Vic-

ar of Bray to be the type of the Christian moralist. To cry honestly, repent! repent! is not a popular nor a gratifying office, but it is a truer and manlier service than to insist upon eating and drinking because to-morrow we die.

Editor's Study.

I.

SO many books of verse have come to the Study lately that a department much more obstinate than this in its impressions might well question whether it was not mistaken in ever supposing a decline of poetry among us. Quantitatively, at least, we do not think the Study could maintain that opinion, and qualitatively there is a chance that possibly the Study may have been wrong, though that is a great deal to say. What is certain is that in these books, quite fortuitous in their arrival and desultory in their range, there is the presence more and more of what seems the color of an authentic life; or, if we may not quite say this, then there is the increasing absence of reflected life. We have before now spoken of the gradual silencing in the minor poets of the echoes from the great modern masters; and though this hush means the extinction of the voices that woke the echoes, it means something more than that too. Perhaps while they sounded at their grandest, it was not possible for any lesser note to lift itself except in tune with them; perhaps an interval of suspense in what has long seemed the highest poetry was necessary to the facilitation of any new utterance. At its lowest the ebb is a prophecy of the flood, and the rising tide is the next thing in order, unless the moon forget her office upon the seas and the sensibilities.

The reader is not to imagine, however, that the tide is coming back with the fabled rush of its reflux on Labradoran coasts; there will be time enough apparently for every one who dislikes poetry to get out of the way before it touches high-water mark. But the fact remains that there seems really a stir again in forms supposed nearly lifeless, and that the impulse is from within rather than from without.

It must always be a surprise to the critic nurtured in the times of the great poets

now quiet or quiescent not to find their influence in every young poet he takes up; but this is the surprise, not to say disappointment, we have suffered in the new books of verse before us. It is impossible not to name Tennyson here, and one hardly feels contemporary with these poets who have not only not tried to write like him (with all that sweet unconsciousness of imitation once so delightfully obvious), but who are apparently insensible if not ignorant of him. We do not find his mental attitudes in them, nor his turns of phrase, nor his pet words; it is all very strange; it is like another country, another language, another world; we are a little lost in it. He is even more extinct in them than Dickens, his only compeer as an influence, is in our fiction; for one still comes upon traces of that master now and then in apprentices of the art. It would be extremely interesting, if one could do it, to follow the decline of such a literary domination, and mark the moment of its final lapse; but the inquiry would be possible only to German thoroughness and German patience. Our airier criticism may yet make this sort of research its office; but in the mean time it can now only recognize the accomplished fact, and another fact equally important, that there is no reversion to still earlier types in the new writers who have cast off this influence. The poets who do not sing like Tennyson do not sing like Byron either, nor like Keats, nor Shelley, nor Wordsworth.

A literary influence seems to cease at a certain date, so that even the writers who once felt it strongly no longer feel it after that date. We were struck in reading Mr. Coates Kinney's powerful poem "Optim and Pessim," a few months ago, with the absence of Tennysonianism in the treatment of a theme akin to several that Tennyson treated with his greatest mastery; and this although Mr. Kinney was a mature writer at the time of Tennyson's

supremacy as an influence. It would have been impossible, we are almost ready to say, for him to have written "Optim and Pessim" fifteen or twenty years ago and not have betrayed the Tennysonian control: we will not be quite positive, for in other poems Mr. Kinney seems to have escaped it in singular degree. But others of our poets, who at one time came under it devotedly, and wrote poems that Tennyson might perhaps have been willing to own, and certainly would have been puzzled to disclaim, have completely outgrown his influence in their later work; and they now no more write like Tennyson than Mr. Madison Cawein does, or Mr. Robert Burns Wilson, or Miss Lizette Woodworth Reese, or any of the new poets whose books have inspired these observations.

II.

But by all this we hope we have not been denying the enduring influence upon the language of such a poet as Tennyson; this will last always, though no one imitates his manner any more. English is a sweeter and suppler tongue for his having used it and governed it with his master-touch; whoever, to the end of time, writes in it, will find it a mellower instrument because Tennyson's breath so long filled it. The new men have not escaped his influence in this sense; their phrase is lovelier and more elect because his exquisite sense of diction has ennobled and clarified the poetical vocabulary, leaving it impossible for them to be as crude or prosaic in their wording as they might have been without him. In this effect, however, Tennyson does not stand for himself alone, but for many tendencies, for the general tendency of English verse to a strictly poetic expression; his utterance is habitually what that of Wordsworth, of Keats, of Coleridge, of Shelley, was at its best.

We should like to know if our young poets read him as fondly as their literary uncles and aunts and elder brothers did, and we wish some of the journals that make a business of symposiums concerning questions of ethics and æsthetics would invite a general confession on this point. Who, in fact, is now the most influential poet? We interrogate the work of our young poets in vain; it gives back no certain sound; if it is imitative at all, it is eclectically, not specifically, imitative, and reverberates a synthesis of all the poetic moods of the century. We have spoken

of Mr. Cawein's verse before, and we have to note in *The Triumph of Music, and Other Lyrics*, chiefly the ripening of qualities felt in his first volume: a love of nature in her recondite as well as obvious aspects, and a rich sympathy with all that is splendid and beautiful in the outer world. The spirit of his poetry feels itself akin with the arts that interpreted the old mythologies, and yet is at home with the least associated suggestions of the new land in which it is native, and in which it naturalizes the lovely things of old, as the spirit of Keats revived Greece under the gray English skies. Our words do not say it quite, and it is hard to choose from the book just the passages which shall characterize it; for a book is like a man's face, and one point of view gives only one effect, and is not the whole of its meaning. But perhaps the reader will get some intimation of what we intend from this very aerially fancied, delicately worded little poem:

"THE DRYAD.

"I have seen her limpid eyes,
Large with gradual laughter, rise
Through wild roses' nettles,
Like twin blossoms grow and stare,
Then a hating, envious air
Whisked them into petals.

"I have seen her hardy cheek
Like a molten coral leak
Through the leafage shaded
Of thick Chickasaws; and then,
When I made more sure, again
To a red plum faded.

"Often on the ferny rocks
Dazzling ripples of loose locks
At me she hath shaken,
And I've followed; 'twas in vain;
They had trickled into rain
Sunlit on the braken.

"Once her full limbs flashed on me,
Naked where some royal tree
Powdered all the spaces
With wan sunlight and quaint shade;
Such a haunt romance hath made
For haunched satyr races.

"There, I wot, hid amorous Pan,
For a sudden pleading ran
Through the maze of myrtle,
Whiles a rapid violence tossed
All its flowerage; 'twas the lost
Cooings of a turtle."

Another mood utters itself here in no less choice and fortunate phrase, whose truth will be felt by any one who recalls a country usage in the South and older West, where a family's dead are often laid in a little plot of ground near the home of the living:

"THE FAMILY BURYING-GROUND.

- "A wall of crumbling stones doth keep
 Watch o'er long barrows where they sleep,
 Old chronicled grave-stones of its dead,
 On which oblivious mosses creep,
 And lichens gray as lead.
- "Warm days the lost cows as they pass
 Rest here and browse the juicy grass
 That springs about its sun-scorched stones;
 Afar one hears their bells' deep brass
 Waft melancholy tones.
- "Here the wild morning-glory goes
 A-rambling as the myrtle grows,
 Wild morning-glories, pale as pain,
 With holy urns that hint at woes,
 The night hath filled with rain.
- "Here are blackberries largest seen,
 Rich, winy dark, whereon the lean
 Black hornet sucks, noons sick with heat,
 That bend not to the shadowed green
 The heavy-bearded wheat.
- "At dark, for its forgotten dead,
 A requiem of no known wind said,
 Through ghostly cedars moans and throbs,
 While to thin starlight overhead
 The shivering screech-owl sobs."
- For the mere pleasure of it we light
 our page with these gorgeous dyes from
 the poet's study of an old garden:
- "Bubble-like the hollyhocks
 Budded, burst, and flaunted wide
 Gypsy beauty from their stocks;
 Morning-glories, bubble-dyed,
 Swung in honey-hearted flocks.
- "Tawny tiger-lilies flung
 Doublets slashed with crimson on;
 Graceful girl slaves, fair and young,
 Like Circassians, in the sun
 Alabaster lilies swung.
- "Ah, the droning of the bee
 In his dusty pantaloons
 Tumbling in the fleurs-de-lis;
 In the drowsy afternoons
 Dreaming in the pink sweet-pea.
- "Ah, the moaning wild-wood dove,
 With its throat of amethyst
 Ruffled like a shining cove
 Which a wind to pearl hath kissed,
 Moaning, moaning of its love.
- "And the insects' gossip thin,
 From the summer hotness hid,
 In the leafy shadows green;
 Then at eve the katydid
 With its hard, unvaried din.
- "Often from the whispering hills,
 Lorn within the golden dusk—
 Gold with gold of daffodils—
 Thrilled into the garden's musk
 The wild wail of whippoorwills.
- "From the purple-tangled trees,
 Like the white, full heart of night,
 Solemn with majestic peace,
 Swam the big moon, veined with light,
 Like some gorgeous golden fleece."

Caprices, conceits if you will, and excesses, as in the case of this moon doing double metaphoric duty on such short notice, but all full of the security and courage of the born artist who dashes his color or his epithet on, and leaves it to approve itself to you or not as you choose. We cannot put down his book without copying one thing more from it, in which he touches a flying emotion that perpetually escapes the hold:

"DEFICIENCY.

- "Ah, God! were I away, away,
 By woodland-belted hills,
 There might be more in Thy bright day
 Than my poor spirit thrills.
- "The elder coppice, banks of blooms,
 The spice-wood brush, the field
 Of tumbled clover, and perfumes
 Hot, weedy pastures yield.
- "The old rail-fence, whose angles hold
 Bright brier and sassafras,
 Sweet priceless wild flowers, blue and gold,
 Starred through the moss and grass.
- "The ragged bank path that winds unto
 Lone cow-behaunted nooks,
 Through brambles, to the shade and dew
 Of rocks and woody brooks.
- "To see the minnows turn and gleam
 White sparkling bellies, all
 Shoot in gray schools down the stream
 Let but a dead leaf fall.
- "The buoyant pleasure and delight
 Of floating feathered seeds,
 Capricious wanderers, soft and white,
 Born of silk-bearing weeds.
- "Ah, God! were I away, away,
 Among wild woods and birds,
 There were more soul within Thy day
 Than one might bless with words."

We will not dwell upon the fidelity with which all this sumptuousness and subtlety renders the thought and the thing in the poet's mind and eye. Here, whatever his future in other ways, is already a master of diction. By an affinity which we will let the reader trace, the poem last quoted brings us to one of the loveliest in Mr. Robert Burns Wilson's volume of *Life and Love*. Without representing his whole range, it intimates the tender pensiveness of most of his work.

"IN SEPTEMBER.

- "The slanting sun shines softly on the hills
 Where lift the glittering domes of green and gold;
 The hush of forest cities, tranced and still,
 Creeps out upon the gray and tangled wold.
- "Half-heard, uncertain rustlings fill the air
 Among the trees and on the crisp, warm ground,

Which to the soul recall some joy or care,
Made quick by feeling rather than by sound.

"The wild blackberry bushes' mottled green
Glow with the touch of wine upon its leaves;
Her silken threads, that stretch their glossy sheen
From stem to stem, the careful spider weaves.

"The mullein stalks, disconsolate and lean,
Look idly on their shadows all the day—
Poor lingering ghosts that haunt the changing
scene
Where summer's silent feet have passed away.

"The loosened leaves fall circling far and near,
Down to the silence of the woodland road,
And on the pool by which the unyoked steer
Stands now, forgetful of the stinging goad.

"Along their homeward path the cattle graze
Amid the cadence of their answering bells,
Soft silhouettes against the evening haze
Which rises now from out the dreamy dells.

"The scarlet berries on the dogwood's stem
Grow bright and deepen with a ruddier glow,
The shadows lengthen from the forest's hem,
And soft the cooling airs begin to blow.

"Oh, wistful days of melancholy joy,
That breathe in music tones of sweet despair,
Rich with the beauty that must yet destroy,
Bright with the darkness, languishing but fair—

"Days when the spirit with the vision turns
From cloud to cloud, from changing tree to tree,
From field to forest, and the full heart yearns
For something—God knows what—that cannot
be!

"Mayhap the rose is lovelier that it fades,
The daisy fairer for the mower's scythe;
Perhaps it is the gloom of nightly shades
That makes the songs of morning seem so
blithe.

"Shall then the soul that knows not but to glean
Its few short joys from thorns of biting pain
Be happier finding fields forever green
And flowers that cannot die to bloom again?

"Perhaps—perhaps—and life is nothing more;
Perhaps it is a dream that dies away,
Like echoes lost on some forgetful shore
In endless silence of a twilight day."

This tranquil noting of natural aspects and question of their relation to human life recalls the softer and gentler English poetry that began to look about it and to rediscover this beautiful world after the long reign of convention in the last century; and in the little pang at the close, as well as the melancholy serenity of the whole picture, there is a touch of Leopardi, a poet with whom Mr. Wilson has no other affinity.

Both of the young poets whom we have quoted are Kentuckians, and in them the South makes again a very valid claim to recognition for the literary impulse which has already strikingly fulfilled itself in fiction. The claim is not weakened in the

thin, prim, drab-colored little book which brings from Maryland the poems of Lizette Woodworth Reese. In these, as in those of Mr. Cawein and Mr. Wilson, we fancy properties distinctly Southern; and in all there is certainly the same tendency to close, loving, and vivid picture of nature. It might almost be called a landscape school of poetry, in the pieces of which the attitude of the poet mainly supplies the human interest. The charm of a delicate little painting like this below will be, for the sympathetic witness, largely in the suggestion of the environment that invited to the study for it:

"SUNSET.

"In the clear dusk, upon the fields below,
The blossoming thorn-bush, white and spare and
tall,
Seems carved of ivory 'gainst the dark wall;
Shut from the sunset, sharp the farm roofs
show;
But here, upon this height, the straggling hedge
Burns in the wind, and is astir with bees;
The little pool beneath the willow-trees,
Yellow as topaz, flames from edge to edge;
A line of light the desert highway glows.
Odors like sounds down the rich air do pass,
Spice from each bough, musk from the brier-
rose
Dropping its fine sweet petals on the grass;
Swallows are whirring black against the blaze;
I hear the creek laugh out from pebbly ways."

In the poems of all three of these writers, so keenly alive to every look and tone of nature, we imagine not only the spacious receptivity of youth, but the effect of a less dense and hurried life than ours at the North. They are unconsciously true to the more sparsely peopled Southern world in their converse with woods and fields and skies; and they record a social period in terms of value both to the lover of beauty and the student of literary history.

III.

It is interesting to pass from their work, so young and so sensuous, so meridional and in a good sense local, to that of Dr. Holmes in his latest group of verses, which he calls *Before the Curfew, and Other Poems*. The precision of form indicative of a close-wrought, highly polished intellectual life; the touch as firm as it is fine; the philosophic poise of mind; the inward and backward look; the question consoling itself with hope where faith would seem too arrogant; the gentle yet penetrating suggestiveness; the air of ripe learning, and all the discipline of social and literary cul-

ture, with that tenderness for the past, that half-compassionate interest in the present, which the years bring: how different it all is from the poetry of those young Southerners! What the books are alike in is the genuineness of their poetry; the same stream bubbles in the grass-grown spring and shines in the marble fount, sculptured and inscribed on every surface. But one is again struck with the deeply municipalized, personalized character of Dr. Holmes's verse. No poet ever more strictly identified himself with his native city than he. It is Boston throughout his book, in its public character; and then that inner Boston of classmates and friends which every Bostonian bears in his bosom. It is eminently a city of cherished friendships, and these speak constantly in the poems of occasion which half fill the volume; but it is friendship on its human or universal side that the Boston laureate celebrates.

There is no need to speak of his qualities, but it would be difficult to read these latest poems and not be sensible of the perfection of what we may call his instrumentation. Like the art of Longfellow, it seems only to have grown lovelier and finer with time, and more intimately responsive to the spirit whose music it transmits.

Dr. Holmes's poetry expresses New England on one side as Whittier's does on another, and Emerson's on yet another; and if we were to look for an embodiment in verse of New England womanhood, we do not know where we should find it so fully as in the *Poems of Rose Terry Cooke*. It is not complete; that could never be; but so far as it goes it is perfectly New England, and perfectly womanly. Mrs. Cooke's name is not new in our literature, and needs no special validation here; but of late years she has made herself known by her honest and strenuous dealing with New England in fiction to a generation too recent to remember when the ballad of "Rosalind" and the poem of "The Two Villages" imparted their pathos and solemnity to the young hearts of magazine readers. It is for this reason, as well as our regard for it otherwise, that we welcome a collection of her poetry; and we should be very sorry if it failed of wider welcome. It is, as we said, the expression of the *ewig Weibliche* as the New England civilization has influenced it: the pas-

sion deepened and silenced; the conscience piercing and relentless; the wide interest in the events of thought and of life; the high love of beauty and the higher love of truth; the tendency to self-question; and the revolt, within decorous bounds, from convention and tradition, which make that avatar of the *ewig Weibliche* a thing of perpetual fascination and occasional fear. There is little or nothing here of the Yankee humor which plays so richly through Mrs. Cooke's stories and sketches, and we are well enough content to have the humorist hushed in the poet. But there is great sweetness and tenderness and sympathy in response to widely varying appeals of life and letters. Something—we should not like to be asked what exactly—makes us think of Adelaide Anne Procter in Mrs. Cooke's poetry. Probably it is the fact that as contemporaries they both felt the wave of German influence which has now quite spent itself. The New England poet seems to have felt it more remotely than the kindred English talent, and her work, in choice of subject and in its versions, shows greater friendship with other literatures. Compared with that of our young Southern poets, her poetry addresses itself to the senses through the mind, while theirs seems to reach the senses first, like color.

IV.

The thing is not easy to say without seeming to slight the more intellectualized work; but if criticism has grown at all of late years, it has been in the direction of inclusion and of the appreciation of kinds. We no longer contend that if Pope was a poet, then Keats was none; we know they were both poets, and are a good deal richer for the knowledge. It would be easy to overrate the value of such poetry as that of those young Southerners, but it is not necessary to do this in order to prize it. In fact we shall like it all the better if we remember that its charm is from what they have in common, their youth, rather than from their separate qualities and intentions. They all have the stir of the impulse to appropriate the outside world by recognizing and naming its facts; they cannot rest till they have found a tint of phrase, a music of words, for each of its appealing sights and sounds, and thus made it, or seemed to make it, their own. It is winning, and

touches the heart; but it is not the only poetry, though one likes to have them write as if it were.

On the other hand, we must not undervalue their work, as one might quite as easily do. If you look at it even casually you will find that it is nature, different in many things from that hitherto known

to literature, which they are observing in such keenly felt detail. Traits of the outer world which are yet subtly to influence life appear in the verse which scarcely hints of the expression of social conditions; as in Mrs. Cooke's poems, and Dr. Holmes's, the external world is lost in the interest of associations, of experiences.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 17th of July.—The following bills were passed by Congress during the month: Naval Appropriation and Sundry Civil Appropriation, House, June 22d; Public Land, House, June 27th; River and Harbor Appropriation (amended), Senate, July 2d; Census, House, July 11th.

The President approved the Diplomatic and Consular Appropriation Bill July 12th.

The decrease in the public debt during June amounted to \$14,429,502 44.

The Republican National Convention assembled in Chicago June 19th, and June 25th, on the eighth ballot, nominated Benjamin Harrison, of Indiana, for President, and on the first ballot Levi P. Morton, of New York, for Vice-President of the United States. The final ballot for President resulted as follows: Benjamin Harrison, 544; John Sherman, 118; Russell A. Alger, 100; Walter Q. Gresham, 59; William McKinley, Jun., 4; James G. Blaine, 5.

The official figures of the election in Oregon, June 4th, give a Republican plurality of 7408 in a total vote of 60,206.

George V. N. Lothrop has resigned his post as United States Minister to Russia.

The late Emperor Frederick III. of Germany was buried in the Friedenskirche at Potsdam June 18th.

The appointment of Herr Herrfurth as Vice-President of the Prussian Ministerial Council and Prussian Minister of the Interior, to succeed Herr Von Puttkamer, was officially published July 3d.

After a stormy debate a motion by General Boulanger for the dissolution of the Chamber of Deputies was rejected by that body July 12. A vote of censure was passed upon General Boulanger after he had resigned his seat and left the Chamber.—A duel with swords between General Boulanger and Premier Floquet followed, July 13th, at Neuilly-sur-Seine, near Paris.

A Papal Encyclical, under date of June 24th, reiterates the former decree against boycotting and the plan of campaign in Ireland.

The electors chosen, June 25th, formally elected, July 9th, General Porfirio Diaz, to succeed himself as President of Mexico.

Dr. Juan Pablo Rojas Paul has taken possession of the Presidency of Venezuela.

DISASTERS.

June 18th.—Several thousand persons were killed by the overflowing of the Leon River, Mexico. The greatest loss of life and property occurred in the towns of Leon and Silao.

June 20th.—Detailed accounts of the gales on the coast of Iceland in May show that four hundred French fishermen were drowned.

July 11th.—Two hundred and twenty-four persons were killed in a fire in the Debeers mine at Kimberley, Griqualand West, South Africa.

July 12th.—A south-bound express train on the Virginia Midland Railroad fell through a trestle near Orange Court House, Virginia. Ten persons were killed.

OBITUARY.

June 14th.—At Deer Island, in the Merrimac, near Newburyport, Massachusetts, Miss Mary N. Prescott, aged forty-eight years.

June 19th.—In Paris, M. Charlemagne Émile de Maupas, the French statesman, in the seventieth year of his age.

June 20th.—The Rev. George Trevor, canon of York, England, aged seventy-nine years.—In London, Dr. J. H. Zukertort, the chess-player, aged forty-five years.

June 24th.—In Peacedale, Rhode Island, Rowland Gibson Hazard, in the eighty-seventh year of his age.

June 25th.—At Staten Island, New York, Sydney Howard Gay, aged seventy-four years.

June 28th.—In Tarasp, Switzerland, James Jackson Jarves, the art critic and collector, in the sixty-eighth year of his age.

June 29th.—In San Francisco, General Washington L. Elliott, aged sixty-seven years.—At Long Island, New York, Francis Henry Temple Bellew, the artist, aged sixty-one years.

July 11th.—In London, Rev. George Robert Gleig, formerly Chaplain-General to the British forces, aged ninety-two years.—In Brooklyn, General Jesse C. Smith, in the eightieth year of his age.

July 12th.—At Contentment Island, Darien, Connecticut, Vincent Colyer, the artist, aged sixty-three years.—In Rochester, New York, Hiram Sibley, aged eighty-one years.

July 15th.—News received of the death of Sir Johannes Henricus Brand, President of the Orange Free State, aged sixty-four years.

Editor's Drawer.



It is fortunate that a passion for display is implanted in human nature; and if we owe a debt of gratitude to anybody, it is to those who make the display for us. It would be such a dull, colorless world without it! We try in vain to imagine a city without brass bands, and military marchings, and processions of societies in regalia, and banners, and resplendent uniforms, and gayly caparisoned horses, and men clad in red and yellow and blue and gray and gold and silver and feathers, moving in beautiful lines, proudly wheeling with step elate upon some responsive human being as axis, deploying, opening and closing ranks in exquisite precision to the strains of martial music, to the thump of the drum and the

scream of the fife, going away down the street with nodding plumes, heads erect, the very port of heroism. There is scarcely anything in the world so inspiring as that. And the self-sacrifice of it! What will not men do and endure to gratify their fellows! And in the heat of summer, too, when most we need something to cheer us! The Drawer saw, with feelings that cannot be explained, a noble company of men, the pride of their city, all large men, all fat men, all dressed alike, but each one as beautiful as anything that can be seen on the stage, perspiring through the gala streets of another distant city, the admiration of crowds of huzzaing men and women and boys, following another company as resplendent as itself, every man bearing himself like a hero, despising the heat and the dust, conscious only of doing his duty. We make a great mistake if we suppose it is a feeling of ferocity that sets these men tramping about in gorgeous uniform, in mud or dust, in rain or under a broiling sun. They have no desire to kill anybody. Out of these resplendent clothes they are much like other people; only they have a nobler spirit, that which leads them to endure hardships for the sake of pleasing others. They differ in degree, though not in kind, from those orders, for keeping secrets, or for encouraging a distaste for strong

drink, which also wear bright and attractive regalia, and go about in processions, with banners and music, and a pomp that cannot be distinguished at a distance from real war. It is very fortunate that men do like to march about in ranks and lines, even without any distinguishing apparel. The Drawer has seen hundreds of citizens in a body, going about the country on an excursion, parading through town after town, with no other distinction of dress than a uniform high white hat, who carried joy and delight wherever they went. The good of this display cannot be reckoned in figures. Even a funeral is comparatively dull without the military band and the four-and-four processions, and the cities where these resplendent cortéges of woe are of daily occurrence are cheerful cities. The brass band itself, when we consider it philosophically, is one of the most striking things in our civilization. We admire its commonly splendid clothes, its drums and cymbals and braying brass, but it is the impartial spirit with which it lends itself to our varying wants that distinguishes it. It will not do to say that it has no principles, for nobody has so many, or is so impartial in exercising them. It is equally ready to play at a festival or a funeral, a picnic or an encampment, for the sons of war or the sons of temperance, and it is equally willing to express the feeling of a Democratic meeting or a Republican gathering, and impartially blows out "Dixie" or "Marching through Georgia," "The Girl I Left Behind Me" or "My Country, 'tis of Thee." It is equally piercing and exciting for St. Patrick or the Fourth of July.

There are cynics who think it strange that men are willing to dress up in fantastic uniform and regalia and march about in sun and rain to make a holiday for their countrymen, but the cynics are ungrateful, and fail to credit human nature with its trait of self-sacrifice, and they do not at all comprehend our civilization. It was doubted at one time whether the freedman and the colored man generally in the republic was capable of the higher civilization. This doubt has all been removed. No other race takes more kindly to martial and civic display than it. No one has a greater passion for societies and uniforms and regalias and banners, and the pomp of marchings and processions, and peaceful war. The negro naturally inclines to the picturesque, to the flamboyant, to vivid colors and the trappings of office that give a man distinction. He delights in the drum and the trumpet, and so willing is he to add to what is spectacular and pleasing in life that he would spend half his time in parading. His capacity for a holiday is practically unlimited. He has not yet the means to indulge his taste, and perhaps his taste is not yet equal to his means, but

there is no question of his adaptability to the sort of display which is so pleasing to the greater part of the human race, and which contributes so much to the brightness and cheerfulness of this world. We cannot all have decorations, and cannot all wear uniforms, or even regalia, and some of us have little time for going about in military or civic processions, but we all like to have our streets put on a holiday appearance; and we cannot express in words our gratitude to those who so cheerfully spend their time and money in glittering apparel and in parades for our entertainment.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

CAP AND BELLS.

Too oft in merry moments I had written mocking rhymes,
And, strange to say, the editors had printed them at times.
The rhymes, whose worst ambition was a moment to beguile,
The kindly reader greeted with a calm, indulgent smile.

Then, wearied with such jesting, I aspired to higher things;
I started up Parnassus' steep, but found the journey hard,
And dining at the Half-way House must suit full many a bard.
I searched my inmost being's depths, its sacred hidden springs,
And with my heart's blood in the words I spake with prophet voice,
Swept back the Future's misty veil, and cried, "O World, rejoice!"
I touched on Darwin's mighty truths—the glorious race to be—
And wrapped the whole in mazy waves of echoing melody.

My song appeared. Up, up I soared on white, aspiring wings.
Alackaday! the cap, the bell, about the jester clings;
The haunting halo round the brow a doubtful glory flings.
Deep in my writhing heart was plunged a sudden, venomous fang:
Ah me! a shout of laughter from the guileless reader rang!

CHARLOTTE W. THURSTON.

A RIDICULOUS TEACHING.

A 'SOMEWHAT unpolished mother of a very charming daughter was recently heard to say: "I don't intend lettin' Emily go back to Madam Waring's school. They don't teach 'em right. Now I don't know so very much myself, but I never would tell my child that IX spells nine. It's absolutely ridiculous."

ON learning of the engagement of a Miss Bliss to a Mr. Harris, a friend of the young lady sent her the following lines:

'Tis strange in such a world as this,
But so-so at the fairest,
That one should leave a state of bliss
To be forever harassed.

FROM QUAIN NANTUCKET.

APROPOS of Nantucket, one hears some rather odd sayings and of some quaint happenings there.

"You see, we are somewhat out of the way," said one of the islanders; "so tramps seldom trouble us, and it is only when our summer visitors come that we think of locking our doors at night."

Last fall a man was tried for petty larceny, and sentenced by the judge to three months in jail. A few days after the trial, the judge, accompanied by the sheriff, was on his way to the Boston boat, when they passed a man sawing wood.

The sawyer stopped his work, touched his hat, and said, "Good-morning, judge."

The judge looked at him a moment, passed on a short distance, then turned to glance backward, with the question, "Why, sheriff, isn't that the man I sentenced to three months in jail?"

"Yes," replied the sheriff, hesitatingly—"yes, that's the man; but you—you see, judge, we—we haven't any one in jail now, and we thought it a useless expense to hire somebody to keep the jail for three months just for this one man; so I gave him the jail key, and told him that if he'd sleep there nights it would be all right."

R. A. MARR.

WHAT an ardent prayer was that of the colored brother who besought the Lord to *an'int* his congregation with the "ile" of Patmos!

THE RETORT CONSIDERATE.

QUITE a prominent member of the Society of Friends had by various matrimonial ventures accumulated a number of names originally belonging to her deceased husbands. As it was difficult for many of the members of the society to repeat her name in proper chronological order without the omission of one or more of its factors, she was known in a cumulative way as Alphabet Smith, Directory Smith, and Cemetery Smith.

Not long after she had lost her third husband and placed him beside his predecessors, the much-widowed woman determined to marry again, and nominated the candidate for the fourth place in her affections. Invitations to the wedding were sent to her numerous children. In due course of time one of them was returned to her with this endorsement upon it:

DEAR MOTHER,—I regret that I cannot be with thee on the occasion of thy approaching wedding, but I will endeavor to be present at the next.

Affectionately thy son,

GOODBOY SMITH.

UNDENIABLY TRUE.

"MY objection to babies," said an old bachelor, "is that they are so insufferably childish."



WHERE IGNORANCE IS NOT BLISS.

EMILY. "Oh, Arthur, how cruel! See that poor worm wriggle!"

ARTHUR. "That's all right. I cut him in two first, so he's perfectly dead, only he hasn't discovered it."

ALWAYS ROOM FOR ONE MORE.

In ancient Mexico
There dwelt, some time ago,
A person whom I know,
Called in this way:
"Señor Don Rodrigo
José del Armijo
Hermanos Tobago,"
Likewise "el Rey."
When we got through with it,
If fools or wise of wit,
Not one in ten could hit
What it all meant.
Not one in twenty could
Pronounce it as he should:
If one had time, he would
Think it misspent.
So when we spoke this man,
This titled Mexican,
We all pursued this plan,
Thinking it meet:
Dropped every el and del,
José and Don as well,
All names we couldn't spell,
Just called him "Pete."
He, with his wealth of name,
Took this one, just the same,

And thus his card became

After that date:

"Señor Don Rodrigo

José del Armijo

Hermanos Tobago

El Rey y Pete."

W. C. EDGAR.

THE EXACT TIME.

ON the occasion of a wedding in Virginia, not long ago, the hospitality of the family mansion was taxed to the utmost, and one of the guests had to be accommodated with a hastily erected bed in his host's room. Early in the morning, Jim, an irrepressible retainer of the family, came in to light the fire, and his master asked him the time. He didn't know.

"Well, you idiot, can't you look at the clock?"

Jim studied it anxiously for a few minutes, and then ventured: "I can't jes zackly make out whut time 'tis, Mis' Smiff; but one hand's p'intin' todes you, en one hand's p'intin' todes Marse Sammy. I reckon *you know* what time dat is."

REVISED ANECDOTES.

LAMB AND THE RUDE AMERICAN.

CHARLES LAMB was once introduced to a rude American, who greeted him with the remark, "I should have known you were Charles Lamb by your stutter."

"N-n-n-no, s-s-sir," said Lamb; "y-y-y-you a-are m-m-mist-t-t-taken. I-it i-is m-m-m-my b-b-b-rother G-g-g-g-George wh-wh-who s-s-s-siss-st-tut-tut-tutters, n-n-n-ot I."

NERO'S KEEN SORROW.

Rome was burning. The destroying element was gradually eating up the business portion of the Eternal City, and the Emperor consoled himself by playing his violin. On the evening of the third day of the fire, the imperial *musicale* was interrupted by the freedman Milichus, who rushed into the Emperor's presence with the news that the Tigelline Block had been attacked, and that all the stores therein were going up in smoke.

"What!" cried the Emperor, stopping in the middle of a bar—a thing he had never been known to do before—"the Tigelline Block gone up? Oh dear! oh dear! This will never do. Why, they kept the best E strings in the Roman Empire at No. 6 Tigelline Block. Hie thee, dear Milichus, to the Tigelline, and seek through the ruins, and if by morn thou bringest me word that the E string stock is saved, I will make thee Commissioner of Lic-tors e'er the sun doth set."

And the strong man sat down upon his Savonarola chair* and wept bitter tears

JULIUS CÆSAR AND LIBERAL EDUCATION.

Some friend of Cæsar's—Brutus perhaps—once asked the great Roman whether he deemed a liberal education necessary to success in life.

"I do," said Cæsar. "I attribute my success to the thorough grounding I received in the dead languages at school. Indeed I could not have attained my present eminence in Roman affairs without Latin."

GEORGE WASHINGTON AND THE MENDACIOUS MENDICANT.

General Washington, while visiting New York in the fall of 1796, was accosted one day on Broadway by a fifteen-year-old beggar, who asked the General for aid, saying that he was an orphan, with a paralytic father and a dying mother to support.

"Sir," said Washington, fixing his eye sternly upon the beggar, "you may have judged from your reading in the newspapers that I cannot tell a lie. Sometimes the papers mistake. I can tell a lie when I hear it, especially one so transparent as this. Had you claimed to be so blind that you could not see where your supper was to come from, I might have been persuaded to give you a nickel. As

* Among other luxuries, Nero developed a great fondness for anachronisms, which accounts for the presence of the Savonarola chair in the imperial apartments.

it is, the boy who would deceive the Father of his Country is unworthy of my alms. I wish you good-evening."

The beggar was so affected by Washington's noble words that he immediately joined the army, and soon became one of the best spies in the service.

MODEST NOLL AND DR. JOHNSON

AFTER Goldsmith had written the *Vicar of Wakefield* he rose considerably in the estimation of blunt old Dr. Johnson, who extolled the book to the skies. Goldsmith's natural modesty made the enthusiastic praise of his work exceedingly painful to him, and he invariably did his best in self-depreciation when his friend began sounding his praises.

Upon one occasion Johnson, Boswell, and Goldsmith were lunching together in a Fleet Street chop-house, when an acquaintance of Johnson's entered, and approaching the group, grasped the Doctor's hand, and asked him how he did.

"Sir," said the Doctor, with his accustomed courtesy, "I don't." Then turning toward Goldsmith, who was trying to hide behind a bottle of Worcestershire sauce, he roared out: "Mr. Robinson, permit me to introduce my friend Goldsmith. Goldsmith is the author of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, you know."

"Indeed!" cried Robinson, with a pleased smile. "Are you the author of that delightful work?"

"N-no, sir, p-please, sir," replied Goldsmith, overcome with shame.

The effect of this reply upon Dr. Johnson may be better imagined than described.

CALIGULA'S GRATITUDE AND MERCY.

QUINTUS CURTIUS FLACCUS having had the misfortune in the heat of a political campaign to offend the Emperor, Caligula ordered him to be thrown into a caldron of boiling lead. A few days before the execution was to take place, Flaccus sent a licitor to the Emperor with a note, in which he asked the Emperor if he remembered the fact that as a boy Flaccus had saved his life at the imminent risk of his own, by eating a poisoned tart intended for the imperial lunch, and beseeching the Emperor, if he did remember the episode, to mitigate the severity of his punishment. Caligula was deeply moved as the remembrance of Flaccus's heroic self-sacrifice flashed across his mind, and he immediately issued a decree providing that "in view of services rendered, the sentence of Quintus Curtius Flaccus, to wit, that he be boiled in lead, be and is hereby commuted, and that in lieu of said boiling in lead the said Quintus Curtius Flaccus shall be flayed alive and thrown into the sea." Rome was so astonished at the unexpected clemency of the Emperor that her historians forgot to record this one bright page in the annals of the Caligulan sway.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

THE PRINCE'S VISITING CARDS.

"Now, Meesha" (Mike), "here's a list of the houses at which you are to call, and you must be sure to leave one of my cards at each of them. You'll find the cards on my study table. Do you hear?" So spoke Prince G——, one of the leaders of society in Moscow, to the liveried servant who bowed before him as he stepped into his carriage.

It was New-Year's Day, a time when, in Russia, as in France, every one visits his friends, and the salutation of "S' novym godom s' novym stchastiem" (With the new year, new happiness) is heard on every side; so the Prince was setting out to call in person upon a few of his chosen friends, while sending his footman to leave cards upon the fifty or sixty less intimate acquaintances whom he possessed in the fashionable quarter of the town.

"I hear, your Brightness," said the lackey, bowing again, and his master drove away.

Two hours later a dashing young officer of the Imperial Guard reined up his horse beside Prince G——'s carriage as it passed him, and said, in a voice tremulous with laughter: "Oh, Yakov Andreievitch" (James, son of Andrew), "that was a splendid idea of yours! It'll be all over the town to-morrow, I'm sure. I haven't had such a laugh since I don't know when." And off he went, laughing unrestrainedly.

G—— looked after him in blank bewilderment; but he was still more perplexed about half an hour later, when a stout, bald, red-faced man, in the rich uniform of a government official, came and said, sternly:

"Yakov Andreievitch, I don't know what I have done that you should insult me in this unwarrantable way. You shall hear from me to-morrow." And he passed on, foaming with rage.

"Are they all mad?" muttered the amazed Prince. "What on earth can I have done?"

But the explanation came only too soon. Just as he reached his own door again, up came the footman whom he had sent round with his visiting cards, and said, with a respectful bow, "I've left all the cards, your Brightness, except the ace of spades and the queen of diamonds."

Then the poor Prince understood it all. This model servant of his had left *playing-cards* upon his friends by mistake. DAVID KER.

PERHAPS there is too much progressive eulchre about. At any rate a small boy in a New England household who has learned to read enough to join in the morning exercises, but sometimes bolts a large word, astonished the family one morning when he came to the passage in the Psalms, "Let not my enemies triumph over me," with this rendering, "Let not my enemies trump over me."



A PREPOSTEROUS IDEA.

VAN DUZEN (*making his first tour of a farm*). "It is simply preposterous! The ideah of calling country milk healthy after working the poor cows all day long in the hot sun!"

THE AWFUL COURT.

THE late Captain James M. Armstrong, of Texas, as honest and patriotic a man as ever lived in any age or country, emigrated from Kentucky to Texas immediately after the Republic had been organized. Soon after his arrival at Nacogdoches, he found out that the refugees from "the States," who were then quite numerous, were in the habit of holding from time to time what they called "The Awful Court." Every new-comer was arrested, was brought before the "court," which sat with an imposing array of officers and spectators in a secluded room, was arraigned, and asked, "What made you come to Texas?" If in his reply he did not admit that he came as a refugee, the judge would order him to be whipped until he confessed, and when he had confessed, he was sentenced to treat the crowd. No new-comer was permitted to claim that he was innocent, or came of his own free-will. If the person arrested, however, answered promptly, stating some crime that he had committed before leaving "the States," and giving time, place, and circumstances, he was at once discharged without costs.

"The Awful Court" was generally presided over by a gentleman who was known to have robbed a gold-mining company, which was the immediate cause of his leaving Georgia. One day in conversation he observed to young Armstrong, "Young man, we will shortly have you up before our Awful Court."

Armstrong, with an air of surprise and diffidence, said he hoped not, and passed on.

On the night of that very day he was arrested, and led through devious ways to where The Awful Court was sitting. Although late, the dimly lighted courtroom was thronged. In a few moments the presiding judge ordered him to stand up, and asked him the following question: "Young man, what made you come to Texas?"

Armstrong replied, hesitatingly, with an air of embarrassment, "It was such a mean little thing that I don't want to tell about it."

The question was calmly put a second time, and received the same answer.

Thereupon the judge sternly remarked, "I now ask you for the third and last time, what made you come to Texas?"

Armstrong responded, with apparent confusion: "If I must tell, I must. I stole a sheep."

"Stole a sheep!" exclaimed the presiding judge, in real astonishment. "Stole a sheep! Men, did you ever hear the

like? Young man, what made you steal a sheep?"

Armstrong dryly replied, "Because they who came to Texas ahead of me left nothing else in the criminal line to do."

"The prisoner's discharged, and the court adjourned," said the judge. "Men, it's my treat."

A PERTINENT QUESTION.

A FORMER Governor of a large city in Japan, after spending an evening at a friend's table with several companions, was unable to find his carriage, and determined to walk home. Losing his way, however, in the narrow, winding streets, he applied to a policeman to direct his erring footsteps. To his surprise the solemn functionary could not solve his perplexity. He was not acquainted, he said, with the location asked for. A happy expedient suggested itself to the inquirer.

"Be good enough to direct me to the residence of the Governor of the city," said the Governor.

"I don't know where that is either," responded the policeman.

"What! not know where the Governor lives? I shall report you to-morrow. I am the Governor."

"Well," was the caustic rejoinder, "how do you expect me to know where you live if you don't know where you live yourself?"



NOT SO FAVORABLE.

DEACON WILLIAMS. "Brudder Jones, how did yer son come outen de trial?"

BROTHER JONES. "De jedge done give 'im two munfs in de jayul."

DEACON WILLIAMS. "'Pears ter me like as if you oughter be pow'ful thankful. He got off mighty light, he did."

BROTHER JONES. "'Twarn't s' light 's you seem ter think. Dey's a-gwinter hang 'im when de two munfs is up."



LITERARY NOTES.

BY LAURENCE HUTTON.

NOTHING in all the world seems half so easy as attending to the business of somebody else. Hamlet says that playing on the pipe is as easy as lying, and Hamlet makes no mistakes. Every worker believes that his neighbor's work does itself, without effort and without thought—particularly without thought. What, for instance, to the lay mind can be more simple than the preparation of a sermon or the writing of a book? Given paper, pens, ink, a blotting-pad, cigars—if the author is a man—and a little time, and the thing is done. 'Tis as easy as lying! Even the women-folk of professional writers, unless they chance to be professional writers themselves, accept this as a solemn fact, while they are equally sure that dusting is more laborious than invention, and that lying is less difficult than ordering lunch. How many happy thoughts have been completely trodden underfoot by a pair of little shoes brought in to be tied at an inopportune moment, how many brilliant ideas have been punctured by a dull lead-pencil brought in to be sharpened just as the poet's eye is preparing to roll in its very finest frenzy, is only known to those writers of prose and of verse who do their work within easy reach of the members of their own families; and even they can not express it, no matter how hard they try. In the minds of more than nine-tenths of the reading world the immortal peacock for whose periodical screaming Carlyle waited in such agony all the day long, was not half so exasperating to the nerves as Mrs. Carlyle's household cares, or as the peacock-trying temper of the sage of Chelsea himself. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that Mrs. Christine Terhune Herrick, although she is a master of two trades—of domestic economy and the art of writing about it—should have prepared a volume upon *House-keeping Made Easy*¹ without giving any hint that authorship is deserving of relief as well.

Mrs. Herrick, who, as a daughter of "Marion Harland," inherits the right and the facility to discourse upon household matters, wrote for the readers of *Harper's Bazar* the series of papers which she now collects in book form, and which she confesses to be the results of her own actual experiences as a young housewife. How far she is correct in her theories of renting and settling, of furnishing and mar-

keting, of sweeping and cleaning, of hiring maids and managing husbands, to which she devotes certain chapters of her little volume, it is, of course, not possible for a mere pencil-sharpener to say; but upon moral grounds even the dwellers in tents can endorse her, particularly when she teaches that the science of Making House-keeping Easy is embraced in the art of Doing House-keeping Well; that the best way to save work of any kind is to do it so thoroughly that there need be no going back to pick up dropped stitches or to regather scattered thoughts. Tired essayists and sermonizers the world over owe her a debt of gratitude too for her recommendation of "a certain degree of confusion in the general sitting-room," and for the utterance of that golden sentiment, "The home feeling is worth more than spotless tidiness," which ought to be worked in red and green worsteds upon perforated card-board, and hung upon the walls of every sitting-room into which thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent man is ever admitted.

MR. ALLAN QUATERMAIN has indulged his wonderful gifts of romance and exaggeration to such an extent that he is not to be credited even when he tells the story of his own death. Only a year ago—in July, 1887—happily, contentedly, and with the same sense of security with which an infant lays itself to rest in its mother's arms, did he lay himself down in the arms of the Everlasting Brother to Sleep; all the tremors, all the heart-shaking fears which had haunted him through a long life, had left, the storms had passed, the air had closed in over the space that his form had filled, and his place knew him no more. At least so he said, and so he appeared to believe. Three days later his friends placed him on the brazen flooring before the altar of the Temple of the Sun, and waited for the last rays of the God of Day to fall upon his face. Presently they came, and struck him like golden arrows, crowning his pale brow with glory; and then the trumpet blew, and the flooring revolved; and the earthly part that remained of him fell into the furnace below. All this would have been the very end of any other man, no matter how remarkable had been the adventures of his life; but it seems to have had no effect whatever upon Allan Quatermain, who appears in the pages of *Harper's Magazine* for July, 1888, as fresh and as inventive as ever, killing

¹ *House-keeping Made Easy*. By CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK. 16mo, Cloth, \$1.00. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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three woodcock in as many seconds with three shots of a double-barrelled gun! He is as delightful in his present reincarnation as in his last, and his account of *Maiwa's Revenge*² will find as many entranced readers as "She" and "King Solomon's Mines." Maiwa was the wife of Wambe, the chief of a tribe of bastard Zulus whom Quatermain had met on one of his many hunting expeditions. Her husband had baited his lion trap with her youngest child, to her great annoyance, and hence her Revenge, which was swift and sure.

Mr. Haggard has at last found his way into "The Men of the Time," as his inexhaustible hunter has become one of the accepted heroes of the day. He was born in Norfolk, England, in 1856. He accompanied Sir Henry Bulwer as Secretary to Natal in 1875, he served on the staff of the Special Commission of Great Britain to the Transvaal in 1876, and he was appointed master of the High Court of the Transvaal Territory in 1877. His first book, published in 1882, was of a political character, and was entitled "Cetywayo and his White Neighbors, or Recent Events in South Africa," but as the work of an unknown man it attracted little attention in England. "Dawn," his first romance, appeared in 1884. No novelist of his age is so universally read, his faculties of invention are undiminished, and his Mr. Allan Quatermain will continue to slay as long as there is game to be found in any of the four quarters of the globe.

WITH the making and probating of *Mr. Meeson's Will*³ the Quixotic Quatermain, however, had nothing whatever to do, although the unconventional material upon which that document was drawn, and the original manner of its execution, as described in Mr. Haggard's latest tale, are even more ingenious than any of Mr. Quatermain's surprisingly supernatural adventures. Mr. Meeson's sole legatee having had some experience as a reader of manuscripts for a large English publishing house, and having married a hard-working English young-woman-of-letters, has, as is natural, a great deal of sympathy with authors and with all that concerns them. What Mrs. Herrick has succeeded in doing for those who have the management of domestic affairs, he endeavors to do for those whose duty and pleasure it is to support and supply the home by means of the pen, and Literature, in Great Britain at all events, will be made as Easy as House-keeping in America, when the younger Meeson's millennium comes; the writers will get half the profits (when there are any), and the publishers will stand all the losses. A biography will pay as well as a painted portrait, an editor will

be the equal of an earl, and reporters and reviewers will rank next to royalty itself—when the millennium comes! Even those British publishers who reprint American books without credit and without recompense—although Mr. Haggard seems never to have heard of such a condition of affairs—will sell the author a copy of his own book at the usual trade discount—when the millennium comes!

The picture drawn in this volume of the *status* of the author in England is so foreign to the generally conceived idea, and in such marked contrast with the exalted and honorable position thrust upon writers of all kinds in our own country, that its composition would seem to show marks of the imaginative hand of Mr. Quatermain, after all. As a matter of fact, we read, the average Briton has at heart a considerable contempt, if not for literature, at least for those who produce it. Literature in his mind is connected with the idea of garrets and extreme poverty, and having inherited the strong national reverence for money, he despises literature, in secret, if not in public, as he despises everything else which does not pay. Of what earthly use is it, he asks, if a man cannot make a fortune out of it? When a member of a family in Britain betakes himself to the calling of letters, his friends and relations are prone to speak of him in a shy and apologetic way, and to regard him very much as they would be disposed to regard him if he had adopted quite another form of book-making as a profession. How can the British public, much less the British publisher, be expected to show any respect for men and women who, under such circumstances as these, show so little respect for themselves as to write for a living?

"Mr. Meeson's Will" suggests none of Mr. Haggard's previous works. The phenomenal and the miraculous have no part in it. The time is the present, and the characters are the every-day people to be met with every day and in the ordinary walks of middle life. Nobody is killed, except by shipwreck or other equally natural causes; the only fight is in a court of law; and the only lion is a lioness who writes the most successful novel of the year, and she roars very gently indeed. The pivot upon which the plot turns is worthy of the fertile invention of Mr. Wilkie Collins in his best days; and it is not too much to assert that nothing in the way of what is known as "summer reading" presented this season will be more generally acceptable to all classes of the community of readers than this story of Mr. Haggard's, which is so unlike the story Mr. Haggard's previous admirers will expect to find.

*The Mystery of Mirbridge*⁴ is a mystery in Mirbridge to this day, although the disinterested

² *Maiwa's Revenge*. A Novel. By H. RIDER HAGGARD. Illustrated. 16mo, Paper, 25 Cents; Half Cloth, 75 Cents. New York: Harper and Brothers.

³ *Mr. Meeson's Will*. A Novel. By H. RIDER HAGGARD. 16mo, Paper, 25 Cents; Half Cloth, 75 Cents. New York: Harper and Brothers.

⁴ *The Mystery of Mirbridge*. A Novel. By JAMES PAYN. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, 50 Cents. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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on-looker is taken into the confidence of the author and of the heads of the house of Trevor in the opening scenes, and enjoys, from his comfortable position in the wings, the situations and by-play much more than do the audiences of ordinary dramas, who are left to speculate upon the plot and its workings until the curtain falls. The story is thoroughly English in character and tone, and it represents social phases quite unintelligible in a society which recognizes the second son as being as good as the first, and sometimes better, and which is forced to wonder if all English fathers are as unnatural in their conduct toward the first-born of their bodies as English novels and English plays would seem to indicate. No arguments against the law of primogeniture can be stronger than those examples of unfilial behavior which are so current in fiction that they must be founded on fact; and we have every reason to bless our stars, that we live in a land where the barefooted boy can walk alone from the tow-path to the White House, and from the humblest alley to the broadest avenue, by the royal road of his own mental strength, and without waiting for dead men's shoes. The proudest man in all Britain is he who can boast of being the son of a great father; the proudest man in America ought to be the man who is proud to be able to say that he has made his own father proud of him!

While Mr. James Payn is by no means a materialist in the purely physical or corporal sense of the word, what Nathaniel Hawthorne once wrote of Anthony Trollope's novels, in general, may with full justice be said of "The Mystery of Mirbridge" in particular—it is "as English as beefsteak." The influence of mutton and beer is visible upon every page, not only in the cottage, but in the Hall, and little Tommy Stokes at the feast in the Four-acre Field, crying in agony that something aches, but refusing to retire from the festival because, as he expresses himself, "it has got to ache a deal more before he has done with it," is no worse than his betters in the Manor-House, who believe that living is but dining, and that the civilized man can barely exist without cooks. In chapter XXIII. Mr. Payn delivers an eloquent eulogy upon Luncheon, in which he pays a passing tribute to Dinner, patronizes Supper, sneers at Five o'clock Tea, and repudiates Breakfast altogether. Luncheon, or "muncheon," is vulgarly defined by the philologists "as a handful of food," notwithstanding the fact that it is the chief meal of the day with the great majority of the Anglo-Saxon race. Mr. Payn argues that it is eaten at the time when the intelligence, which is but half aroused in the morning, and is wholly jaded at night, is most active and in the best possible condition for the absorption and digestion of its intellectual pabulum. He believes also that the most important operations of "the City" are transacted over this

pleasant meal, and that the gentler sex, whose only business is to charm, is never so charming as when partaking of it. For all this his account of the luncheon at Mirbridge Court is not so entertaining, or so appetizing, as his account of the state dinner at Catesby Hall, when Sir Richard shattered all county traditions by smoking over his wine, and when the two county magnates who were his immediate neighbors sat in agony at the board; lest the fumes of the cigar should destroy the bouquet of the claret. They are represented as drinking slowly and homœopathically, "with their old heads thrown back like a couple of ducks until they had convinced themselves that no harm was done, when their ruffled feathers sank peacefully down, and they set to work in earnest."

The impecunious young author of whom Mr. Haggard writes, and the economical young housewife whom Mrs. Herrick addresses, both of whom are prominent elements of the great middle class of the community, but neither of whom have any place in Mr. Payn's story, naturally enough are not considered at all in his gastronomical discourses. Breakfast to them is apt to be of some importance, and even supper is not to be despised; they love all their children alike, and they love their father, living, for what he is, not for what he can leave them when he dies.

The moral of "The Mystery of Mirbridge" is a good one; the style, of course, is excellent, and the interest is sustained until the end in spite of the fact that what the end must be, is patent from the beginning. The characters are all well drawn, particularly that of Clara Thorne, the rector's elder daughter, who makes her own bed with her beautiful eyes wide open, accepts the position in an heroic way when she finds how very hard a bed it is, and devotes her ruined life to smoothing the pillow of her less ambitious but justly more fortunate sister. The story will relieve the tedium of many a dreary railway journey this summer, and add to the indolent comfort of many an out-door hammock for tired author as well as for worn-out house-keeper, notwithstanding their natural antagonism toward the men and the social system it sings.

"As English as beefsteak" is a very comprehensive phrase. In the Early Prose Works of John Taylor, the Water Poet, an edition of which has lately been printed in London, is a graphic account of the exploits of Nicholas Wood, "the great eater of Kent," who is said to have consumed "a wheelbarrow-full of tripes" at a sitting, and the very next day to have dined upon "as many puddings as should reach over the Thames." Give him meat, writes Taylor, and he never stands upon the cookery. Eighteen yards of black pudding and a raw duck, feathers and all, except the bill and the long feathers of the wings, only served to whet his appetite. Wood had lost all his teeth but one

when Taylor met him, and was old in years and feeble in health, but nevertheless he succeeded in eating a quarter of mutton, with all the bones, at Ashford. No wonder the poetic wherryman celebrated his deeds! This element of roast beef is even to be found in the writings of Macaulay, and the endless herds of kine who choked every roaring gate of ancient Rome, upon that famous day when the brave Horatius faced those fearful odds, for the ashes of his fathers, and the glory of his gods, were the direct ancestors of the "cattle-beasts" whose flesh nourished the heroes of modern London in Macaulay's time. Horatius may have been a Roman, as Herminius was of Titian blood and Spurius Lartius a Ramnian proud, but for all that they were very English, as the author of the "Lays" saw and pictured them. No doubt they swam safe to shore, to be loaded with honors and rewards, and were the fathers of the Latins who conquered and populated Britain, giving beef-eaters to the Tower, and valiant trencher-men to the Norman kings.

Mr. William J. Rolfe has just done for Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome*⁵ what he has done in other seasons for Shakspeare's plays and for the poems of Goldsmith, Browning, and Gray. They are printed with clear type upon good paper, and in a handy little volume, published at a price which is within the reach of all intelligent readers. Mr. Rolfe's series of "English Classics" needs no word of commendation here, he is a careful editor and an accurate and conscientious scholar. His Introductions and Supplementary Notes are marvels of comprehensive information, showing thorough knowledge, taste, and judgment, and what is better, a sympathetic appreciation of the methods and moods of his subject. The Notes, gathered at the end of each volume, are brief, concise, and numerous; they instruct and explain without confusing; and they make clear to the ordinary reader, as well as to the advanced student, all that he wants to know of the topographical, geographical, historical, philological, statistical, and general points of the work upon which they treat.

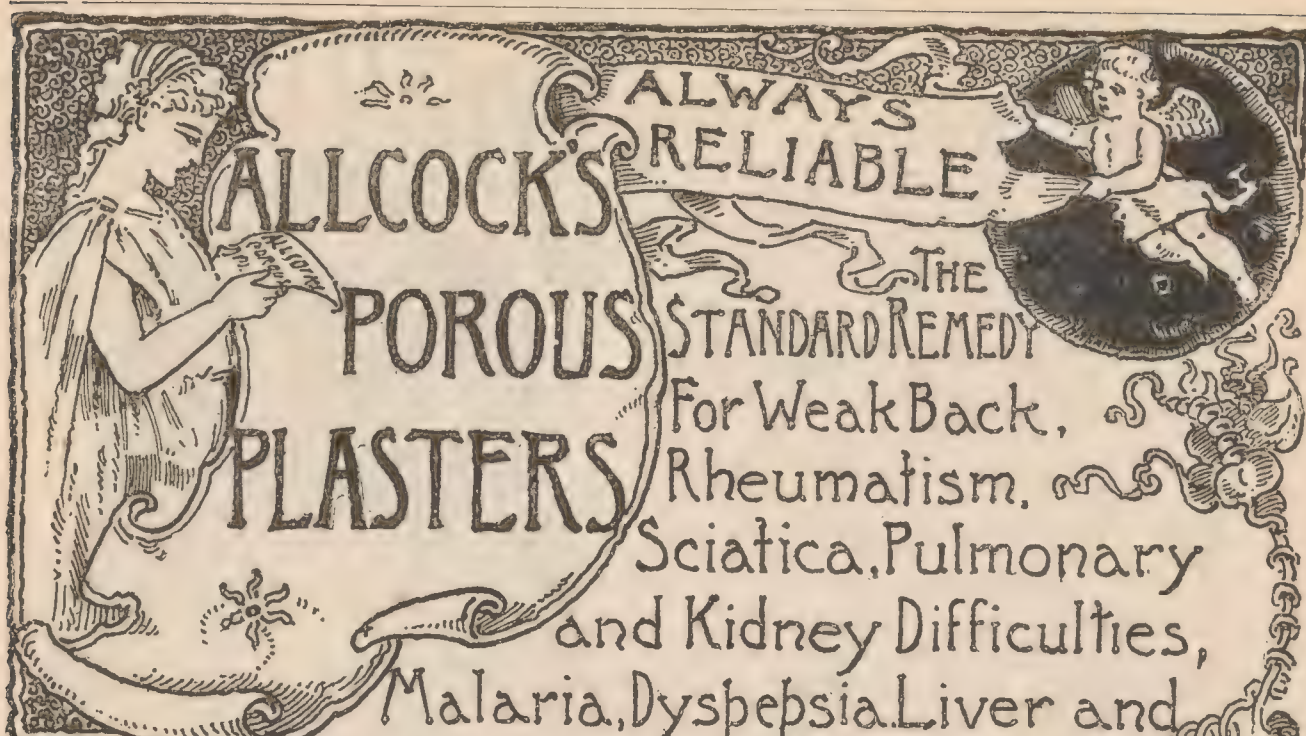
"The Lays of Ancient Rome" were first printed in 1842, and were immensely popular from the beginning. George Otto Trevelyan, the nephew of Macaulay, in his "Life and Letters" of his uncle, published in 1876, says that eighteen thousand copies of the "Lays" were sold during the first ten years, twenty-two thousand during the ten years which followed, and at the time in which he himself wrote (June, 1875), more than a hundred thousand copies had been given to the world. Mr. Rolfe in the present volume presents, in full, Macaulay's Preface to the original edition, as well

as his original Introduction to each of the four poems; and adds some eighty pages of his own valuable Notes. Besides these he quotes the critical comments of John Stuart Mill, in the "Westminster Review," of John Morley, in an Introduction to a late English edition of the "Lays," and Mr. Stedman's charming paper upon Macaulay in "The Victorian Poets," leaving to the ordinary reviewer absolutely nothing whatever to say.

MACAULAY is represented by his poem "The Armada" in Mr. Rolfe's collection of *Tales from English History in Prose and Verse*,⁶ just issued from the press. It belongs to the series of "English Classics for School Reading," and is similar in design and form to the "Tales of Chivalry" noticed in these columns six or eight months ago. The articles are selected from the works of standard authors, and are arranged chronologically from Cowper's "Boadicea," who flourished about half a century before the Christian era, to Robert Traill Spence Lowell's "The Relief of Lucknow," an incident of the Sepoy rebellion in British India in the year of our Lord 1859; and they include such well-known poems as "The Ballad of Agincourt," by Drayton, "The Battle of Blenheim," by Southey, Cowper's "Loss of the 'Royal George,'" Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade," Wolfe's "Burial of Sir John Moore," and Bayard Taylor's "The Song of the Camp." They are intended for young readers, and like everything else that bears the stamp of Mr. Rolfe's editorial care and supervision, the book is particularly rich in the Notes by which it is supplemented. In the case of each selection there are to be found in the Notes a brief sketch of the life of the author, with an account of the work itself, and of the particular episode in English history by which it was suggested, with a glossary of all unfamiliar words, explanations of all the metaphors, and the like. The student therefore, be he young or old, is told, if he will listen, who Cowper was and who Boadicea was, and how to pronounce their names; while he is told as well that the metre of "The Battle of Agincourt" is dactylic, that a dactyl (from a Greek word meaning a *finger*, made up of one long and two short parts) is a metrical foot of three syllables, the first of which is accented; that the dactyl is seldom used by English poets; that the finest examples of it are Bishop Heber's "Brightest and Best of the Sons of the Morning," Scott's "Hail to the Chief," and Longfellow's "Skeleton in Armor"; and he will find himself, perhaps, so much interested in the Notes that he will forget to read the Tales in Prose and Verse to which they refer, and which they describe and make clear.

⁵ *Lays of Ancient Rome*. By THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY. Edited, with Notes, by WILLIAM J. ROLFE, A. M., Litt. D., and JOHN C. ROLFE, Ph. D. Illustrated. Square 16mo, Paper, 40 Cents; Flexible Cloth, 56 Cents. New York: Harper and Brothers.

⁶ *Tales from English History in Prose and Verse*. Selected from the Works of Standard Authors. Edited, with Notes, by WILLIAM J. ROLFE, A. M., Litt. D. Illustrated. 16mo, Cloth, 36 Cents. New York: Harper and Brothers.



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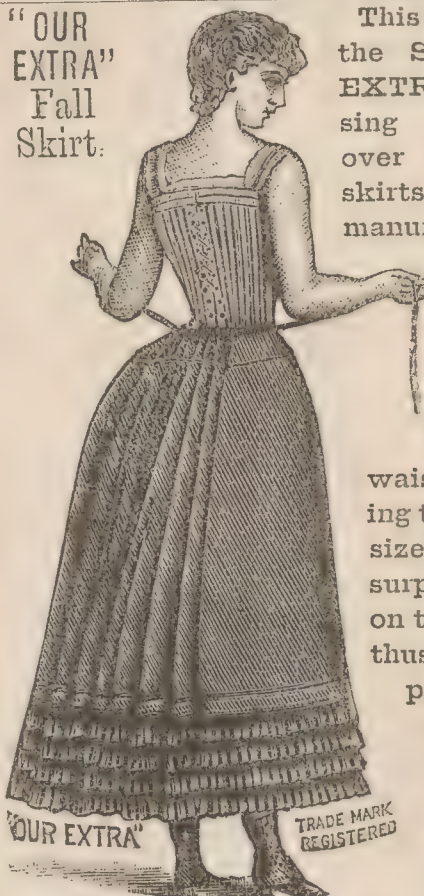
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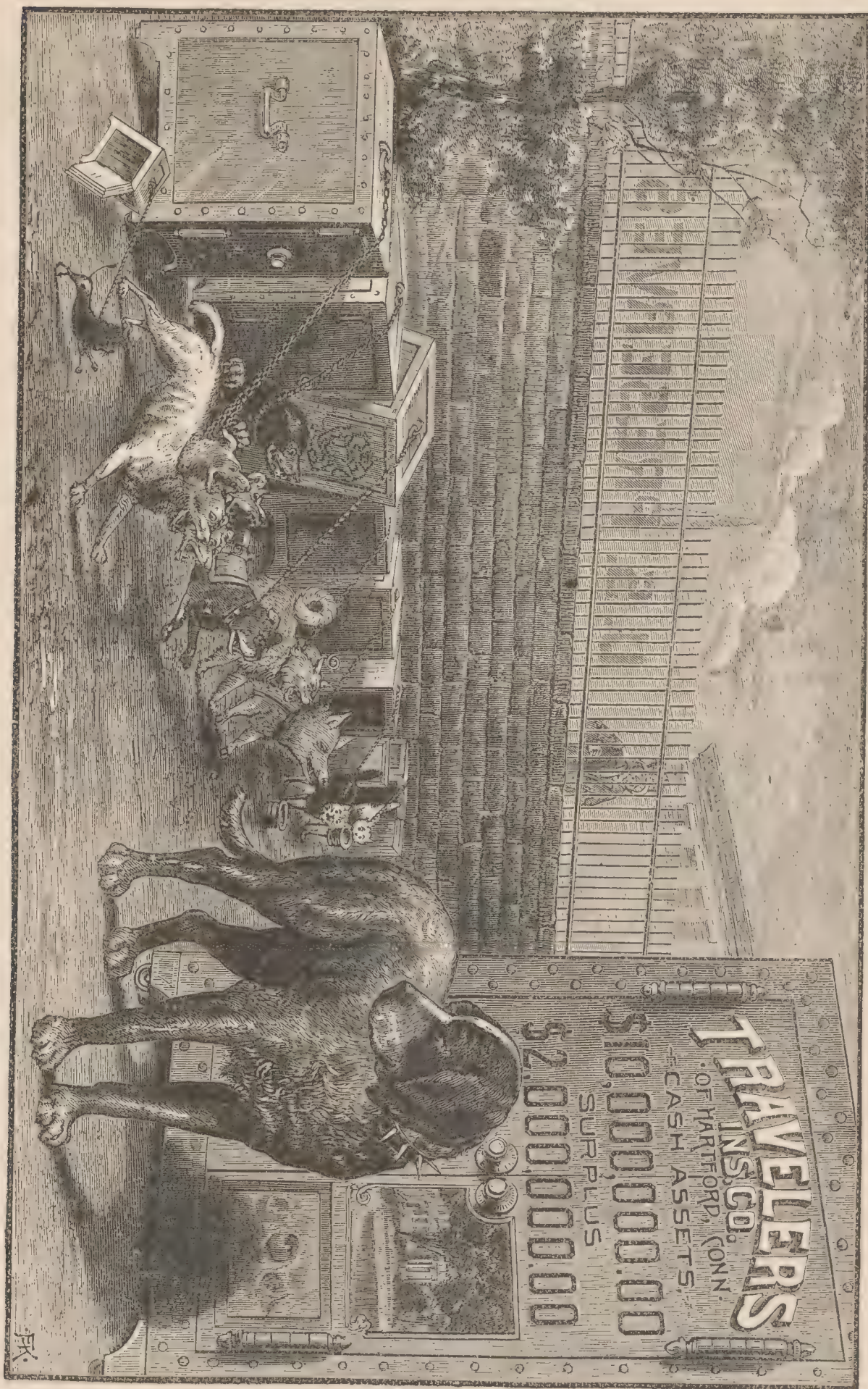
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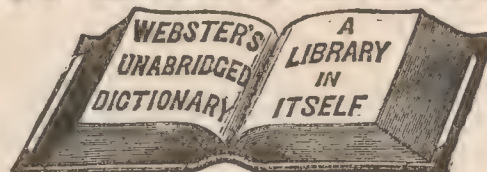
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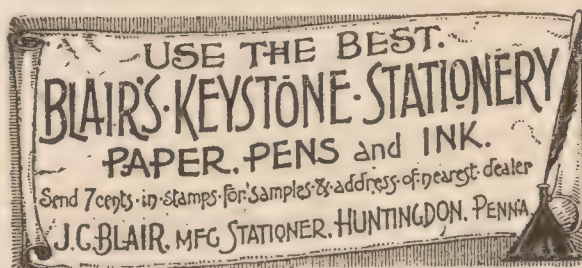
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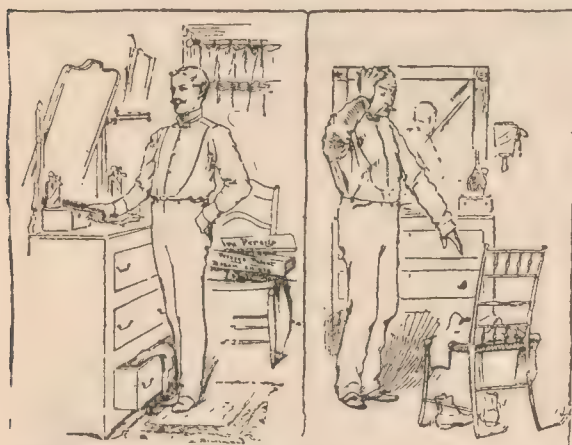


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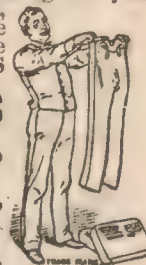
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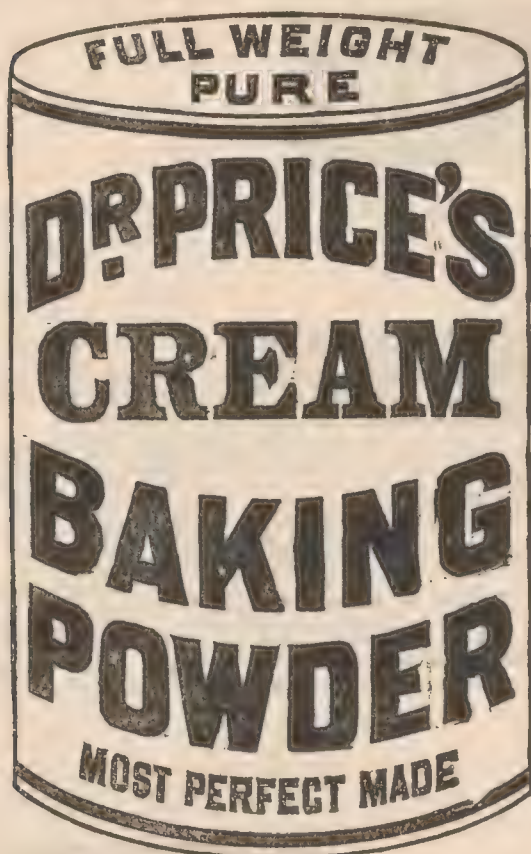
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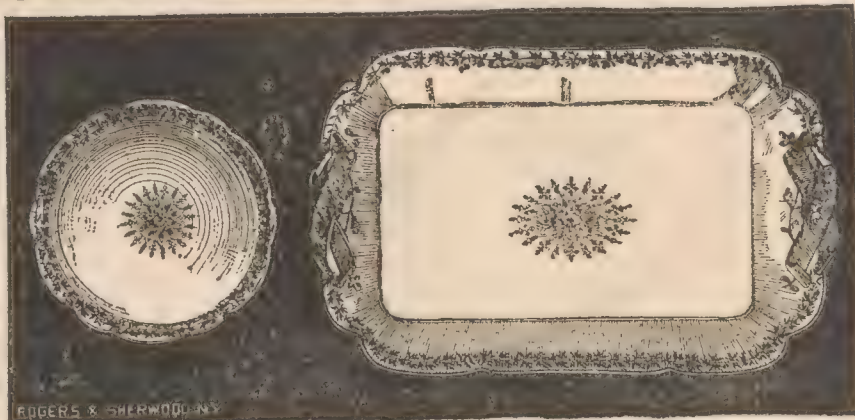
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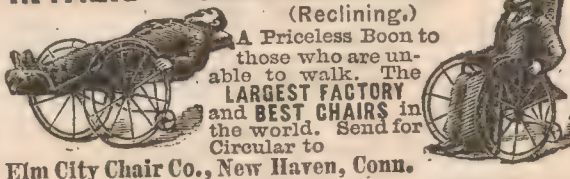
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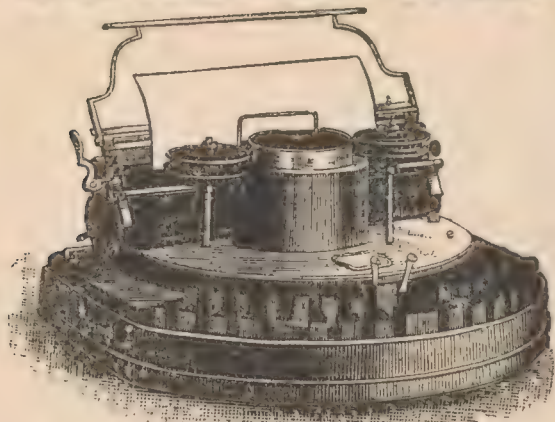
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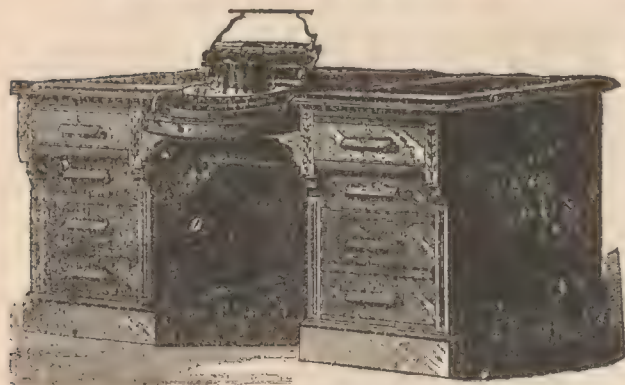
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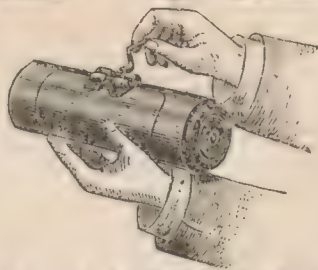
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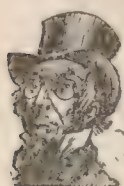


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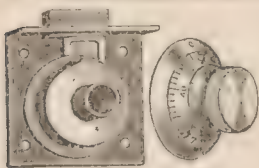
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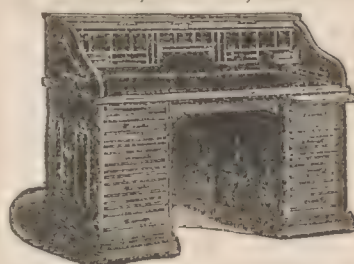
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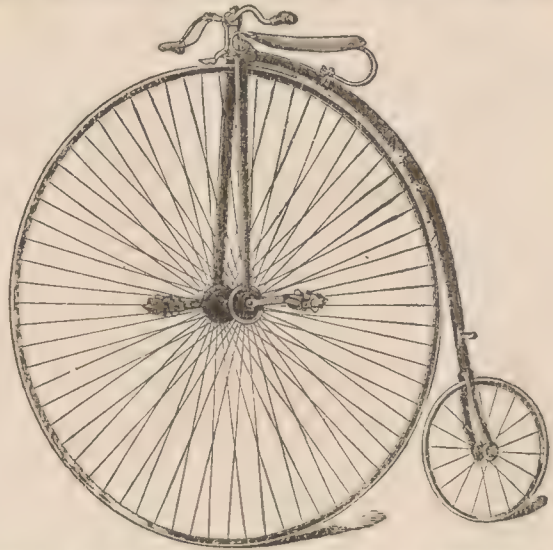
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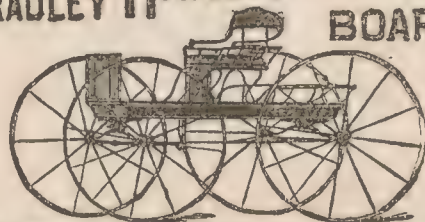
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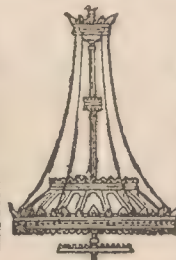
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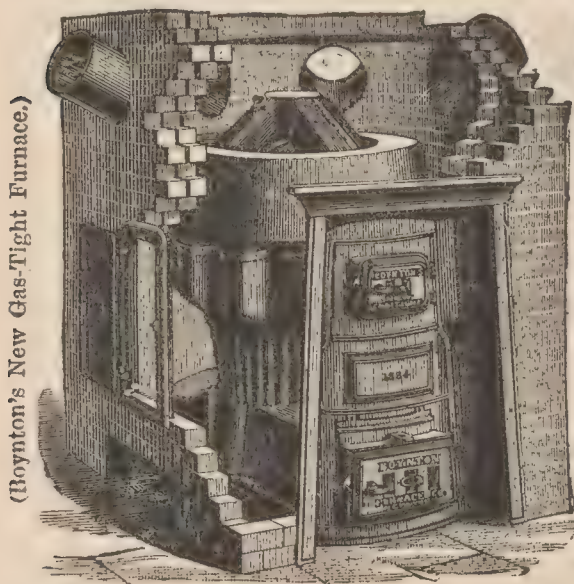
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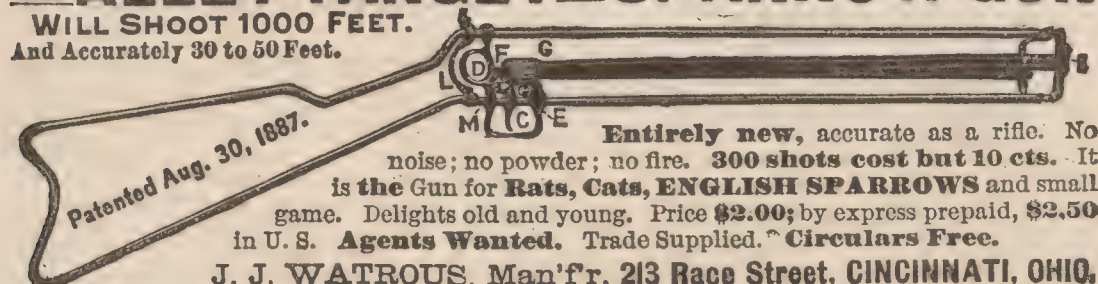
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These goods are invariably full width, and may be had in a large variety of designs, which for technique and coloring are unequalled, rendering them especially appropriate for artistic homes.

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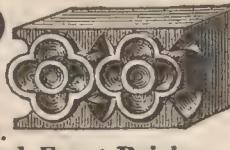
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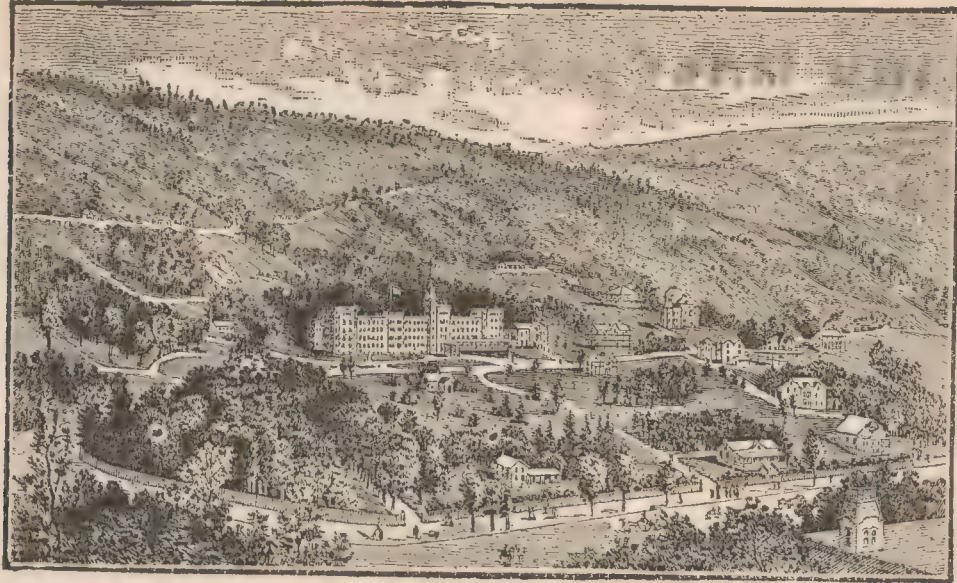
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Made of Thoroughly Tempered Clay. Quality and Finish UNEQUALED.



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HOT-AIR PUMPING ENGINES

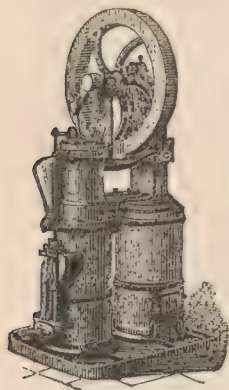
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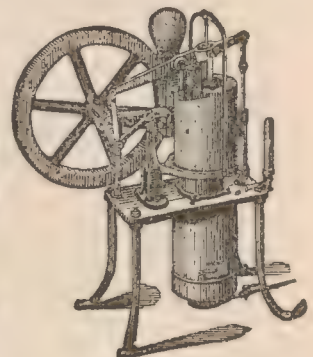
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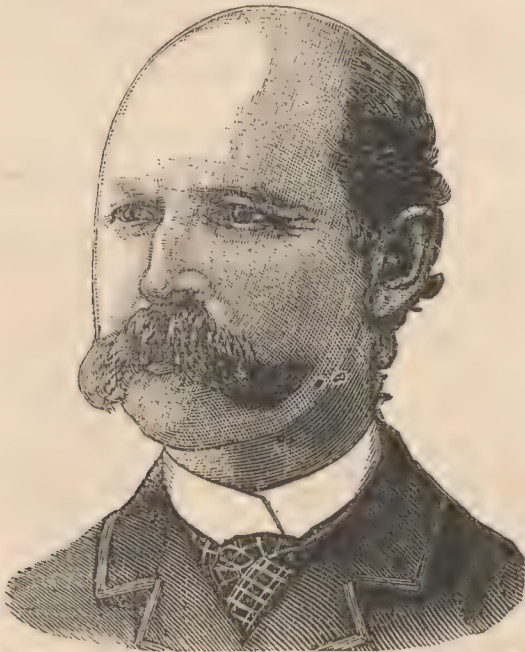


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Beware of Fraud, as my name and the price are stamped on the bottom of all my advertised shoes before leaving the factory, which protect the wearers against high prices and inferior goods. If a dealer offers **W. L. Douglas** shoes at a reduced price, or says he has them without my name and price stamped on the bottom, put him down as a fraud.



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The only calf **\$3 SEAMLESS** Shoe smooth inside. **NO TACKS** or **WAX THREAD** to hurt the feet, easy as hand-sewed and **WILL NOT RIP**.

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OUR

\$10 14-Karat Gold

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A perfect protection against magnetism. Fit any watch. Sent by mail on receipt of price.

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The Baby.

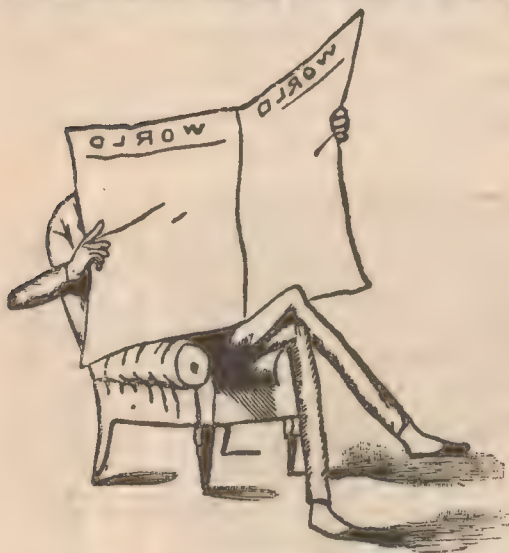
If you wish your baby to be healthy, bright and active, with rosy cheeks, strong bones, and hard muscles, use **MELLIN'S FOOD**. It will then be thoroughly nourished, and will grow up happy, robust and vigorous.

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THE LATEST AND BEST WHEN YOU BUY
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IMPROVED \$3.00 SHOE
FOR GENTLEMEN, WILL PLEASE YOU.

If you cannot get this make of Shoe from your dealer send postal for directions how to procure them.

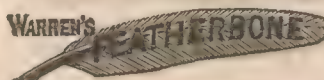
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Send for samples of Test Stitching, showing relative strength of the shuttle or lock-stitch seam, compared with seam made by the W. & G. Automatic. The only genuine "Automatic" Sewing Machine. Physicians endorse it:—"No Risk to Health."

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Will not rust or break. Sold by the yard.

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FULLY EQUAL TO THE
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RECOMMENDED
BY OUR BEST
PHYSICIANS.

FOR
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HUCKINS SOUPS

Tomato,	Mock Turtle,	Terrapin,
Ox Tail,	Okra or Gumbo,	Macaroni,
Pea,	Green Turtle,	Consommé,
Beef,	Julienne,	Soup and Bouilli,
Vermicelli,	Chicken,	Mullagatawny.

RICH and PERFECTLY SEASONED.

Require only to be heated, and are then ready to serve. | Prepared with great care from only the best materials. | Have enjoyed the highest reputation for more than 32 years.

TEST FREE

Send us 20 cents, to help pay express, and receive, prepaid, two sample cans of these Soups, your choice (excepting Green Turtle and Terrapin).

J. H. W. HUCKINS & CO.

Sole Manufacturers, Boston, Mass.

SOLD BY ALL LEADING GROCERS.

We ask for a **Trial** and a **Comparison** with any other Brand. The goods will speak for themselves.

FRANCO-AMERICAN FOOD COMPANY'S FRENCH SOUPS,



UNDER THE DIRECT SUPERVISION OF
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Member of the Jury of experts on Food
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In Quart, Pint, and $\frac{1}{2}$ Pint Cans,
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Green Turtle.	Mock Turtle.
Terrapin.	Consommé.
Chicken.	Ox Tail.
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(The 3 last Soups not in Glass.)

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THEY CAN BE TASTED THERE.**

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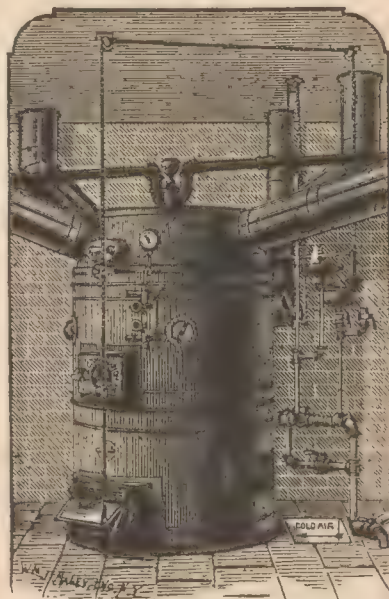
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A Low-Pressure Apparatus in which One
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SEND FOR CATALOGUE
Fully Illustrating and Describing these Heaters and the

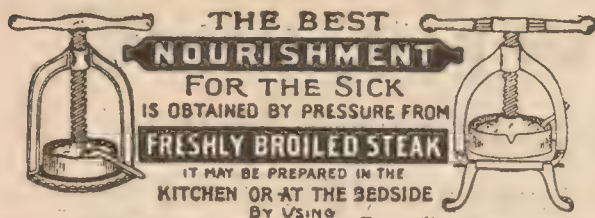


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HEALTHFUL, NUTRITIOUS, ALWAYS HANDY. FOR PUDDINGS, PIES AND CAKES. Recommended by best Housekeepers. In pound and half-pound packages. Ask your Grocer for it.

A trial sample free on request. CROFT & ALLEN, PHILADELPHIA.

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SELECT SPICES

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In 1804-5-6 Lewis and Clarke, under the direction of President Jefferson, explored the *Upper Missouri* and *Milk River Valleys*. The recent treaties provide for the opening of **17,000,000 ACRES** of the richest well-watered and favorably-situated **AGRICULTURAL and GRAZING LANDS** of the entire *public domain*. Mild and short winters; cattle and other stock graze the year round. Spring seeding in February and March. Early harvest and large yield.

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FORT BENTON, GREAT FALLS, HELENA, AND BUTTE.

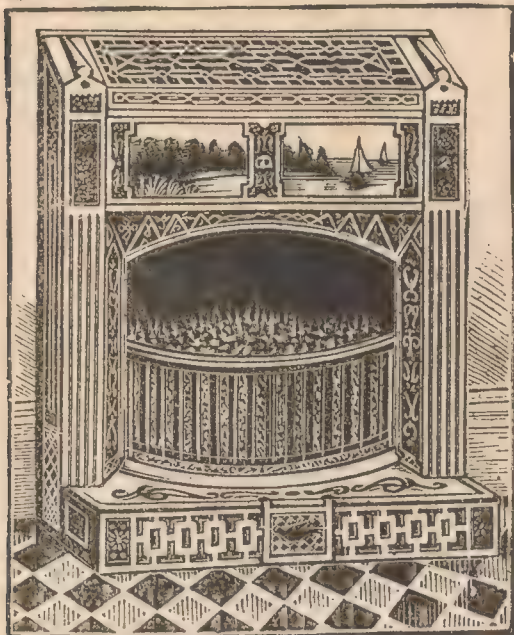
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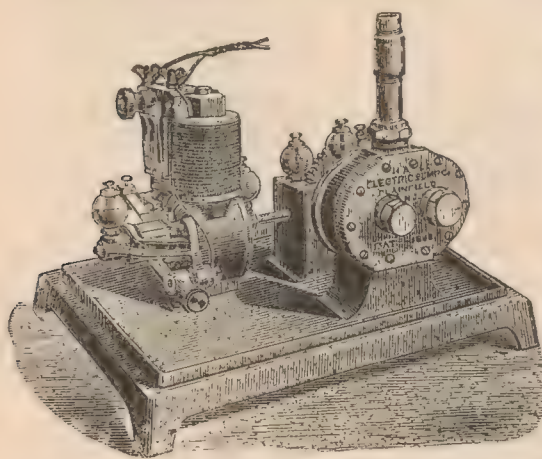
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DOMESTIC WATER SUPPLY.

Water for the Upper Floors of City and Country Residences,
Stores, Factories, Hotels, and Flats, also for
Lawns and Gardens.

The HALL ELECTRIC PUMP.

Drawing water closes the circuit and sets the pump in motion;
closing the faucet and allowing the tank to be filled cuts the
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Requires no boiling. Invaluable for Dyspeptics
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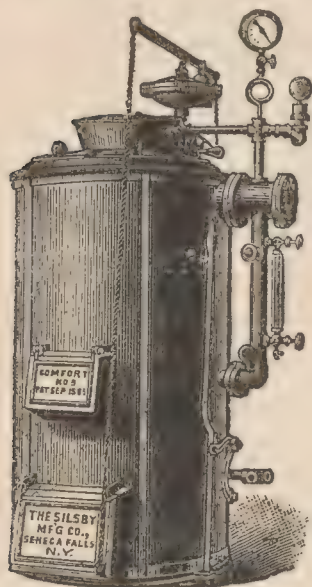
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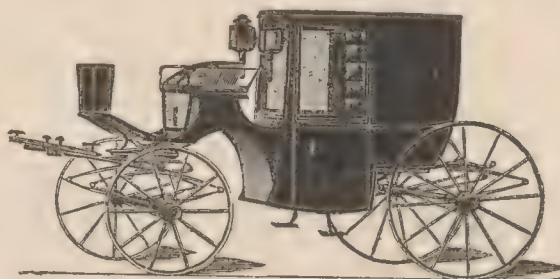
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Requires no brick-work. Is absolutely automatic. A servant or child can care for and manage it.

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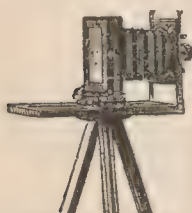


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Salesroom in New York, 406-412 Broome Street.

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The Famous Adhesive of the World.
Warranted seven times the strength
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It holds like a vise. It mends everything.

THE STANDARD FOR THIRTY YEARS.

2-ounce bottle, 25 cents with brush.
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A SAMPLE VIAL OF RUBIFOAM WILL BE FORWARDED BY MAIL TO ANY ADDRESS ON RECEIPT OF A 2-CENT STAMP.

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Fastens the hair where it has a tendency to fall out, renews its growth where the fibres have disappeared, preserves its color in spite of age, sickness, and sorrow, and makes it (however harsh) as flexible and glossy as silk.

Teething Made Easy

BY USE OF

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THIS remedy was used with marked and unvarying success for more than a quarter of a century by a regular physician in his private practice.

If given faithfully and steadily according to directions, it will conduct the child safely through the dreaded teething period.

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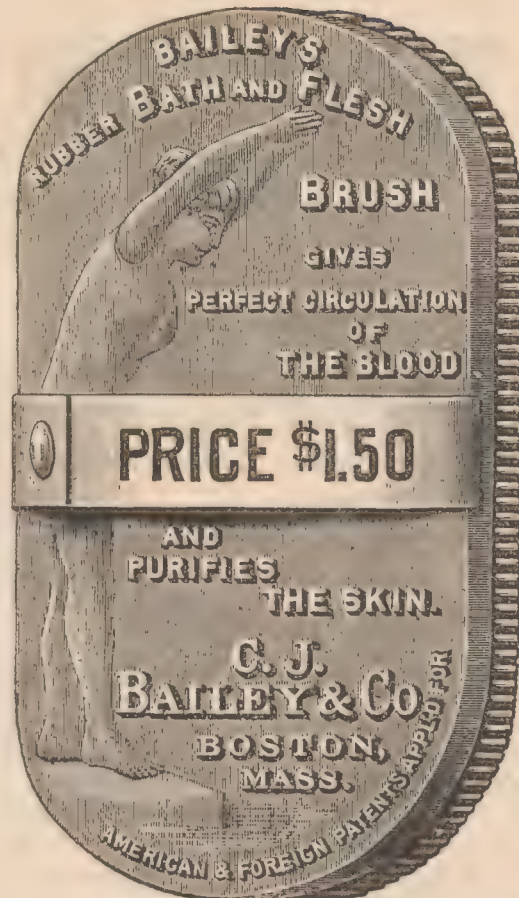
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The Bath and Flesh Brushes increase very greatly the pleasure of bathing, and in the application of "massage" I can promote cutaneous circulation as efficiently with them as with the bristle brush or hair glove, without that discomfort to the patient which the latter so frequently occasion. Very truly yours,

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Bailey's Toilet Brushes, 25 cts.

Bailey's Hand Brushes, 50 cts.

Bailey's Bath and Flesh Brushes, \$1.50.

For sale by all dealers in toilet goods, or sent, prepaid, on receipt of price.

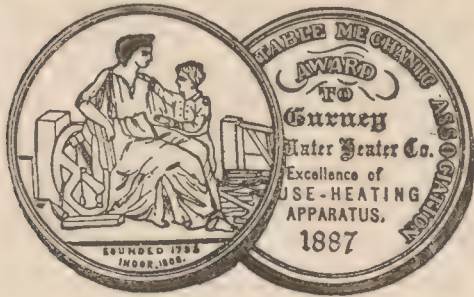
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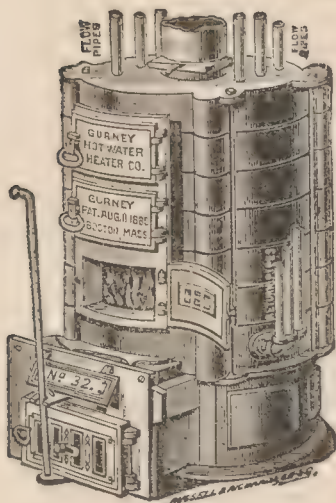
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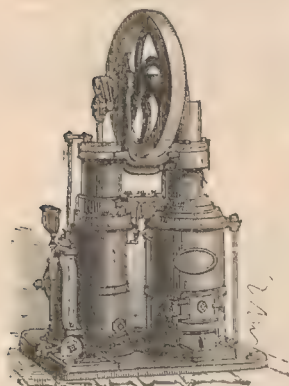
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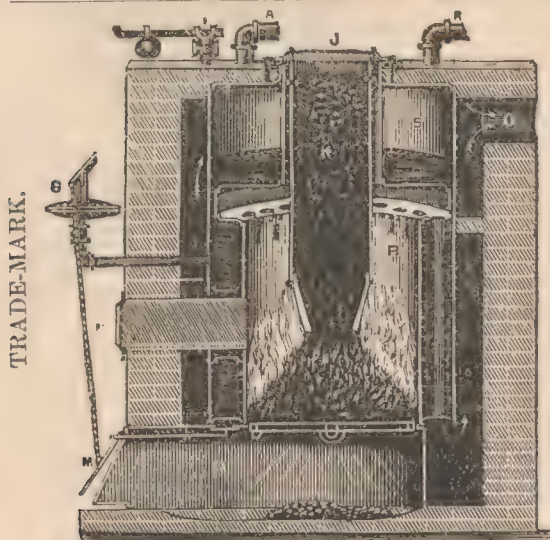
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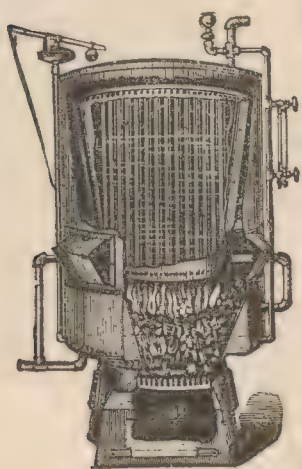


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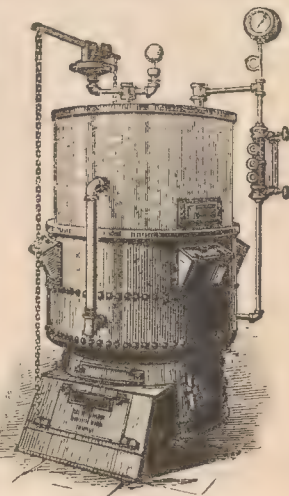
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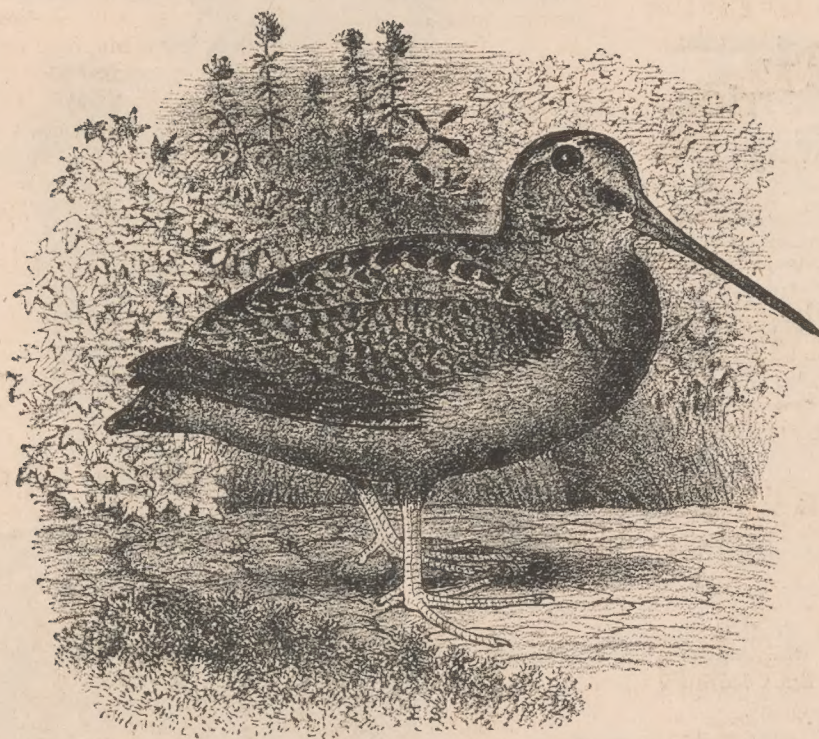
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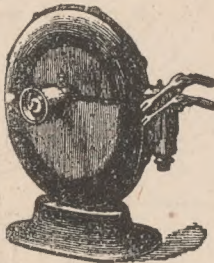
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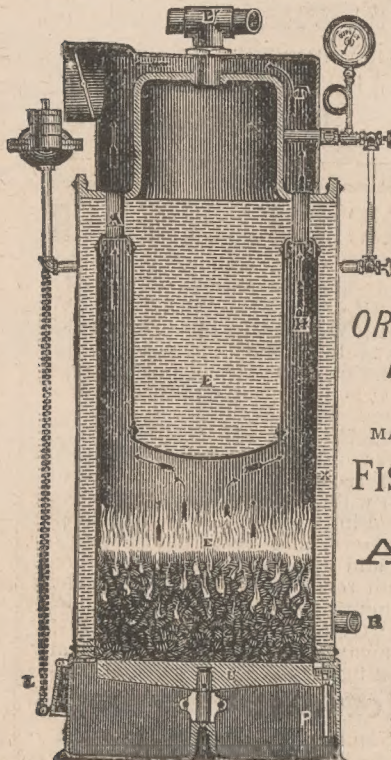
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